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VOLUME II.

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By S. HAZARD, at Bath: J. ELDER, at Edinburgh, and by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Hawkers in Town and Country.

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Hiſtory of Mary Wood, &c.

MR. Heartwell, the worthy clergyman of a country pariſh, was ſitting in the porch of his little parſonage, when he ſaw a figure rather flying than running down a hill near his houſe, the ſwiftneſs of whoſe motion made it hard to diſcern *what* ſhe was, much leſs could he gueſs *who* ſhe was. She fled directly towards him, and flung herſelf at his feet almoſt breathleſs, with difficulty ſhe pronounced the words, "O ſir, ſave me! for pity's ſake hide me in your houſe—they will be here in a moment—hide me this inſtant!—indeed I am innocent!" then without waiting for his anſwer ſhe jumped up and ruſhed by him into the houſe, the good man ran after her, and catching her hand led her up ſtairs into his bed-room, and putting her into a cloſet within it, told her, no one ſhould come there to hurt her. Then hearing a noiſe he looked out of his window and ſaw ſeveral men and women running almoſt as faſt as the young woman had before, and his maid Bridget (who had ſeen them ſooner from her own window) running to

meet them, and to aſk what was the matter. He had forgotten to bid her be ſilent about the young woman, indeed he did not know that ſhe had ſeen her; but the truth is, ſhe was amuſing herſelf in a very idle manner, with looking at the road out of her garret window, and had ſeen with great ſurpriſe the wild behaviour of the poor girl, which raiſed her curioſity. This ſhe now hoped to ſatisfy by ſtopping the poſſe that was running by; inſtead of anſwering her queſtions, they aſked if ſhe had ſeen a girl about ſeventeen, that was running from juſtice paſs that way. "What in a linen gown and green petticoat," ſaid ſhe? "without a bonnet, and her hair and her cap flying?" "the ſame, the ſame," they cried; "which way did ſhe go?" "Why, what do you want to do with her," ſays Bridget; "for I ſhould be loth to betray the poor thing to any harm." "Why, you would not conceal a thief," would you? ſaid they. "She is a thief and has robbed her maſter." "Nay if ſhe be a thief, ſhe may rob *my* maſter too," ſays Bridget, "for ſhe is gone up ſtairs with him." Upon this they all turned towards the houſe, and were coming in when Mr. Heartwell met them. He heard the laſt words, and was not a little diſturbed at the idea of having the girl found in his houſe, for as ſhe knelt at his feet he thought he knew her face, and had by degrees recollected that, though much grown ſince he ſaw her, ſhe muſt certainly he the daughter of Matthew Wood, an honeſt labourer, who had lived ſome years in his pariſh, and died there three or four years before. The long illneſs before his death had reduced his wife to ſuch poverty, that ſhe and her child would have periſhed had

not the good Vicar's charity helped out the ſcantineſs of the pariſh relief. Mr. Heartwell, after having buried the poor man, tried to find a place for the girl and ſome help for her mother, who being in years, and her health much injured by fatigue and grief, in nurſing and loſing her huſband, was quite unable to work. By applying to Lady Worthy, whoſe ſeat was a few miles diſtant, he had the good fortune to get her into one of the almshouſes which that good lady had built and endowed; here ſhe was comfortably ſupported, and her daughter permitted to be with her 'till ſhe could find a ſervice. As by theſe means Goody Wood and her daughter were placed at a diſtance from him, Mr. Heartwell had not ſince ſeen them; but was ſatisfied that under Lady Worthy's protection they would be taken care of.

The people who were now ruſhing into Mr. Heartwell's houſe, ſtopped on ſeeing him, and on his aſking what they wanted there, one of the moſt decent looking men ſtepped forward and puſhing the reſt a little back, ſaid, "I ax pardon ſir for our bouldneſs in coming into your Worſhip's houſe, but we have got a warrant here for a young perſon that we be tould ran in here." "A warrant" ſaid Mr. H——, "Why what is the matter? What has ſhe done?"——"Pleaſe your Worſhip ſhe's a thief and has robbed her maſter's houſe. We have had ſad doings at our village—Squire Banks's houſe has been robbed too by his gardener and dairy maid, and they are both gone off. This poor girl, I ſuppoſe, learnt their wicked ways (for ſhe would keep company with them) and the ſame

night that they made off, it is thought that ſhe let them into Farmer Boucher's houſe; and in the morning as ſure as can be, he found his bureau broke open and his money gone." "But what proof is there that this girl was concerned in the robbery, or that ſhe let in the robbers?" "Why, ſir, ſhe had been telling a mort of lies about them, and that made them ſuſpect her. So they ſearched her box, and as ſure as can be, there they found ſealed up in a paper, ſix ſilver tea-ſpoons of the farmer's, with an E and a B upon them as his are marked with. She perteſted they were none of his'n, but were given by a friend to keep for her, but alack a day! there is no believing a word that comes out of her mouth; ſo nobody minded her; and when we ax'd her who this friend was that gave them to her to keep, ſhe was all as red as fire and would not ſpeak. So the farmer left us to take care of her whilſt he went to Juſtice Gallway's for a warrant. We had ſhut her up ſafe as we thought in a chamber, whilſt we ate a bit of dinner and drank a little of neighbour Boucher's ale, but when he came back and we went thither to take her, lo and behold ſhe was not to be found. The window was open, and as it was not very high from the ground, we gueſs ſhe let herſelf down from it. We now ſet off in purſuit of her, all but the farmer, who, being pretty fat and purſy, was not for running a race—So he gave us the warrant, and a boy telling us as how ſhe took this way, we ran 'till we ſaw a woman running, about half a mile before us, but afterwards we loſt ſight of her; and pleaſe your Worſhip, your maid tells us as how ſhe made into this wery houſe."—"It is true,"

ſaid Mr. Heartwell, " that ſhe is in my houſe, and if you will conſent to let her remain here a day or two, I will be anſwerable for her appearance when called upon. In the mean time I will endeavour to find out the truth; for it would be a ſad thing to ruin ſuch a young creature, by hurrying her to priſon before we were ſure of her guilt. Farmer Boucher is an honeſt humane man, he knows my character, and I dare ſay will oblige me by ſtopping all further proceedings againſt Mary Wood, and leaving her in my care 'till I can talk to her and bring her to declare the truth." " That is what ſhe is not much uſed to, I am afraid, ſir," ſaid the man, " howſomdever, I will tell neighbour Boucher what your Worſhip ſays, and you will be pleaſed to take care that ſhe does not get out of the window." " Boucher's wife is living, is ſhe not? (ſaid Mr. Heartwell) what does ſhe ſay of the girl? ſhe muſt know more of her character than her maſter can." " Yes, yes! ſhe be living and looking, and a good kind of body ſhe is, but at preſent ſhe is from home and knows nothing of all this buſtle; for ſhe went two days ago to viſit her father at Stoke. She is expected home to-night, and then your Worſhip may have the ſpeech of her if you like."——They then pulled off their hats and civilly turned back to their village. Mr. Heartwell immediately went up to his priſoner, whom he found ſunk on the ground in his cloſet and half dead with terror; for ſhe had heard a good deal of what had paſſed, and feared every moment that Mr. Heartwell would give her up to be dragged to priſon. She knew ſhe had been detected in ſome falſehoods, that would make

againſt her ; and though ſhe was not guilty of the robbery, ſhe had enough to reproach herſelf with to take from her all the comfort and confidence of innocence ; ſhe had therefore nothing leſs than the terrors of hanging, or being ſent to Botany Bay before her eyes.

But we muſt now go back and tell by what deceit poor Mary was firſt brought into trouble.

When firſt Lady Worthy took her up, ſhe got her a place at Mrs. Trueby's, a widow lady of great piety and worth, who lived in the neighbouring town. She had a boy about ſix years old, her two maids were growing old in her ſervice ; ſhe took this girl to help them. The next day after ſhe came, ſhe bid her own maid ſhew her how to ſweep and duſt the beſt parlour. The maid, after ſhewing her what ſhe was to do, and giving her a great charge not to touch the pier glaſs which ſhe herſelf would clean, gave her a long broom and left her to her ſweeping. The little boy, who had not ſeen any thing ſo young and lively in the houſe, took a great fancy to Mary, who was no leſs fond of him, he ſtaid in the room to ſee her ſweep it, and ſhe to amuſe him at the ſame time gave him an account of the wonders ſhe had ſeen performed in the ſtreet the day before, by a balance maſter, who poized a long pole on the palm of his hand and even upon his noſe, with other performances which, though not very wonderful in their kind, appeared ſo to her, who had never ſeen any thing like it. To make little Edward comprehend what ſhe meant by this balancing,

ſhe attempted to poize the long broom, ſetting the ſmall end on the palm of her hand, but not ſucceeding it fell on one ſide and unfortunately ſtruck the pier glaſs and broke it. Poor Mary cried out ſhe was undone, and begged Edward, if he had any pity, not to ſay ſhe did it. "Who then?" ſaid he, "you will not ſay it was I?" "No indeed," ſaid ſhe, "I will not lay it upon any body; only do not you contradict what I ſhall ſay." By this time Mrs. Trueby, who heard the ſmaſh of the glaſs, had haſtened down ſtairs and came into the room. "What glaſs did I hear crack?" ſaid ſhe—"O Mary! my precious pier glaſs, the beſt piece of furniture in my houſe, and a preſent from a dear friend who is now no more, quite ſpoilt! I valued it above ten times it's price! Is this your awkwardneſs, Mary?" Poor Mary ſtood pale and trembling; but anſwered, "No indeed, madam." "Who did it then," ſaid ſhe, raiſing her voice? "A great bird, madam, (I do not know whether it was a pigeon) flew in at the window. I tried to drive it out, and it daſhed againſt the glaſs with it's bill and cracked it as you ſee." Little Edward, who was aſtoniſhed at her invention and aſſurance, looked amazed, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders and could ſcarce help laughing; his mother obſerved it, and ſo did Mary, who giving him a wink, ſaid, "maſter Edward knows it to be true, for he ſaw it as well as I."—"O fye, Mary," ſaid the boy—"that's too much—I would not have told of you, but when you ſay I know it to be true, you make me a liar as well as yourſelf; and my mamma ſays, if I tell lies God Almighty will

not love me." "Wicked girl," ſaid the lady, "would you teach my child to lie? pack up and begone out of my houſe, and you Edward I charge you tell me the truth;" upon this the child related the fact, and added—pray mamma forgive her, it was in trying to divert *me* that ſhe came by the accident." "No my dear," ſaid her mother, "I cannot forgive her, fooliſh and careleſs as it was, and grieved as I am for my favourite glaſs, I could have forgiven her my loſs; and though I ſpoke haſtily at firſt, I ſhould ſoon have conſidered her awkwardneſs and paſſed it over, but a girl that can ſo readily invent a lie, and try to draw *you* into it, I cannot poſſibly ſuffer to ſtay a day in my houſe, if you learnt to tell lies it would break my heart. The good lady, however, fearing the girl might get into miſchief, after much kind exhortation determined herſelf to carry her back to lady Worthy, aſſuring her that ſhe would not have parted with the girl on account of the accident, had it not been for the daring falſehood with which ſhe attempted to excuſe it. Lady Worthy, equally ſhocked, ſent for Goody Wood, and told her what had been her daughter's behaviour; adding, that ſhe had put it out of *her* power to ſerve her, for ſhe could never again venture to recommend her. The poor woman was quite overcome with grief, and did not dare to attempt to excuſe Mary's faults, but took her home in an agony of ſorrow, where the girl had the mortification to ſee that ſhe had not only ruined herſelf, but made her mother completely miſerable. And indeed the poor woman became ſo ill. that ſhe began to fear that ſhe ſhould be the cauſe of her death; this affected her very

much, and for a time ſhe was truly penitent, and reſolved never again to ſpeak falſely; but ſo ſtrong is cuſtom, and ſo weak was the principle on which ſhe acted, in her mind, that when ſhe ſaw her mother recover, ſhe ſoon returned to her little tricks and falſe excuſes. It was no wonder ſhe did not reform, for ſhe had no fear of offending God. Nobody took any notice of her, and the burden of maintaining her fell heavy on her mother and kept them both in extreme poverty. At length a gentlewoman who knew the ſtory, and was concerned that ſo young a creature ſhould be ruined, was prevailed upon, as ſhe had no children, to ſend for her. She aſked the girl why ſhe was diſmiſſed from Mrs. Trueby's? to which ſhe replied, "it was for breaking a pier-glaſs." "And was that the only reaſon of her turning you away ſo ſuddenly?" the girl looked ſullen, held down her head, and ſaid, "I believe ſo." "Go," ſaid the lady, "you will not do for me. I ſee you are not cured of your vile fault, and I will not take one whoſe word I can never depend on." So home went Mary with a heavy heart, and after trying to evade her mother's queſtions, was at laſt obliged to confeſs what had paſſed; this renewed all the grief of this poor parent, and Mary was again in diſgrace, and again promiſed to ſpeak truth for the future, but never begged of God for his grace. Mary grew tall and ſtrong, and was a well looking good humoured girl, lively, though kept down by poverty and diſgrace. At laſt a farmer's wife, who lived about two miles from her mother's, took her as a ſervant, and was for ſome time well pleaſed

with her. In the ſame village lived a gentleman whoſe name was Banks, he was gone on a tour and left his gardener and dairy maid to take care of the houſe; theſe ſervants, who made very free with their maſter's property in every way, uſed to call in Mary when ſhe went by on an errand. The gardener gave her fruit, and the dairy maid treated her with cream and ſometimes a ſyllabub. Theſe calls required excuſes from her for ſtaying on her errands. One day that they ſaw her paſſing by, they told her they were going in the evening to the fair, and aſked her to go with them. She replied, ſhe was ſure ſhe could not get leave to go that evening for they were going to finiſh their great waſh—"pooh! pooh!" ſaid they, "you *muſt* go —'tis the laſt day of the fair, and there is a tall woman and a dwarf, and I know not what to be ſeen." Mary's curioſity was ſtrongly tempted, and ſhe ſaid ſhe would try what ſhe could do. So ſhe went to her miſtreſs and told her ſhe had a meſſage from her mother to let her know ſhe was very ill, and begged ſhe would, if poſſible, get leave to come to her. Mrs. Boucher (her miſtreſs) was very good-natured, and ſaid ſhe was loth to keep her from her mother on ſuch an occaſion, but did not know how to ſpare her, they were ſo very buſy. Mary ſaid, "if ſhe would be kind enough to let her go at five o'clock ſhe would work very hard till then," and to this her miſtreſs conſented. Before that hour Mary run up to her garret, dreſt herſelf in a minute, and flew to Mr. Banks's time enough to join her friends ſetting out for the fair. When they had been gone about an hour, her mother, who unluckily had ſome buſineſs that way,

called to aſk her daughter how ſhe did; the miſtreſs, who herſelf let her in, was amazed to ſee her, and the poor woman was thunderſtruck when ſhe heard that the girl had pretended ſhe was ill and had ſent for her—and greatly alarmed to think where ſhe could be gone. She went about the village inquiring for her, and at laſt met a countryman ſhe knew, who told her ſhe need not fear any harm, for he was juſt come from the fair, where he ſaw her daughter with a man and woman at a booth chooſing ribbons; this did not comfort the mother, who went back to implore the clemency of Mrs. Boucher towards her imprudent child. Moved by her tears, and conſidering the force of curioſity and vanity in a girl of ſeventeen, ſhe at laſt promiſed not to turn her away if ſhe made proper ſubmiſſions, but to try her a little longer.

As Mary was coming home in the evening ſhe met one who told her what a ſearch her mother had been making for her, this threw her into a terror that ſpoilt all the pleaſure ſhe had enjoyed at the fair. She came home half dead with fear and fatigue, and threw herſelf at the feet of her miſtreſs, confeſſing her fault and making ſolemn promiſes never to repeat it; after ſevere reprimands, her miſtreſs at length forgave her, on condition that ſhe ſhould never again hold any acquaintance with that gardener and dairy maid, of whom ſhe told her ſhe had heard a bad character: Mary wept and promiſed every thing; and though the cream and the fruit were ſtrong allurements, added to the civil things the gardener uſed to ſay to her, yet

for ſome time ſhe forbore her viſits at Mr. Banks's, but by degrees the acquaintance was ſecretly renewed, which coſt Mary a falſehood every time ſhe was with theſe people, whoſe company her miſtreſs had ſo poſitively forbidden. One day Mrs. Boucher went to pay a viſit of two or three days at her father's, a few miles off. The farmer could not go with her, for he was buſy ſelling his grain and getting his rent ready for his landlord; and had got the money in the houſe on the Saturday which he meant to pay away on the Monday.

On Sunday after church he went out; charging Mary to ſtay at home and be careful of the houſe: her two friends from Mr. Banks's, took the opportunity of her being alone to come and drink tea with her; they had got notice of the farmer's having ſold his grain, and as they intended to rob their maſter's houſe and go off with the ſpoil the next night, the gardener thought he might as well take the farmer's money with him; he remembered he had once bought ſome dung for his garden of him and ſaw him put the money in a bureau in a little parlour.

While Mary was getting tea the gardener puſhed open the parlour door, and ſaid; "O here is a clever little cool room, let us remove the things in here." When they had got into that room he ſaw the bureau, conſidered the lock, and then looking out at the window he took occaſion, unobſerved by Mary, to examine the faſtenings and how he could eaſily get in at night. Whilſt he was thus employed, one of the farmer's ploughboys paſſing by ob-

ſerved this man looking out of his maſter's window; he wondered at it, becauſe he knew the farmer was not at home.

Mary took care to diſmiſs her gueſts before her maſter's return; and on his aſking her if any one had been there ſhe replied *nobody*. The next morning when Boucher came down into the little room, he ſaw his bureau broken open, and the caſh that had been in it taken away.

The farmer inquired of all his people, and the ploughboy mentioned his having ſeen Mr. Banks's gardener looking out of the window, and ſaid he had heard that the two ſervants were gone off that morning, and had robbed Mr. Banks's houſe of plate and whatever they could carry off. This, compared with what the ploughboy had obſerved, and with Mary's having denied that any body had been there, fixed their ſuſpicion on her as having been concerned in the robbery. She was forced to confeſs that Mr. Banks's ſervants were with her in the afternoon to tea, but ſtrongly denied knowing any thing of the robbery, however they opened her box, there they found ſix new ſilver tea-ſpoons marked with the firſt letters of Boucher's name, ſealed up in a paper. The farmer knew his wife had ſix new ones from London not long before, and doubted not theſe were the ſame. The girl's guilt now appeard plain.

But to return to Mr. Heartwell, whom we left entering the cloſet in which Mary was, as ſoon as her purſuers were gone. Though he by no means

knew all that we have related of this unhappy girl, he ſaw that appearances were ſtrong againſt her. Yet he was very unwilling to believe the worſt, and immediately raiſed her with kindneſs from the ground. "Mary," ſaid he, "if you will now be perfectly ſincere with me I will befriend you as much as juſtice will permit. I find the chief cauſe of your being ſo ſtrongly ſuſpected is, that you have departed from the truth, this is always attended with great danger as well as guilt; you have been enough inſtructed in religion to know that deceit is hateful to God, that he has denounced dreadful puniſhment for liars—even 'the lake that burneth with brimſtone and fire,' that he has commanded every one to put away lying, and to ſpeak the truth to his neighbour from his heart; that lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but truth is his delight. For my part, I pity your youth, and I wiſh to ſave and ſerve you, but unleſs I can hope to cure you of this fault, I muſt with a grieved heart give you up to your wretched fate, for it is impoſſible for me to do you any good." Whilſt he ſpoke his eyes filled with tears, and poor Mary cried without ceaſing. She now tried to ſpeak, but her ſobs prevented her, at laſt ſhe ſaid, "I ſee, I ſee that I have undone myſelf, that even you who are ſo good will never more believe me, but give me up to miſery and deſpair; I would now moſt truly confeſs to you every thing, but you will not, you cannot believe me! and I ſhall juſtly ſuffer for what I have not done, becauſe I have made myſelf unworthy of belief. O ſir, what can I do? Is there no place for repentance? no good chriſtian who will try me once again?

Will you not at leaſt hear me if you cannot believe me, whilſt I tell you of all my ſins, and the ſad diſgraces they have brought upon me?" "I will hear you," ſaid the good old man, "but if you now deceive me, or hide any thing from me, I will never more concern myſelf about you, but muſt leave you to reap the bitter fruits of your baſeneſs of heart." Mary now threw herſelf at his feet—kiſſed his hands—and bathed them with her tears. "O ſir," ſhe ſaid, "God knows I have no wiſh to deceive or to hide any thing from you, if I do, I conſent that you ſhall give me up for ever." She then told what we have before related. When ſhe came to the article of the tea-ſpoons, he deſired her to explain whoſe they were, and how ſhe came by them. She told him that on the Sunday evening when Mr. Banks's maid and gardener drank tea with her, the former on going away took her aſide, and giving her a little parcel ſealed up, begged of her to put that in her box and keep it for her till ſhe ſent for it; the reaſon of this ſhe would tell her when they met again. She went away without giving Mary time to aſk another queſtion. She was confuſed when aſked about the ſpoons, becauſe ſhe thought ſhe ſhould betray her friend, and becauſe ſhe was aſhamed to confeſs the intimacy ſhe had kept up with her, againſt her miſtreſs's orders and her own promiſes. How the ſpoons came to be marked with Boucher's letters, E B ſhe could not imagine; for the woman's name who gave them to her was Sarah Fiſher.

Mr. Heartwell kept Mary that night, and took

pains to impreſs on her a deep ſenſe of her ſin. Next day they had a viſit from farmer Boucher. who told them that his wife on her return, examined her drawer, and found the ſpoons ſafe as ſhe had left them. They were marked with the ſame letters as thoſe found in Mary's box; and as the farmer had ſcarce looked at them ſince they came home, he did not obſerve that the others were not exactly like them. As this was the only poſitive proof alledged againſt Mary, the farmer now promiſed to give her no farther trouble; though he ſtill knew ſhe had entertained the robbers the day before, on this account he would by no means take her again into his houſe, but paid her the little wages due to her, and diſmiſſed her from his ſervice. Mr. Heartwell, who was pleaſed to find her account ſo far true, tried to perſuade the Bouchers to let her ſtay with them a little while at leaſt, as a juſtification of her character; but they were ſo diſguſted with her having kept up the acquaintance with theſe bad people, in defiance of their orders and her own promiſes, that they could not think themſelves ſafe with ſuch a ſervant in the houſe. And Mr. Heartwell, with all the compaſſion he felt for her, could not venture to preſs them nor to anſwer for her future conduct. However he promiſed that if ſhe kept her preſent reſolutions, he would befriend her as much as he could. He put ſome proper books into her hands, and took her to her mother, whom they found almoſt diſtracted by the news which had reached her of her daughter having been taken up for a robbery; the poor woman every day grew worſe after this ſhock, and ſome weeks after her wretched daughter received

her dying forgiveneſs, but could never forgive herſelf for the anguiſh ſhe had cauſed her mother, which ſhe was perſuaded had haſtened her end.

Poor Mary had another ſorrow. In the village where ſhe had lived with farmer Boucher, was a creditable Baker, his ſon Thomas was bred up to the buſineſs, and was a very honeſt, ſober, agreeable young man. He had often beſtowed kind looks and kind words on Mary, but had not ventured to make her an offer, as he thought his father would never conſent to his marrying ſo poor a girl. She, on her ſide, liked him well enough to wiſh he would ſpeak out. A little before the unfortunate affair at Boucher's, the old baker died, his ſon ſucceeded to his ſhop and all his property, and was well eſteemed. Whilſt poor Mary was nurſing her dying mother, this young man had occaſion to call at Mr. Heartwell's, who overheard him in talk with his maid Bridget about Mary, and lament the ſad diſgrace that had befallen her, he added, "I am ſure it has been a great concern to me, for I own I liked the young woman; and now that I am my own maſter ſhould have tried to obtain her for my wife, had ſhe preſerved a better character." Bridget put in a good word for her, and aſſured him that her maſter believed her entirely innocent of the robbery; to this he replied, "whether ſhe had any knowledge of the wicked intentions of thoſe vile ſervants nobody can know, but thus much has been clearly proved, that ſhe denied the truth of their having been with her, and had broke her ſolemn promiſes to her miſtreſs, by keeping them company for ſome time, there-

fore ſhe is no wife for me. I could not be happy unleſs I could make a friend of my wife and depend on her truth and faithfulneſs, Her pretty face and good-humour would be nothing to me, without truth and honeſty. Next to a good conſcience the beſt thing is a good character. I bleſs God I have never forfeited my own, nor will I ever marry a woman that has loſt her's." Mr. Heartwell was much pleaſed with the young baker's way of thinking, and very ſorry that Mary had loſt ſuch a huſband. As his chief concern was to complete the poor young creature's reformation, he thought nothing would make ſo deep an impreſſion on her mind as this mortifying conſequence of her ill behaviour: he reſolved on telling her all that the young man had ſaid. He did ſo; and ſhe took it ſo much to heart that ſhe never after held up her head. Her mother's death, which happened ſoon after, left her without any earthly comfort. What before was liking, was now changed into a ſtrong affection; ſhe ſaw what a happy lot would have been her's had ſhe been as true and honeſt as the man ſhe liked. She loſt all her ſpirits, her mind was always full of bitter remorſe and ſhame. She thought ſhe deſerved all the miſery ſhe felt, and only prayed that God would accept her ſorrow for her ſin. She made no complaints; but her looks ſhewed that health as well as peace of mind had forſaken her.

Her mother's death obliged her to quit the almſ houſe, and ſhe then told Mr. Heartwell that ſhe was unable to bear the diſgrace ſhe had brought upon herſelf in that neighbourhood, and was re-

ſolved to go and get bread in ſome diſtant country, where ſhe was not known. The good man, who felt like a father for every one of his flock, when in diſtreſs, tried to ſooth her and to perſuade her to ſtay where ſhe was, and to look to her heavenly friend, but he could not prevail. She could not bear the thoughts of living near Thomas, whom ſhe had loſt for ever. So the Vicar gave her what he could ſpare to pay her journey and maintain her 'till ſhe could get an employment; he then gave her a letter to a clergyman who lived about fifty miles off, begging him to get her into ſome honeſt ſervice. She took leave of him with an almoſt broken heart, and grew ſo ill and weak on her journey, that when ſhe carried her letter to the clergyman, he told her, ſhe appeared too ill for ſervice. In a few days ſhe grew a little better, told him ſhe thought ſhe could now get her bread if he would have the goodneſs to recommend her: that ſhe cared not how low the place or the wages were if ſhe could but be maintained, and would do all in her power to give ſatisfaction. He ſoon got her into a ſervice, hard labour ſoon haſtened on a decline which her ſorows had begun, and ſhe ſoon became ſo ill that nothing better could be done for her than to place her in an hoſpital.

Whilſt ſhe was there a letter from Mr. Heartwell informed her that her vile ſeducers were taken, tried, and executed. The ſpoons were claimed by Elizabeth Bearcroft, Mr. Banks's houſekeeper. Sarah Fiſher had found them locked up in a cupboard after the reſt of the ſtolen plate was packed up. She put them into her pocket as ſhe was go-

ing to farmer Boucher's on the Sunday, but recollecting that perhaps the marks upon them might lead to her detection, in caſe of misfortune, ſhe ſuddenly took it into her head as ſhe was going away to leave them with Mary, as before related. Mr. Heartwell had taken the pains to viſit theſe people in priſon after their condemnation, and had got from the woman a confirmation of the poor girl's account. Mary languiſhed ſeveral weeks in the hoſpital, and meekly applied her whole mind to obtain the forgiveneſs of God, through the merits of a Saviour.

The good clergyman aſſiſted her in the great work of repentance, and pointed out to her the only true grounds on which ſhe could hope to obtain it.

Thus death brought on by grief and ſhame at eighteen years of age, was the conſequence of bad company, falſe promiſes, and FALSE EXCUSES.—May all who read this ſtory, learn to walk in the ſtrait paths of truth. The way of duty is the way of ſafety. But "the wicked fleeth when no man purſueth, while the righteous is bold as a lion."

THE END.

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JACK BROWN *in Priſon*;

OR,

The PITCHER never goes ſo often to the Well but it is broke at laſt.

Being the FOURTH PART of the HISTORY of the

TWO SHOEMAKERS.



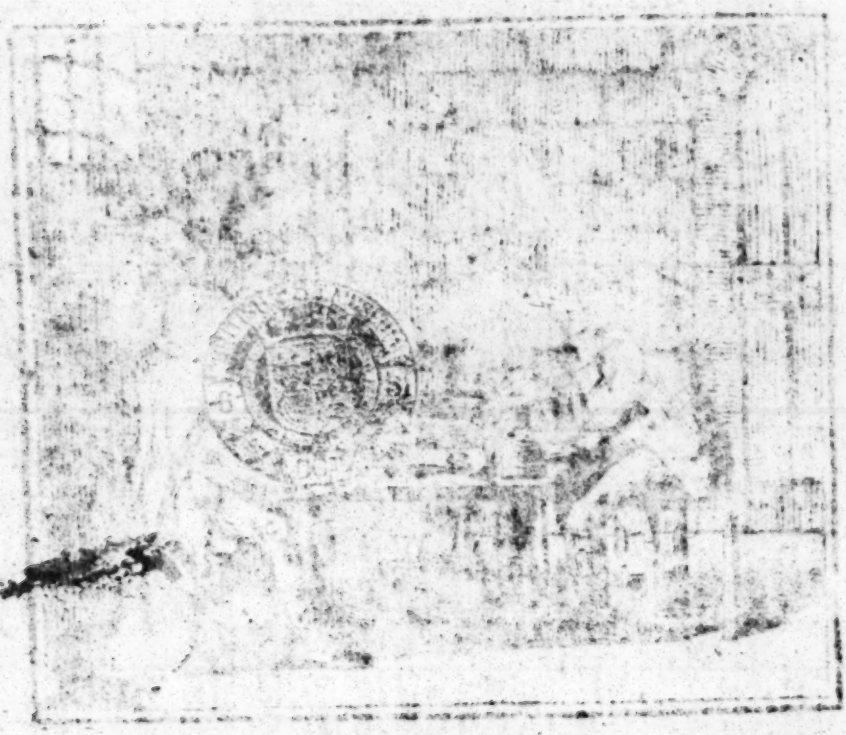
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HISTORY, &c.

I HOPE the reader has not forgotten where the third part of this hiſtory left off laſt month. It finiſhed with an account how Jack Brown, by keeping idle company, when he ſhould have been paying his debts, was robbed of his pocket-book while he was aſleep on the ſettle at the Blue Poſts. It was alſo told how, the Landlord not believing one word of his ſtory, ſent him to priſon for debts long due to him.

Brown was no ſooner lodged in his doleful habitation, and a little recovered from his firſt ſurpriſe, than he ſat down and wrote his friend Stock the whole hiſtory of the tranſaction. Mr. Stock, who had long known the exceeding lightneſs and diſſipation of his mind, did not ſo utterly diſbelieve the ſtory as all the other creditors did. To ſpeak the truth, Stock was the only one among them who had good ſenſe enough to know, that a man may be compleatly ruined, both in what relates to his property and his ſoul, without committing Old

Bailey Crimes. He well knew that idleneſs, vanity, and the love of *pleaſure*, as it is falſely called, will bring a man to a morſel of bread, as ſurely as thoſe things which are reckoned much greater ſins; and that they undermine his principles as certainly, though not perhaps quite ſo faſt.

Stock was too angry with what had happened to anſwer Brown's letter, or to ſeem to take the leaſt notice of him. However, he kindly and ſecretly undertook a journey to the hard-hearted old Farmer, Brown's father, to intercede with him, and to ſee if he would do any thing for his ſon. Stock did not pretend to excuſe Jack, or even to leſſen his offences; for it was a rule of his never to diſguiſe truth or to palliate wickedneſs. Sin was ſtill ſin in his eyes, though it were committed by his beſt friend; but though he would not ſoften the ſin he felt tenderly for the ſinner. He pleaded with the old Farmer on the ground, that his ſon's idleneſs and other vices would gather freſh ſtrength in a jail. He told him that the looſe and worthleſs company which he would there keep would harden him in vice, and if he was now wicked he might there become irreclaimable.

But all his pleas were urged in vain. The Farmer was not to be moved. Indeed he argued with ſome reaſon, that he ought not to make his induſtrious children beggars to ſave one rogue from the gallows. Mr. Stock allowed the force of this reaſon, though he ſaw the father was leſs influenced by this principle of juſtice than by reſentment on account of the old ſtory of Smiler. People,

indeed, ſhould take care that what appears in their conduct to proceed from juſtice does not really proceed from revenge. Better men than Farmer Brown often deceive themſelves, and fancy they act on better principles than they really do, for want of looking a little more cloſely into their own hearts, and putting down every action to it's true motive. When we are praying againſt deceit we ſhould not forget to take ſelf-deceit into the account.

Mr. Stock at length wrote to poor Jack; not to offer him any help, that was quite out of the queſtion, but "to exhort him to repent of his evil ways; to lay before him the ſins of his paſt life, and to adviſe him to convert the preſent puniſhment into a benefit, by humbling himſelf before God." He offered his intereſt to get his place of confinement exchanged for one of thoſe improved priſons, where ſolitude and labour have been made the happy inſtruments of bringing many to a better way of thinking, and ended by ſaying, "that if ever he gave any ſolid ſigns of real amendment he would ſtill be his friend in ſpite of all that was paſt."

If Mr. Stock had ſent him a good ſum of money to procure his liberty, or even a trifle to make merry with his wretched companions, Jack would have thought him a friend indeed. But to ſend him nothing but dry advice, and a few words of empty comfort, was, he thought, but a cheap ſhabby way of ſhewing his kindneſs. Unluckily the letter came juſt as he was going to ſit down to

one of thoſe direful merry-makings which are often carried on with brutal riot within the doleful walls of a jail on the entrance of a new priſoner, who is often expected to give a feaſt to the reſt.

When his companions were heated with gin, "Now," ſaid Jack, "I'll treat you with a ſermon, and a very pretty preachment it is." So ſaying, he took out Mr. Stock's kind and pious letter, and was delighted at the burſts of laughter it produced. "What a canting dog," ſaid one! "Repentance, indeed!" cried Tom Crew, "No, no, Jack, tell this hypocritical rogue that if we have loſt our liberty, it is only for having been jolly, hearty fellows, and we have more ſpirit than to repent of that I hope: all the harm we have done is living a little too faſt, like honeſt bucks as we are." "Aye, aye," ſaid Jolly George, "had we been ſuch ſneaking miſerly fellows as Stock, we need not have come hither. But if the ill-nature of the laws has clapped up ſuch fine hearty blades, we are no *felons* however. We are afraid of no Jack Ketch; and I ſee no cauſe to repent of any ſin that's not hanging matter. For thoſe who are thruſt into the condemned hole indeed, and have but a few hours to live, they *muſt* ſee the Parſon, and hear a ſermon, and ſuch ſtuff. But I do not know what ſuch ſtout young fellows as we are have to do with repentance. And ſo, Jack, let us have that rare new catch which you learnt of the ſtrollers that merry night when you loſt your pocket-book."

Brown ſoon gave a freſh proof of the power of

evil company, and of the quick progreſs of the heart of a ſinner from bad to worſe. Brown, who always wanted principle, ſoon grew to want feeling alſo. He joined in the laugh which was raiſed againſt Stock, and told many *good ſtories*, as they were called, in deriſion of the piety, ſobriety, and ſelf-denial of his old friend. He loſt every day ſomewhat of thoſe ſmall remains of ſhame and decency which he had brought with him to the priſon. He even grew reconciled to this wretched way of life, and the want of money ſeemed to him the heavieſt evil in the life of a jail.

Mr. Stock finding, from the gaoler, that his letter was treated with ridicule, would not write to him any more. He did not come to ſee him nor ſend him any aſſiſtance, thinking it right to let him ſuffer that want which his vices had brought upon him. But, as he ſtill hoped that the time might come when he might be brought to a ſenſe of his own evil courſes, he continued to have an eye upon him by means of the gaoler, who was an honeſt, kind-hearted man.

Brown ſpent one part of his time in thoughtleſs riot, and the other in gloom and ſadneſs. Company kept up his ſpirits; with his new friends he contrived to drown thought; but when he was alone he began to find that a *merry fellow*, when deprived of his companions and his liquor, is often a moſt forlorn wretch. Then it is, that even a merry fellow ſays of laughter, "What is it? and of mirth it is madneſs."

As he contrived, however, to be as little alone as poſſible, his gaiety was commonly uppermoſt, till that loathſome diſtemper, called the Jail Fever, broke out in the priſon. Tom Crew, the ringleader in all their evil practices, was firſt ſeized with it. Jack ſtaid a little while with his comrade to aſſiſt and divert him, but of aſſiſtance he could give little, and the very thought of diverſion was now turned into horror. He ſoon caught the diſtemper, and that in ſo dreadful a degree, that his life was in great danger. Of thoſe who remained in health not a ſoul came near him, though he had ſhared his laſt farthing with them. He had juſt ſenſe enough left to feel this cruelty. Poor fellow! he did not know before that the friendſhip of the worldly is at an end when there is no more drink or diverſion to be had. He lay in the moſt deplorable condition; his body tormented with a dreadful diſeaſe, and his ſoul terrified and amazed at the approach of death: that death, which he thought at ſo great a diſtance, and of which his comrades had aſſured him that a young fellow of five and twenty was in no danger. Poor Jack! I cannot help feeling for him. Without a ſhilling! without a friend! without one comfort reſpecting this world, and, what is far more terrible, without one hope reſpecting the next.

Let not the young reader fancy that Brown's miſery aroſe entirely from his altered circumſtances. It was not merely becauſe he was in want, and ſick, and in a priſon, which made his condition ſo deſperate. Many an honeſt man unjuſtly accuſed, many a perſecuted Saint, many a holy Martyr has enjoyed

ſometimes more peace and content in a priſon than wicked men have ever taſted in the height of their proſperity. But to any ſuch comforts poor Jack had no right.

A Chriſtian friend generally comes forward at the very time when worldly friends forſake the wretched. The other priſoners would not come near Brown, though he had often entertained and never offended them, even his own father was not moved with his ſad condition. When Mr. Stock informed him of it, he anſwered, "'tis no more than he deſerves. As he brews ſo he muſt bake. He has made his own bed, and let him lie in it." The hard old man had ever at his tongue's end ſome proverb which he contrived to turn in ſuch a way as to excuſe himſelf.

We ſhall now ſee how Mr. Stock behaved. He had his favorite ſayings too, but they were chiefly on the ſide of kindneſs, mercy, or ſome other virtue. "I muſt not," ſaid he, "pretend to call myſelf a Chriſtian, if I do not requite evil with good." When he received the gaoler's letter with the account of Brown's ſad condition, Will Simpſon and Tommy Williams began to compliment him on his own wiſdom and prudence, by which he had eſcaped Brown's misfortunes. He only gravely ſaid, "Bleſſed be God that I am not in the ſame miſery. It is *He* who has made us to differ. But for *his* grace I might have been in no better condition. Now Brown is brought low by the hand of God, it is my time to go to him." "What you," ſaid Will, "whom he cheated of your money?"

"This is not a time to remember injuries," ſaid Mr. Stock. "How can I aſk forgiveneſs for my own ſins, if I withhold forgiveneſs from him?" So ſaying, he ordered his horſe, and ſet off to ſee poor Brown, thus proving that his was a religion not of words but of deeds.

Stock's heart nearly failed him as he paſſed through the priſon. The groans of the ſick and dying, and what to ſuch a heart as his was ſtill more moving, the brutal merriment of the healthy in ſuch a place, pierced his very ſoul. Many a ſilent prayer did he put up as he paſſed along, that GOD would yet be pleaſed to touch their hearts, and that "now (during this infectious ſickneſs) might be the accepted time." The gaoler obſerved him drop a tear, and aſked the cauſe. "I cannot forget," ſaid he, "that the moſt diſſolute of theſe is ſtill my fellow-creature. The ſame GOD made them; the ſame SAVIOUR died for them; how then can I hate the worſt of them? With my advantages they might have been much better than I am; without the bleſſing of GOD on my good Miniſter's inſtructions, I might have been worſe than the worſt of theſe. I have no cauſe for pride, much for thankfulneſs; *let us not be high-minded, but fear.*"



It would have moved a heart of ſtone to have ſeen poor miſerable Jack Brown lying on his wretched bed, his face ſo changed by pain, poverty, dirt and ſorrow, that he could hardly be known for that "merry ſoul of a jack boot," as he uſed to be proud to hear himſelf called. His groans were ſo piteous that it made Mr. Stock's heart ach. He kindly took him by the hand, though he knew the diſtemper was catching. "How doſt do Jack?" ſaid he, "doſt know me?" Brown ſhook his head and ſaid faintly, "know you? aye, that I do. I am ſure I have but one friend in the world who would come to ſee me in this woeful condition. O James! what have I brought myſelf to? What will become of my poor ſoul? I dare not look back, for that is all ſin, nor forward, for that is all miſery and woe."

Mr. Stock ſpoke kindly to him, but did not at

tempt to cheer him with falſe comfort, as is too often done. "I am aſhamed to ſee you in this dirty place," ſays Brown. "As to the place Jack, replied the other, if it has helped to bring you to a ſenſe of your paſt offences, it will be no bad place for you. I am heartily ſorry for your diſtreſs and your ſickneſs; but if it ſhould pleaſe God by them to open your eyes, and to ſhew you that ſin is a greater evil than the priſon to which it has brought you, all may yet be well. I had rather ſee you in this humble penitent ſtate, lying on this dirty bed, in this diſmal priſon, than roaring and rioting at the Greyhound, the king of the company, with handſome cloaths on your back, and plenty of money in your pocket."

Brown wept bitterly and ſqueezed his hand, but was too weak to ſay much. Mr. Stock then deſired the jailor to let him have ſuch things as were needful and he would pay for them. He would not leave the poor fellow till he had given him with his own hands ſome broth which the gaoler had got ready for him, and ſome medicines which the Doctor had ſent. All this kindneſs cut Brown to the heart. He was juſt able to ſob out "my unnatural father leaves me to periſh, and my injured friend is more than a father to me." Stock told him that one proof he muſt give of his repentance was, that he muſt forgive his father, whoſe provocation had been very great. He then ſaid he would leave him for the preſent to take ſome reſt, and deſired him to lift up his heart to God for mercy. "Dear James," replied Brown, "do you pray for me? God perhaps may hear you, but he will never hear the prayer of ſuch a ſinner as I have been." "Take care how you think ſo," ſaid

Stock. "To believe that God cannot forgive you would be a ſtill greater ſin than any you have yet committed againſt him." He then explained to him in a few words, as well as he was able, the nature of repentance, and forgiveneſs through a Saviour, and warned him earneſtly againſt unbelief and hardneſs of heart.

Poor Jack grew much refreſhed in body with the comfortable things he had taken; and a little cheered with Stock's kindneſs in coming ſo far to ſee, and to forgive ſuch a forlorn outcaſt, ſick of an infectious diſtemper, and locked within the walls of a priſon. "Surely" ſaid he to himſelf, "there muſt be ſome mighty power in a religion which can lead men to do ſuch things! things ſo much againſt the grain as to forgive ſuch an injury, and to riſk catching ſuch a diſtemper," but he was ſo weak he could not expreſs this in words. He tried to pray, but he could not, at length, overpowered with wearineſs, he fell aſleep.

When Mr. Stock came back, he was ſurpriſed to find him ſo much better in body; but his agonies of mind were dreadful, and he had now got ſtrength to expreſs part of the horrors which he felt. "James," ſaid he, (looking wildly) "it is all over with me. I am a loſt creature. Even your prayers cannot ſave me." "Dear Jack," replied Mr. Stock, "I am no miniſter; it does not become me to talk much to thee: but I know I may venture to ſay whatever is in the Bible. As ignorant as I am I ſhall be ſafe enough while I ſtick to that." "Aye," ſaid the ſick man, "you uſed to be ready enough to read to me, and I

would not liſten, or if I did it was only to make fun of what I heard, and now you will not ſo much as read a bit of a chapter to me."

This was the very point to which Stock longed to bring him. So he took a little Bible out of his pocket, which he always took with him on a journey, and read ſlowly verſe by verſe, the 55th chapter of Iſaiah. When he came to the ſixth and ſeventh verſes, poor Jack cried ſo much that Brown was forced to ſtop. The words were, "Let the wicked man forſake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord." Here Brown ſtopped him, ſaying "Oh it is too late, too late for me." "Let me finiſh the verſe," ſaid Stock, "and you will ſee your error; you will ſee that it is never too late." So he read on—"let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon." Here Brown ſtarted up, ſnatched the book out of his hand and cried out, "Is that really there? No, no; that's of your own putting in, in order to comfort me; let me look at the words myſelf." "No, indeed," ſaid Stock, "I would not for the world give you unfounded comfort, or put off any notion of my own for a ſcripture doctrine." "But is it poſſible!" cried the ſick man, "that God may really pardon me? Do'ſt think he can? Do'ſt think he will?" "I am ſure of it," ſaid Stock; "I dare not give thee falſe hopes, or, indeed any hopes of my own. But theſe are God's own words, and the only difficulty is to know when we are really brought into ſuch a ſtate as that the words may be applied to us."

Mr. Stock was afraid of ſaying more. He would not venture out of his depth; nor, indeed, was poor Brown able to bear more diſcourſe juſt now. So he made him a preſent of the Bible, folding down ſuch places as he thought might be beſt ſuited to his ſtate, and took his leave, being obliged to return home that night. He left a little money with the gaoler, to add a few comforts to the allowance of the priſon, and promiſed to return in a ſhort time.

When he got home, he deſcribed the ſufferings and miſery of Brown in a very moving manner; but Tommy Williams, inſtead of being properly affected at it, only ſaid, "Indeed, Maſter, I am not very ſorry; he is rightly ſerved:" "How, Tommy," ſaid Mr. Stock, rather ſternly, "not ſorry to ſee a fellow-creature brought to the loweſt ſtate of miſery? one too whom you have known ſo proſperous?" "No, Maſter, I can't ſay I am; for Mr. Brown uſed to make fun of you, and laugh at you for being ſo godly, and reading your Bible."

"Let me ſay a few words to you Tommy," ſaid Mr. Stock. "In the firſt place you ſhould never watch for the time of a man's being brought low by trouble to tell of his faults. Next, you ſhould never rejoice at his trouble, but pity him, and pray for him. Laſtly, as to his ridiculing me for my religion, if I cannot ſtand an idle jeſt, I am not worthy the name of a Chriſtian.—*He that is aſhamed of me and my word*, do'ſt remember what follows, Tommy?" "Yes, Maſter, 'twas laſt Sunday's text,"

—of him ſhall the Son of Man be aſhamed when he ſhall judge the world.

Mr. Stock ſoon went back to the priſon. But he did not go alone. He took with him Mr. Thomas, the worthy Miniſter who had been the guide and inſtructor of his youth, who was ſo kind as to go at his requeſt and viſit this forlorn priſoner. When they got to Brown's door, they found him ſitting up in his bed with the Bible in his hand. This was a joyful ſight to Mr. Stock, who ſecretly thanked God for it. Brown was reading aloud; they liſtened; it was the fifteenth of Saint Luke. The circumſtances of this beautiful Parable of the Prodigal Son were ſo much like his own, that the ſtory pierced him to the ſoul; and he ſtopped every minute to compare his own caſe with that of the Prodigal. He was juſt got to the eighteenth verſe, *I will ariſe and go to my father*,—at that moment he ſpied his two friends; joy darted into his eyes. "O dear Jem," ſaid he, "it is *not* too late, I will ariſe and go to my father, my heavenly father, and you, Sir, will ſhew me the way, won't you?" ſaid he to Mr. Thomas, whom he recollected. "I am very glad to ſee you in ſo hopeful a diſpoſition," ſaid the good Miniſter. "O, Sir," ſaid Brown, "what a place is this to receive you in! O, ſee to what I have brought myſelf!"

"Your condition, as to this world, is indeed very low," replied the good Divine. "But what are mines, dungeons, or gallies, to that eternal hopeleſs priſon to which your unrepented ſin muſt ſoon have conſigned you. Even in this gloomy

priſon, on this bed of ſtraw, worn down by pain, poverty, and want, forſaken by your worldly friends, an object of ſcorn to thoſe with whom you uſed to carouſe and riot; yet here, I ſay, brought thus low, if you have at laſt found out your own vileneſs, and your utterly undone ſtate by ſin, you may ſtill be more an object of favour in the ſight of God, than when you thought yourſelf proſperous and happy; when the world ſmiled upon you, and you paſſed your days and nights in envied gaiety and unchriſtian riot. If you will but improve the preſent awful viſitation; if you do but heartily renounce and abhor your preſent evil courſes; if you even now turn to the Lord your Savior with lively faith, deep repentance, and unfeigned obedience, I ſhall ſtill have more hope of you than of many who are going on quite happy, becauſe quite inſenſible. The heavy laden ſinner, who has diſcovered the iniquity of his own heart, and his utter inability to help himſelf, may be ſtill reſtored to God's favour, and become happy, though in a dungeon. And be aſſured, that he who from deep and humble contrition dares not ſo much as lift up his eyes to heaven, when with a hearty faith he ſighs out, *Lord be merciful to me a ſinner*, ſhall in no wiſe be caſt out. Theſe are the words of him who cannot lie."

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſelf-abaſement, the grief, the joy, the ſhame, the hope, and the fear which filled the mind of this poor man. A dawn of comfort at length ſhone on his benighted mind. His humility and fear of falling back into his for-

mer ſins, if he ſhould ever recover, Mr. Thomas thought were good ſymptoms of a ſound repentance. He improved and cheriſhed every good diſpoſition he ſaw ariſing in his heart, and particularly warned him againſt ſelf-deceit, ſelf-confidence, and hypocriſy.

One day, when Mr. Thomas and Mr. Stock came to ſee him, they found him more than commonly affected. His face was more ghaſtly pale than uſual, and his eyes were red with crying. "Oh, Sir," ſaid he, "what a ſight have I juſt ſeen! Jolly George, as we uſed to call him, the ring-leader of all our mirth, who was at the bottom of all the fun, and tricks, and wickedneſs that are carried on within theſe walls, Jolly George is juſt dead of the jail diſtemper! He taken, and I left! I *would* be carried into his room to ſpeak to him, to beg him to take warning by me, and that I might take warning by him. But what did I ſee! what did I hear! not one ſign of repentance, not one dawn of hope. Agony of body, blaſphemies on his tongue, deſpair in his ſoul, while I am ſpared and comforted with hopes of mercy and acceptance. Oh, if all my old friends at the Greyhound could but then have ſeen Jolly George! A hundred Sermons about Death, Sir, don't ſpeak ſo home, and cut ſo deep, as the ſight one dying ſinner.

Brown grew gradually better in his health, that is, the fever mended, but the diſtemper ſettled in his limbs, ſo that he ſeemed likely to be a poor, weakly cripple the reſt of his life. But as he ſpent much of his time in prayer, and in reading ſuch

parts of the Bible as Mr. Thomas directed, he improved every day in knowledge and piety, and of course grew more resigned to pain and infirmity.

Some months after this, his hard hearted father, who had never been prevailed upon to see him, or offer him the least relief, was taken off suddenly by a fit of apoplexy; and, after all his threatenings, he died without a will. He was one of those silly, superstitious men, who fancy they shall die the sooner for having made one; and who love the world and the things that are in the world so dearly, that they dread to set about any business which may put them in mind that they are not always to live in it. As, by this neglect, his father had not fulfilled his threat of cutting him off with a shilling, Jack, of course, went shares with his brothers in what their father left. What fell to him proved to be just enough to discharge him from prison, and to pay all his debts, but he had nothing left. His joy at being thus enabled to make restitution was so great, that he thought little of his own wants. He did not desire to conceal the most trifling debt, not to keep a shilling for himself.

Mr. Stock undertook to settle all his affairs. There did not remain money enough, after every creditor was satisfied, even to pay for his removal to his own town. Mr. Stock kindly sent his own cart for him with a bed in it, made as comfortable as possible, for he was too weak and lame to be removed any other way, and Mr. Stock gave the driver a particular charge to be tender and careful

of him, and not to drive hard, nor to leave the cart a moment.

Mr. Stock would fain have taken him into his own houſe, at leaſt for a time, ſo convinced was he of his ſincere reformation both of heart and life; but Brown would not be prevailed on to be further burdenſome to this generous friend. He inſiſted on being carried to the pariſh work-houſe, which he ſaid was a far better place than he deſerved. In this houſe Mr. Stock furniſhed a ſmall room for him, and ſent him every day a morſel of meat from his own dinner. Tommy Williams begged that he might always be allowed to carry it, as ſome atonement for his having for a moment ſo far forgotten his duty, as rather to rejoice than ſympathize in Brown's misfortunes. He never thought of this fault without ſorrow, and often thanked his maſter for the wholeſome leſſon he then gave him, and he was the better for it all his life.

Mrs. Stock often carried poor Brown a bit of tea or a baſon of good broth herſelf. He was quite a cripple, and never able to walk out as long as he lived. Mr. Stock, Will Simpſon, and Tommy Williams laid their heads together, and contrived a ſort of barrow on which he was often carried to Church by ſome of his poor neighbours, of which Tommy was always one; and he requited their kindneſs, by reading a good book to them whenever they would call in, or teaching their children to ſing Pſalms or ſay the Catechiſm.



It was no ſmall joy to him thus to be enabled to go to church. Whenever he was carried by the Greyhound, he was much moved, and uſed to put up a prayer full of repentance for the paſt, and praiſe for the preſent.

Z.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

This HYMN was frequently ſung by JACK BROWN in the WORKHOUSE.

I.

BEHOLD the wretch whoſe luſt and wine
Have waſted his eſtate;
He begs a ſhare among the ſwine,
To taſte the huſks they eat.

II.

I die with hunger here he cries,
I ſtarve in foreign lands;
My father's houſe has large ſupplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

III.

I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face,
Father I've done thy juſtice wrong,
Nor can deſerve thy grace.

IV.

He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home,
To ſeek his father's love;
The father ſaw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

V.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;
The rebel's heart with ſorrow breaks
For ſins which he had done.

VI.

" Take off his cloaths of ſhame and ſin,
(" The father gives command,)
" Dreſs him in garments white and clean,
" With rings adorn his hand.

VII.

" A day of feaſting I ordain,
" Let mirth and joy abound,
" My ſon was dead and lives again,
" Was loſt and now is found."

THE END.

On the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1795, was publiſhed,

Hints to all Ranks of People.—The Happy Waterman.—The Riot, a Ballad.—The Cowboy's Dream, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of September,

Tom White, Part II.—Noah's Flood.—Dame Andrews, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of October.

Harveſt Home.—Two Farmers, Part I.—Honeſt Miller, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of November,

The Parable of the Vineyard.—The Two Farmers, Part II.—The Sorrows of Yamba, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of December,

The Troubles of Life.—Sorrowful Sam.—Merry Chriſtmas, a Carol.

On the 1ſt of January, 1796,

New Thoughts on the New Year.—The Hiſtory of Mary Wood, the Houſemaid.—Robert and Richard, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of February,

The Touchſtone; or, the Way to know a good Chriſtian.—The Apprentice turned Maſter; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part II.—The Story of Sinful Sally. Told by herſelf a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of March.

Oneſimus; or, the Run-away Servant converted.—Idle Jack Brown; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part III.—Shopkeeper, Part I.

On the 1ſt of April,

Converſion of St. Paul.—Jack Brown in Priſon; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part IV.—Shopkeeper, Part II.

On the 1ſt of May,

The General Reſurrection, Part. I.—The Hiſtory of Charles Jones the Footman, written by Himſelf.—The Hackney Coachman; or, the Way to get a good Fare, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of June,

Carrying Religion into the Common Buſineſs of Life.—The Cheapſide Apprentice.—The Election Song, a Ballad.

And other Pieces on a ſimilar Plan, on the 1ſt of every Month.

THE

Apprentice turned *Maſter*;

Or, the SECOND PART of the

TWO SHOEMAKERS.

SHEWING

How *James Stock* from a Pariſh Apprentice became a creditable Tradeſman.



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This is Part II of the Two Shoemakers

THE APPRENTICE turned MASTER.

THE first part of this History left off with the dreadful sudden death of Williams the idle Shoemaker, who died in a drunken fit at the Greyhound. It also shewed how James Stock, his faithful apprentice, by his honest and upright behaviour, so gained the love and respect of his late master's creditors, that they set him up in business, though he was not worth a shilling of his own, such is the power of a good character! And when we last parted from him he had just got possession of his master's shop.

This sudden prosperity was a time of trial for James; who, as he was now become a creditable tradesman, I shall hereafter think proper to call Mr. James Stock. I say, this sudden rise in life was a time of trial; for we hardly know what we are ourselves till we become our own masters. There is indeed always a reasonable hope that a good servant will not make a bad master, and that a faithful apprentice will prove an honest tradesman. But the heart of man is deceitful. And some folks seem to behave very well while they are under subjection; but no sooner do they get a little power than their heads are turned, and they grow prouder than those who are gentlemen born. They forget at once that they were lately poor and dependent themselves, so that one would think that with their poverty they had lost their memory too. I have known some who suffered most hardships in their early days, the most hard and oppressive in their turn; so that they seem to forget that fine considerate reason which God gives

to the children of Iſrael why they ſhould be merciful to their ſervants, "remembering," ſaith he, "that thou thyſelf waſt a bondman."

Young Mr. Stock did not ſo forget himſelf. He had indeed the only ſure guard from falling into this error. It was not from any eaſineſs in his natural diſpoſition: for that only juſt ſerves to make folks good-natured when they are pleaſed, and patient when they have nothing to vex them. James went upon higher ground. He did not give way to abuſive language, becauſe he knew it was a ſin. He did not uſe his apprentices ill, becauſe he knew he had himſelf a maſter in heaven.

He knew he owed his preſent happy ſituation to the kindneſs of the creditors. But did he grow eaſy and careleſs becauſe he knew he had ſuch friends? No indeed. He worked with double diligence in order to get out of debt, and to let theſe friends ſee he did not abuſe their kindneſs. Such behaviour as this is the greateſt encouragement in the world to rich people to lend a little money.

His ſhoes and boots were made in the beſt manner, this *got* him buſineſs, he ſet out with a rule to tell no lies and deceive no cuſtomers; this *ſecured* his buſineſs. He had two reaſons for not promiſing to ſend home goods when he knew he ſhould not be able to keep his word. The firſt, becauſe he knew a lie was a ſin, the next, becauſe it was a folly. There is no credit ſooner worn out than that which is got by falſe pretences. After a little while no one is deceived by them. Falſehood is ſo ſoon found out that I believe moſt tradeſmen are the poorer for it in the long run.

Deceit is the worſt part of a ſhopkeeper's ſtock in trade."

James was now at the head of a family. "This is a ſerious ſituation," (ſaid he to himſelf, one fine ſummer's evening, as he ſtood leaning over the half door of his ſhop to enjoy a little freſh air) "I am now maſter of a family. My cares are doubled and ſo are my duties. I ſee the higher one gets in life the more one has to anſwer for. Let me now call to mind the ſorrow I uſed to feel when I was made to carry work home on a Sunday by an ungodly maſter.

So what his heart found right to do he reſolved to do quickly; and he ſet out at firſt as he meant to go on. The Sunday was truly a day of reſt at Mr. Stock's. He would not allow a pair of ſhoes to be given out on that day to oblige the beſt cuſtomer he had. And what did he looſe by it? Why nothing. For when the people were once uſed to it, they liked Saturday night juſt as well. But had it been otherwiſe he would have given up his gains to his conſcience.

Shewing how Mr. STOCK *behaved to his* APPRENTICES.

When he got up in the world ſo far as to have apprentices, he thought himſelf as accountable for their behaviour as if they had been his children. He was very kind to them, and had a chearful merry way of talking to them, ſo that the lads who had ſeen too much of ſwearing reprobate maſters, were very fond of him. They were never afraid of ſpeaking to him, they told him all their little troubles, and conſidered their maſter as their beſt friend, for they ſaid they would do any thing for a

good word and a kind look. As he did not ſwear at them when they had been guilty of a fault, they did not lie to him to conceal it, and thereby make one fault two. But though he was very kind, he was very watchful alſo, for he did not think neglect any part of kindneſs. He brought them to one very pretty method, which was, of a Sunday evening to divert themſelves with writing out half a dozen texts of Scripture in a pretty copy book with gilt covers. You may have the ſame at any of the Stationer's; they do not coſt above fourpence, and will laſt nearly a year.

When the boys carried him their books, he juſtly commended him whoſe texts were written in the faireſt hand. "And now my boys," ſaid he, "let us ſee which of you will learn your texts beſt in the courſe of the week; he who does ſhall chuſe for next Sunday." Thus the boys ſoon got many pſalms and chapters by heart, almoſt without knowing how they came by them. He taught them how to make a practical uſe of what they learnt; "for," ſaid he, "it will anſwer little purpoſe to learn texts if we do not try to live up to them." One of the boys being apt to play in his abſence, and to run back again to his work when he heard his maſter's ſtep, he brought him to a ſenſe of his fault by the laſt Sunday's texts, which happened to be 6th of Epheſians. He ſhewed him what was meant by being "obedient to his maſter in ſingleneſs of heart as unto Chriſt," and explained to him with ſo much kindneſs what it was, "not to work with eye-ſervice as men pleaſers, but doing the will of God from the heart," that the lad ſaid he ſhould never forget it, and it did more to-

wards curing him of idleneſs than the ſoundeſt horſe-whipping would have done.

How Mr. Stock *got out of Debt.*

Stock's behaviour was very regular, and he was much beloved for his kind and peaceable temper. He had alſo a good reputation for ſkill in his trade, and his induſtry was talked of through the whole town, ſo that he had ſoon more work than he could poſſibly do. He paid all his dealers to the very day, and took care to carry his intereſt money to the creditors the moment it became due. In two or three years he was able to begin to pay off a ſmall part of the principal. His reaſon for being ſo eager to pay money as ſoon as it became due was this. He had obſerved tradeſmen, and eſpecially his old maſter, put off the day of payment as long as they could, even though they had the means in their power. This deceived them. For having money in their pockets they forgot it belonged to the creditor, and not to themſelves, and ſo got to fancy they were rich when they were really poor. This falſe notion led them to indulge in idle expences, whereas, if they had paid regularly they would have had this one temptation the leſs. A young tradeſman, when he is going to ſpend money, ſhould at leaſt aſk himſelf whether this money is his own or his creditors. This little queſtion might help to prevent many a bankruptcy.

A true Chriſtian always goes heartily to work to find out what is his beſetting ſin; and when he has found it, (which he eaſily may if he looks ſharp) againſt this ſin he watches narrowly. Now I know it is the faſhion among ſome folks (and a bad faſhion it is) to fancy that good people have

no ſin; but this only ſhews their ignorance. It is not true. That good man St. Paul knew better. And when men do not own their ſins, it is not becauſe there is no ſin in their hearts, but becauſe they are not anxious to ſearch for it, nor humble to confeſs it, nor penitent to mourn over it. But this was not the caſe with James Stock. "Examine yourſelves truly," ſaid he, "is no bad part of the catechiſm." He began to be afraid that his deſire of living creditably and without being a burthen to any one, might, under the maſk of honeſty and independence lead him into pride and covetouſneſs. He feared that the bias of his heart lay that way. So inſtead of being proud of his ſobriety; inſtead of bragging that he never ſpent his money idly, nor went to the alehouſe; inſtead of boaſting how hard he worked, and how he denied himſelf, he ſtrove in ſecret that even theſe good qualities might not grow out of a wrong root. The following event was of uſe to him in this way.

One evening as he was ſtanding at the door of his ſhop, a poor dirty boy without ſtockings and ſhoes came up and aſked him for a bit of broken victuals, for he had eaten nothing all day. In ſpite of his dirt and rags he was a very pretty, lively, civil ſpoken boy, and Mr. Stock could not help thinking he knew ſomething of his face. He fetched him out a good piece of bread and cheeſe, and while the boy was devouring it, aſked him if he had no parents, and why he went about in that vagabond manner? "Daddy has been dead ſome years," ſaid the boy, "he died in a fit over at the Greyhound. Mammy ſays he uſed to live at

this ſhop, and then we did not want for cloaths nor victuals neither." Stock was melted almoſt to tears on finding that this dirty beggar boy was Tommy Williams, the ſon of his old maſter. He bleſſed God on comparing his own happy condition with that of this poor deſtitute child, but he was not proud at the compariſon, and while he was thankful for his own proſperity, he pitied the helpleſs boy.—" Where have you been living of late," ſaid he to him? " for I underſtood you all went home to your mother's friends." " So we did Sir," ſaid the boy, " but they are grown tired of maintaining us, becauſe they ſaid that Mammy ſpent all the money which ſhould have gone to buy victuals for us, on ſnuff and drams. And ſo they have ſent us back to this place, which is Daddy's pariſh."

" And where do you live here?" ſaid Mr. Stock. " O Sir, we are all put into the pariſh poor-houſe." —" And does your mother do any thing to help to maintain you?" " No, Sir, for Mammy ſays ſhe was not brought up to work like poor folks, and ſhe would rather ſtarve than ſpin or knit; ſo ſhe lies a bed all the morning, and ſends us about to pick up what we can, a bit of victuals, or a few halfpence." " And have you any money in your pocket now?" " Yes, Sir, I have got three halfpence which I have begged to-day." " Then, as you were ſo very hungry, how came you not to buy a roll at that baker's over the way?" " Becauſe, Sir, I was going to lay it out in tea for Mammy, for I never lay out a farthing for myſelf. Indeed Mammy ſays ſhe will have her tea twice a-day if we beg or ſtarve for it." " Can you read my boy?" ſaid Mr. Stock. " A little, Sir, and

ſay my prayers too." "And can you ſay your catechiſm?" "I have almoſt forgot it all, Sir, though I remember about honoring my father and mother, and that makes me ſtill carry the half-pence home to Mammy inſtead of buying cakes." "Who taught you theſe good things?' "One Jemmy Stock, Sir, who was a pariſh 'prentice to my Daddy. He taught me one queſtion out of the catechiſm every night, and always made me ſay my prayers to him before I went to-bed. He told me I ſhould go to the wicked place if I did not fear God, ſo I am ſtill afraid to tell lies like the other boys. Poor Jemmy gave me a piece of gingerbread every time I learnt well; but I have no friend now: Jemmy was good to me, though Mammy did nothing but beat him."

Mr. Stock was too much moved to carry on the diſcourſe, he did not make himſelf known to the boy, but took him over to the baker's ſhop; as they walked along he could not help repeating aloud, a verſe or two of that beautiful hymn, ſo deſervedly the favourite of all children,

Not more than others I deſerve,
  Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others ſtarve,
  Or beg from door to door.

The little boy looked up in his face, ſaying. "Why Sir, that's the very hymn which Jemmy Stock gave me a penny for learning." Stock made no anſwer, but put a couple of three-penny loaves into his hand to carry home, and told him to call on him again at ſuch a time in the following week.

How Mr. Stock *continued to be charitable without any Expence.*

Stock had abundant ſubject for meditation that night. He was puzzled what to do with the boy. While he was carrying on his trade upon borrowed money, he did not think it right to give any part of that money to aſſiſt the idle, or even to help the diſtreſſed. "I muſt be juſt," ſaid he, "before I am generous." Still he could not bear to ſee this fine boy given up to certain ruin. He did not think it ſafe to take him into his ſhop in his preſent ignorant unprincipled ſtate. At laſt he hit upon this thought. I work for myſelf twelve hours in the day. Why ſhall not I work one hour or two for this boy in the evening? It will be but for a year, and I ſhall then have more right to do what I pleaſe. My money will then be my own, I ſhall have paid my debts.

So he began to put his reſolution in practice that very night, ſticking to his old notion of not putting off till to-morrow what ſhould be done to-day; and it was thought he owed much of his ſucceſs in life, as well as his growth in goodneſs, to this little ſaying. "I am young and healthy," ſaid he, "one hour's more work will do me no harm; I will ſet aſide all I get by theſe over hours, and put the boy to ſchool. I have not only no right to puniſh this child for the ſins of his father, but I conſider that though God hated thoſe ſins, he has made them be inſtruments for my advancement."

Tommy Williams called at the time appointed. In the mean time Mr. Stock's maid had made him a tidy little ſuit of cloaths out of an old coat of her maſter's. She had alſo knit him a pair of

ſtockings, and Mr. Stock made him ſit down in the ſhop, while he himſelf fitted him with a pair of new ſhoes. The maid having waſhed and dreſſed him, Mr. Stock took him by the hand and walked along with him to the pariſh poor-houſe to find his mother. They found her dreſſed in ragged filthy finery, ſtanding at the door, where ſhe paſſed moſt of her time, quarrelling with half a dozen women as idle and dirty as herſelf; when ſhe ſaw Tommy ſo neat and well dreſſed, ſhe fell a-crying for joy. She ſaid it put her in mind of old times, for Tommy always uſed to be dreſſed like a gentleman. "So much the worſe," ſaid Mr. Stock, "if you had not begun by making him look like a gentleman, you needed not have ended by making him look like a beggar." "Oh Jem," ſaid ſhe, (for though it was four years ſince ſhe had ſeen him, ſhe ſoon recollected him) "fine times for you! ſet a beggar on horſeback—you know the proverb. I ſhall beat Tommy well for finding you out, and expoſing me to you."

Inſtead of entering into any diſpute with this bad woman, or praiſing himſelf at her expence; or putting her in mind of her paſt ill behaviour to him; or reproaching her with the bad uſe ſhe had made of her proſperity, he mildly ſaid to her, "Mrs. Williams I am ſorry for your misfortunes; I am come to relieve you of part of your burthen. I will take Tommy off your hands. I will give him a year's board and ſchooling, and by that time I ſhall ſee what he is fit for. I will promiſe nothing, but if the boy turns out well I will never forſake him. I ſhall make but one bargain with you, which is, that he muſt not come to this place to hear all this railing and ſwearing, nor ſhall he

keep company with theſe pilfering idle children. You are welcome to go and ſee him when you pleaſe, but here he muſt not come."

The fooliſh woman burſt out a crying, ſaying, "ſhe ſhould loſe her poor dear Tommy for ever. Mr. Stock might give *her* the money he intended to pay at the ſchool, for nobody could do ſo well by him as his own mother." The truth was, ſhe wanted to get theſe new cloaths into her clutches, which would all have been pawned at the dram ſhop before the week was out. This Mr. Stock well knew. From crying ſhe fell to ſcolding and ſwearing. She told him he was an unnatural wretch, that wanted to make a child deſpiſe his own mother becauſe ſhe was poor. She even went ſo far as to ſay ſhe would not part from him; ſhe ſaid ſhe hated your godly people, they had no bowels of compaſſion, but tried to ſet men, women, and children againſt their own fleſh and blood.

Mr. Stock now almoſt loſt his patience, and for one moment a thought came acroſs him to ſtrip the boy, carry back the cloaths, and leave him to his unpitiful mother. "Why," ſaid he, "ſhould I work over hours, and wear out my ſtrength for this wicked woman?" But he ſoon checked this thought, by reflecting on the patience and long-ſuffering of God with rebellious ſinners. This cured his anger in a moment, and he mildly reaſoned with her on her folly and blindneſs in oppoſing the good of her child.

One of the neighbours who ſtood by, ſaid, what a fine thing it was for the boy, but ſome people were born to be lucky! She wiſhed Mr. Stock would take a fancy to her child, he ſhould have him ſoon enough. Mrs. Williams now began to be

frightened leſt Mr. Stock ſhould take the woman at her word, and ſullenly conſented to let the boy go, from envy and malice, not from prudence and gratitude; and Tommy was ſent to ſchool that very night, his mother crying and roaring, inſtead of thanking God for ſuch a bleſſing.

And here I cannot forbear telling a very good-natured thing of Will Simpſon, one of the workmen. By-the-bye it was that very young fellow who was reformed by Stock's good example when he was an apprentice, and who uſed to ſing Pſalms with him on a Sunday evening when they got out of the way of Williams's junketting. Will coming home early one evening, was ſurpriſed to find his maſter at work by himſelf, long after the uſual time. He begged ſo heartily to know the reaſon, that Stock owned the truth. Will was ſo ſtruck with this piece of kindneſs, that he ſnatched up a laſt, crying out, "Well maſter, you ſhall not work by yourſelf however; we will go ſnacks in maintaining Tommy: it ſhall never be ſaid that Will Simpſon was idling about, when his maſter was working for charity." This made the hour paſs chearfully and doubled the profits.

In a year or two Mr. Stock, by God's bleſſing on his labours, became quite clear of the world. He now paid off his creditors; but he never forgot his obligation to them, and found many opportunities of ſhewing kindneſs to them, and to their children after them. He now caſt about for a proper wife, and as he was thought a proſperous man, and very well looking beſides, moſt of the ſmart girls of the place, with their tawdry finery, uſed to be often parading before the ſhop, and would even go to church in order to put themſelves in

his way. But Mr. Stock when he went to church had other things in his head, and if ever he thought about theſe gay damſels at all, it was with concern at ſeeing them ſo improperly tricked out, ſo that the very means they took to pleaſe him, made him diſlike them.

There was one Betty Weſt, a young woman of excellent character and very modeſt appearance. He had ſeldom ſeen her out, as ſhe was employed night and day in waiting on an aged widowed mother who was both lame and blind. This good girl was indeed almoſt truly eyes and feet to her helpleſs parent, and Mr. Stock uſed to ſee her through the little caſement window lifting her up and feeding her with a tenderneſs which greatly raiſed his eſteem for her. He uſed to tell Will Simpſon, as they ſat at work, that ſuch a dutiful daughter could hardly fail to make a faithful wife. He had not, however, the heart to try to draw her off from her care of her ſick mother. The poor woman declined very faſt. Betſy was much employed in reading or praying by her while ſhe was awake, and paſſed good part of the night while ſhe ſlept, in doing ſome fine works to ſell in order to ſupply her ſick mother with little niceties which their poor pittance could not afford, while ſhe herſelf lived on a cruſt.

Mr. Stock knew that Betſy would have little or nothing after her mother's death, as ſhe had only a life income. On the other hand Mr. Thompſon, the Tanner, had offered him 200l. with his daughter Nancy. But he was almoſt ſorry that he had not in this caſe an opportunity of reſiſting his natural bias, which rather lay on the ſide of loving money: "For," ſaid he, "putting principle and putting

" affection out of the queſtion, I ſhall do a more
" *prudent* thing by marrying Betſy Weſt, who will
" conform to her ſtation, and is a religious, hum-
" ble, induſtrious girl, without a ſhilling, than by
" having an idle dreſſy laſs, who will neglect my
" family and fill my houſe with company, though
" ſhe ſhould have twice the fortune which Nancy
" Thompſon would bring."

At length poor old Mrs. Weſt was releaſed from all her ſufferings. At a proper time Mr. Stock propoſed marriage to Betſy, and was accepted. All the diſappointed girls in the town wondered what any body could like in ſuch a dowdy as that. Had the man no eyes? They thought Mr. Stock had had more taſte. Oh! how it did provoke all the vain idle things to find, that ſtaying at home, dreſſing plainly, ſerving God, and nurſing a blind Mother, ſhould do that for Betſy Weſt which all their contrivances, flaunting, and dancing could not do for them.

He was not diſappointed of meeting with a good wife in Betſy, as indeed thoſe who marry on right grounds ſeldom are. But if religious perſons will chuſe partners for life who have no religion, do not let them complain that they are unhappy; they might have known that beforehand. Tommy Williams was now taken home to Stock's houſe and bound apprentice. He was always kind and attentive to his mother; and every penny which Will Simpſon or his maſter gave him for learning a chapter he would ſave to buy a bit of tea and ſugar for her. When the other boys laughed at him for being ſo fooliſh as to deny himſelf cakes and apples to give his money to her who was

ſo bad a woman, he would anſwer, " it may be ſo, but ſhe is my mother for all that."

Mr. Stock was much moved at the change in this boy, who turned out a very good youth. He reſolved, as God ſhould proſper him, that he would try to ſnatch other helpleſs creatures from ſin and ruin. " For," ſaid he, " it is owing to God's bleſſing on the inſtructions of my good miniſter when I was a child, that I have been ſaved from the broad way of deſtruction. He ſtill gave God the glory of every thing he did aright, and when Will Simpſon one day ſaid to him, " Maſter, I wiſh I were half as good as you are." " William," anſwered he gravely, " I once read in a book, that the Devil is willing enough we ſhould appear to do good actions if he can but make us proud of them."

But we muſt not forget our other old acquaintance, Mr. Stock's fellow 'prentice. So next month you may expect a full account of the many tricks and frolicks of idle Jack Brown, being the third part of the Hiſtory of the Two Shoemakers.

Z.

THE END.

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

THE

History of *Idle Jack Brown.*

CONTAINING THE

MERRY STORY of the MOUNTEBANK, with some Account of the Bay Mare SMILER.

Being the THIRD PART of the

TWO SHOEMAKERS.



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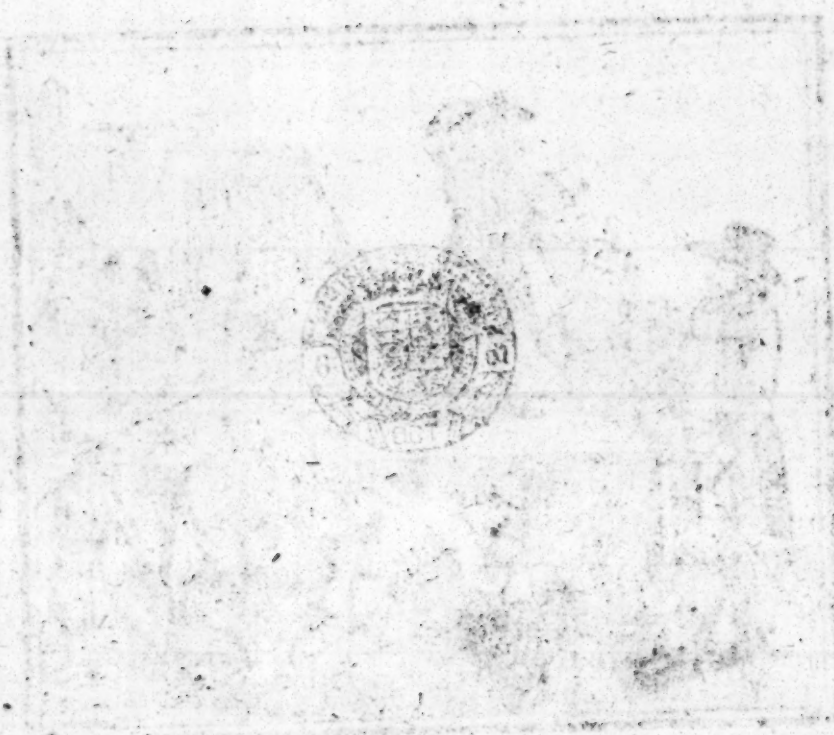
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THE

HISTORY, &c.

YOU have not, I hope, forgotten your old acquaintance idle Jack Brown, the fellow 'prentice of James Stock. I gave a little account of him and his wild tricks in the firſt part of this hiſtory, from which I dare ſay you expect to hear no great good of him. The ſecond part ſhewed how James Stock, from a pariſh 'prentice, became a top ſhoemaker. You ſhall now hear what befel idle Jack, who, being a farmer's ſon, had many advantages to begin life with. But he who wants prudence may be ſaid to want every thing, becauſe he turns all his advantages to no account.

Jack Brown was juſt out of his time when his maſter Williams died in that terrible drunken fit at the Greyhound. You know already how Stock ſucceeded to his maſter's buſineſs, and proſpered in it. Jack wiſhed very much to enter into partnerſhip with him. His father and mother too were

deſirous of it, and offered to advance a hundred pounds with him. Here is a freſh proof of the power of a good character! The old farmer, with all his covetouſneſs, was eager to get his ſon into partnerſhip with Stock, though the latter was not worth a ſhilling, and even his mother, with all her pride, was eager for it, for they had ſenſe enough to ſee it would be the making of Jack. The father knew that Stock would look to the main chance; and the mother that he would take the labouring oar, and ſo her darling would have little to do.

Stock, however, young as he was, "was too old a bird to be caught with chaff." His wiſdom was an overmatch for their cunning. He had a kindneſs for Brown, but would on no account enter into buſineſs with him. "One of theſe three things," ſaid he, "I am ſure of if I do; he will either hurt my principles, my character, or my trade; perhaps all." And here, by-the-bye, let me drop a hint to other young men who are about to enter into partnerſhip. Let them not do that in haſte which they may repent at leiſure. Next to marriage it is a tie the hardeſt to break; and next to that it is an engagement which ought to be entered into with the utmoſt caution. Many things go to the making ſuch a connexion ſuitable, ſafe, and pleaſant. There is many a top man need not be above taking a hint in this reſpect from James Stock the Shoemaker.

Brown was ſtill unwilling to leave him, indeed he was too idle to look out for buſineſs, ſo he offered Stock to work with him as a journeyman;

but this he alſo mildly refuſed. It hurt his good-nature to do ſo; but he reflected that a young man who has his way to make in the world muſt not only be good-natured, he muſt be prudent alſo. "I am reſolved" ſaid he "to employ none but the moſt ſober regular young men I can get. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and I ſhould be anſwerable for all the diſorders of my own houſe if I knowingly took a wild drinking young fellow into it. "That which might be kindneſs to one, would be injuſtice to many, and therefore a ſin in myſelf."

Brown's mother was in a great rage when ſhe heard that her ſon had ſtooped ſo low as to make this offer. She thought pride was a grand thing. Poor woman! She did not know that it was the meaneſt thing in the world. It was her ignorance which made her proud, as is apt to be the caſe. "You mean-ſpirited raſcal," ſaid ſhe to Jack, "I had rather follow you to your grave, as well as I love you, than ſee you diſgrace your family by working under Jem Stock the pariſh 'prentice." She forgot already what pains ſhe had taken about the partnerſhip, but pride and paſſion have a bad memory.

It is hard to ſay which was now uppermoſt in her mind, her deſire to be revenged on Stock, or to ſee her ſon make a figure. She raiſed every ſhilling ſhe could get from her huſband, and all ſhe could crib from the dairy to ſet up Jack in a ſhowy way. So the very next market-day ſhe came herſelf, and took for him the new white houſe,

with the two little ſaſh windows painted blue, and blue poſts before the door. It is that houſe which has the old croſs juſt before it, as you turn down between the Church and the Greyhound. It's being ſo near the Church to be ſure was no recommendation to Jack, but it's being ſo near the Greyhound was, and ſo taking one thing with the other it was to be ſure no bad ſituation; but what weighed moſt with the mother was, that it was a much more ſhowy ſhop than Stock's, and the houſe, though not half ſo convenient, was far more ſmart.

In order to draw cuſtom, his fooliſh mother adviſed him to underſell his neighbours juſt at firſt; to buy ordinary but ſhowy goods, and employ cheap workmen. In ſhort, ſhe charged him to leave no ſtone unturned to ruin his old comrade Stock. Indeed ſhe always thought with double ſatisfaction of Jack's proſperity, becauſe ſhe always joined to it the hope that his ſucceſs would be the ruin of Stock, for ſhe owned it would be the joy of her heart to bring that proud upſtart to a morſel of bread. She did not underſtand, for her part, why ſuch beggars muſt become Tradeſmen, it was "making a velvet purſe of a ſow's ear."

Stock however ſet out on quite another ſet of principles. He did not allow himſelf always to ſquare his own behaviour to others by their's to him. He ſeldom aſked himſelf what he ſhould *like* to do; but he had a mighty way of ſaying, "I wonder now what is my duty to do?" And when he was once clear in that matter he generally did it. So inſtead of ſetting Brown at defiance; inſtead of

all that vulgar ſelfiſhneſs, of "catch he that catch can"—and "two of a trade can never agree," he reſolved to be friendly towards him. Inſtead of joining in the laugh againſt him for making his houſe ſo fine, he was ſorry for him, becauſe he feared he would never be able to pay ſuch a rent. So he very kindly called upon him, told him there was buſineſs enough for them both, and gave him many uſeful hints for his going on. He warned him to go oftener to Church and ſeldomer to the Greyhound: Put him in mind how the following the one and forſaking the other had been the ruin of their poor maſter, and added the following

---

ADVICE TO YOUNG TRADESMEN.

Buy the beſt goods, cut the work out yourſelf: let the eye of the maſter be every where; employ the ſobereſt men; avoid all the low deceits of trade; never lower the credit of another to raiſe your own; make ſhort payments, keep exact accounts; avoid idle company, and be very ſtrict to your word.

For a ſhort time things went on ſwimmingly. Brown was merry and civil. The ſhop was well ſituated for goſſip; and every one who had ſomething to ſay and nothing to do was welcome. Every idle ſtory was firſt ſpread, and every idle ſong firſt ſung in Brown's ſhop. Every cuſtomer who came to be meaſured was promiſed that his ſhoes ſhould

be done firſt. But the misfortune was, if twenty came in a day the ſame promiſe was made to all; ſo that nineteen were diſappointed and of courſe affronted. He never ſaid *No* to any one. It is indeed a word which it requires ſome honeſty to pronounce. By all theſe falſe promiſes he was thought the moſt obliging fellow that ever made a ſhoe. And as he ſet out on the principle of underſelling, people took a mighty fancy to the Cheap Shop. And it was agreed among all the young and giddy, that he would beat Stock hollow, and that the old ſhop would be ſoon knocked up.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLISTENS.

After a few months however folks began to be not quite ſo fond of the Cheap Shop; one found out that the leather was bad, another that the work was ſlight. Thoſe who liked ſubſtantial goods went all of them to Stock's, for they ſaid Brown's heel taps did not laſt a week; his new boots let in water, and they believed he made his ſoles of brown paper. Beſides it was thought by moſt that his promiſing all, and keeping his word with none, hurt his buſineſs as much as any thing. Indeed I queſtion if lying ever anſwers in the long run.

Brown had what is commonly called *a good heart*; that is, he had a thoughtleſs good-nature, and a ſort of feeling for the moment which made him ſeem ſorry when others were in trouble. But he was

not apt to put himſelf to any inconvenience, nor go a ſtep out of his way, nor give up any pleaſure to ſerve the beſt friend he had. He loved *fun*; and thoſe who do ſhould always ſee that it be harmleſs, and that they do not give up more for it than it is worth. I am not going to ſay a word againſt innocent merriment. I like it myſelf. But what the proverb ſays of gold, may be ſaid of mirth, "it might be bought too dear." If a young man finds that what he fancies is a good joke may poſſibly offend GOD, hurt his neighbour, afflict his parent, or make a modeſt girl bluſh, let him then be aſſured it is not fun but wickedneſs, and he had better let it alone.

Jack Brown then, as *good a heart* as he had, did not know what it was to deny himſelf any thing. He was ſo *good-natured* indeed that he never in his life refuſed to make one of a jolly ſet; but he was not good-natured enough to conſider that thoſe men, whom he kept up all night roaring and laughing had wives and children at home, who had little to eat, and leſs to wear, becauſe *they* were keeping up the character of merry fellows at the public houſe.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

One day he ſaw his father's plow-boy come galloping up to his door in great haſte. He brought Brown word that his mother was dangerouſly ill,

and that his father had ſent his own beſt bay mare Smiler, that his ſon might loſe no time, but ſet out directly to ſee his mother before ſhe died. Jack burſt into tears, lamented the danger of ſo fond a mother, and all the people in the ſhop extolled his *good heart.*

He ſent back the boy directly, with a meſſage that he would follow him in half an hour, as ſoon as the mare had baited; for he well knew that his father would not thank him for any haſte he might make if Smiler was hurt.

Jack accordingly ſet off, and rode with ſuch ſpeed to the next town, that both himſelf and Smiler had a mind to another bait. They ſtopped at the Star, unluckily it was Fair day, and as he was walking about while Smiler was eating her oats, a bill was put into his hand ſetting forth, that on a ſtage oppoſite the Globe a Mountebank was ſhowing away, and his Andrew performing the fineſt tricks that ever were ſeen. He read—he ſtood ſtill—he went on—"It will not hinder me," ſays he; "Smiler muſt reſt, and I ſhall ſee my poor dear mother juſt as ſoon if I juſt take a peep, as if I ſit moping at the Star."

The tricks were ſo merry that the time ſeemed ſhort, and when they were over he could not forbear going into the Globe and treating theſe choice ſpirits with a bowl of punch. Juſt as they were taking the laſt glaſs, Jack happened to ſay that he was the beſt fives player in the country. "That is lucky," ſaid the Andrew, "for there is a famous

match now playing in the court, and you may never have ſuch an opportunity to ſhow your ſkill." Brown declared he could not ſtay, for that he had left his horſe at the Star, and muſt ſet off on urgent buſineſs. They now all pretended to call his ſkill in queſtion. This rouſed his pride, and he thought another half hour could break no ſquares. Smiler had now had a good feed of corn, and he would only have to puſh her on a little more; ſo to it he went.

He won the firſt game. This ſpurred him on: and he played till it was ſo dark they could not ſee a ball. Another bowl was called for from the winner. Wagers and betts now drained Brown not only of all the money he had won, but of all he had in his pocket, ſo that he was obliged to aſk leave to go to the houſe where his horſe was, to borrow enough to diſcharge his reckoning at the Globe.

All theſe loſſes brought his poor dear mother to his mind, and he marched off with rather a heavy heart, to borrow the money, and to order Smiler out of the ſtable. The landlord expreſſed much ſurpriſe at ſeeing him, and the oſtler declared there was no Smiler there; that ſhe had been rode off above two hours ago by the Merry Andrew, who ſaid he came by order of the owner Mr. Brown to fetch her to the Globe, and to pay for her feed. It was indeed one of the neateſt tricks the Andrew ever performed, for he had made ſuch a clean conveyance of Smiler, that neither Jack nor his father ever heard of her again.

It was night. No one could tell what road the Andrew took, and it was another hour or two before an advertiſement could be drawn up for apprehending the horſe-ſtealer. Jack had ſome doubts whether he ſhould go on or return back. He knew that though his father might fear his wife moſt, yet he loved Smiler beſt. At length he took that courage from a glaſs of brandy which he ought to have taken from a hearty repentance, and he reſolved to purſue his journey. He was obliged to leave his watch and ſilver buckles in pawn for a little old hack which was nothing but ſkin and bone, and would hardly trot three miles an hour.

He knocked at his father's door about five in the morning. The family were all up. He aſked the boy who opened the door how his mother was? "She is dead," ſaid the boy, "ſhe died yeſterday afternoon." Here Jack's heart ſmote him, and he cried aloud, partly from grief, but more from the reproaches of his own conſcience, for he found by computing the hours, that had he come ſtrait on, he ſhould have been in time to have received his mother's bleſſing.

The Farmer now called from within. "I hear Smiler's ſtep. Is Jack come?" "Yes father," ſaid Jack in a low voice. "Then," cried the Farmer, "run every man and boy of you and take care of the mare. Tom, do thou go and rub her down; Jem, run and get her a good feed of corn. Be ſure walk her about that ſhe may not catch cold." Young Brown came in. "Are you not an undutiful dog?" ſaid the father, "You might have

been here twelve hours ago. Your mother could not die in peace without ſeeing you. She ſaid it was a cruel return for all her fondneſs that you could not make a little haſte to ſee her; but it was always ſo, for ſhe had wronged her other children to help you, and this was her reward." Brown ſobbed out a few words, but his father replied, "Never cry Jack, for the boy told me that it was out of regard for Smiler that you were not here as ſoon as he was; and if 'twas your over care of her, why there's no great harm done. You could not have ſaved your poor mother, and you might have hurt the mare." Here Jack's double guilt flew into his face. He knew that his father was very covetous, and had lived on bad terms with his wife; and alſo that his own unkindneſs to her had been forgiven out of love to the horſe; but to break to him how he had loſt that horſe through his own folly and want of feeling was more than Jack had courage to do. The old man, however, ſoon got at the truth, and no words can deſcribe his fury. Forgetting that his wife lay dead above ſtairs, he abuſed his ſon in a way not fit to be repeated; and though his covetouſneſs had juſt before found an excuſe for neglecting to viſit a dying parent, yet he now vented his rage againſt Jack as an unnatural brute, whom he would cut off with a ſhilling, and bade him never ſee his face again.

Jack was not allowed to attend his mother's funeral, which was a real grief to him; nor would his father advance even the little money which was needful to redeem his things at the Star. He had now no fond mother to aſſiſt him, and he ſet out on his

return home on his borrowed hack full of grief. He knew he had alſo loſt a little hoard of money which his mother had ſaved up for him.

When Brown got back to his own town he found that the ſtory of Smiler and the Andrew had got thither before him, and it was thought a very good joke at the Greyhound. He ſoon recovered his ſpirits as far as related to the horſe, but as to his behaviour to his dying mother it troubled him at times to the laſt day of his life, though he did all he could to forget it. He did not however go on at all better, nor did he engage in one frolic the leſs for what paſſed at the Globe.

Jack began at length to feel the reverſe of that proverb, "Keep your ſhop and your ſhop will keep you." He had neglected his cuſtomers, and they forſook him. Quarter day came round; there was much to pay and little to receive. He owed two years rent. He was in arrears to his men for wages. He had a long account with his Currier. It was in vain to apply to his father. He had now no mother. Stock was the only true friend he had in the world, and had helped him out of many petty ſcrapes, but he knew Stock would advance no money in ſo hopeleſs a caſe. Duns came faſt about him. He named a ſpeedy day for payment, but as ſoon as they were out of the houſe, and the danger put off to a little diſtance, he forgot every promiſe, was as merry as ever, and run the ſame round of thoughtleſs gaiety. Whenever he was in trouble Stock did not ſhun him, becauſe that was the moment he thought to throw in a little good advice. He one day aſked him if he always intend-

ed to go on in this courſe? " No," ſaid he, " I am reſolved bye-and-bye to reform, grow ſober, and go to church. Why I am but five and twenty, man, I am ſtout and healthy, and likely to live long, I can repent and grow melancholy and good at any time."

" Oh Jack," ſaid Stock, " don't cheat thyſelf with that falſe hope. What thou doſt intend to do, do quickly. Didſt thou never hear about the heart growing hardened by long indulgence in ſin? Some folk, who pretend to mean well, ſhow that they mean nothing at all, by never beginning to put their good reſolutions into practice; which made a wiſe man once ſay, that " hell is paved with good intentions."

Michaelmas Day was at hand. The Landlord declared he would be put off no longer, but would ſeize for Rent if it was not paid him on that day, as well as for a conſiderable ſum due to him for leather. Brown now began to be frightened. He applied to Stock to be bound for him. This Stock flatly refuſed. Brown now began to dread the horrors of a jail, and really ſeemed ſo very contrite, and made ſo many vows and promiſes of amendment, that at length Stock was prevailed on, together with two or three of Brown's other friends, to advance each a ſmall ſum of money to quiet the Landlord, Brown promiſing to make over to them every part of his ſtock, and to be guided in future by their advice, that he would turn over a new leaf, and follow Mr. Stock's example, as well as his directions in every thing,

Stock's good-nature was at laſt wrought upon, and he raiſed the money. The truth is, he did not know the worſt, or how deeply Brown was involved, and Brown joyfully ſet out at the very quarter day to a town at ſome diſtance to carry his Landlord the money raiſed by the imprudent kindneſs of his friend. At his departure Stock put him in mind of the old ſtory of Smiler and the Merry Andrew, and he promiſed of his own head that he would not even call at a public houſe till he had paid the money.

He was as good as his word. He very triumphantly paſſed by ſeveral. He ſtopped a little under the window of one where the ſounds of merriment and loud laughter caught his ear. At another he heard the enticing notes of a fiddle and the light heels of the merry dancers. Here his heart had well nigh failed him, but the dread of a jail on the one hand, and what he feared almoſt as much, Mr. Stock's anger on the other, ſpurred him on; and he valued himſelf not a little at having got the better of this temptation. He felt quite happy when he found he had reached the door of his landlord without having yielded to one idle inclination.

He knocked at the door. The maid who opened it ſaid her maſter was not at home. "I am ſorry for it," ſaid he ſtrutting about, and with a boaſting air took out his money. "I want to pay him my rent: he need not have been afraid of me." The ſervant, who knew her maſter was very much afraid of him, deſired him to walk in, her maſter

would be at home in half an hour. "I will call again," ſaid he: "but no, let him call on me, and the ſooner the better: I ſhall be at the Blue Poſts." While he had been talking he took care to open his black leather caſe, and to diſplay the Bank Bills to the ſervant, and then, in a ſwaggering way, he put up his money and marched off to the Blue Poſts.

He was by this time quite proud of his own reſolution, and having tendered the money, and being clear in his own mind that it was the landlord's own fault that it was not paid, he went to refreſh himſelf at the Blue Poſts. In a barn belonging to this pubilc houſe ſome ſtrollers were juſt going to perform ſome of that ſing-ſong ribaldry by which our villages are corrupted, the laws broken, and that money is drawn from the poor for pleaſure, which is wanted by their families for bread. The name of the laſt new ſong which made part of the entertainment, made him think himſelf in high luck, that he ſhould have juſt that half hour to ſpare. He went into the barn, but was too much delighted with the actor who ſung his favourite ſong to remain a quiet hearer. He leaped out of the pit, and got behind the two ragged blankets which ſerved for a curtain. He ſung ſo much better than the actors themſelves, that they praiſed and admired him to a degree which awakened all his vanity. He was ſo intoxicated with their flattery, that he could do no leſs than invite them all to ſupper, an invitation which they were too hungry not to accept.

He did not however quite forget his appointment with his Landlord; but the half hour was long ſince paſt by. "And ſo," ſays he, "as I know he is a mean curmudgeon, who goes to-bed I ſuppoſe by day light to ſave candle, it will be too late to ſpeak with him to-night—beſides, let him call upon me; it is his buſineſs and not mine. I left word where I was to be found, the money is ready, and if I don't pay him to-night, I can do it before breakfaſt."

By the time theſe firm reſolutions were made ſupper was ready. There never was a more jolly evening. Ale and punch were as plenty as water. The actors ſaw what a vain fellow was feaſting them; and as they wanted victuals, and he wanted flattery, the buſineſs was ſoon ſettled. They ate and Brown ſung. They pretended to be in raptures. Singing promoted drinking, and every freſh glaſs produced a ſong, or a ſtory ſtill more merry than the former. Before morning thoſe who were engaged to act in another barn a dozen miles off ſtole away quietly. Brown having dropt aſleep they left him to finiſh his nap by himſelf: as to him, his dreams were gay and pleaſant, and the houſe being quite ſtill, he ſlept comfortably till morning.

As ſoon as he had breakfaſted, the buſiueſs of the night before popped into his head. He ſet off once more to his landlord's in high ſpirits, gaily ſinging all the way ſcraps of all the tunes he had picked up the night before from his new friends. The landlord opened the door himſelf, and re-

proached him with no ſmall ſurlineſs for not having kept his word with him the evening before, adding, that he ſuppoſed he was come now with ſome more of his ſhallow excuſes. Brown put on all that haughtineſs which is common to people who are generally in the wrong, when they catch themſelves doing a right action, and looked big, as ſome ſort of people do, when they have money to pay. "You need not have been ſo anxious about your money," ſaid he, "I was not going to break or run away." The Landlord knew this was the common language of thoſe who were ready to do both. Brown haughtily added,—"You ſhall ſee I am a man of my word; give me a receipt." The Landlord had it ready and gave it him.

Brown put his hand in his pocket for his black leather caſe where the bills were, he felt, he ſearched, he examined, firſt one pocket, then the other, then both waiſtcoat pockets, but no leather caſe could he find. He looked terrified. It was the face of real terror. The landlord conceived it to be that of guilt, and abuſed him heartily for putting his old tricks upon him; he ſwore he would not be impoſed upon any longer, the money or a jail, there lay his choice.

Brown proteſted for once with great truth, that he had no intention to deceive; that he had actually brought the money, and knew not what was become of it; but the thing was far too unlikely to gain credit. Brown now called to mind that he had fallen aſleep on the ſettle in the room

where they had ſupped. This raiſed his ſpirits. He had no doubt but the caſe had fallen out of his pocket, ſaid he would ſtep to the public-houſe and ſearch for it, and would be back directly. Not one word of all this did the landlord believe, ſo inconvenient is it to have a bad character. He ſwore Brown ſhould not ſtir out of his houſe without a conſtable, and made him wait while he ſent for one. Brown, guarded by the conſtable, went back to the Blue Poſts. The landlord charging the officer not to loſe ſight of the culprit. The caution was needleſs, Brown had not the leaſt deſign of running away, ſo firmly perſuaded was he that he ſhould find his leather caſe.

But who can paint his diſmay, when no tale or tidings of the leather caſe could be had. The maſter, the miſtreſs, the boy, and the maid of the public houſe all proteſted they were innocent. His ſuſpicions ſoon fell on the ſtrollers with whom he had paſſed the night. And he now found out for the firſt time that a merry evening did not always produce a happy morning. He obtained a warrant, and proper officers were ſent in purſuit of the ſtrollers. No one however believed he had loſt any thing. And as he had not a ſhilling left to defray the expenſive treat he had given, the maſter of the inn agreed with the other landlord in thinking this ſtory was a trick to defraud both. Brown remained in cloſe cuſtody. At length the officer returned, who ſaid they had been obliged to let the ſtrollers go, as they could not fix the charge on any one, and they had all offered to ſwear before a juſtice that they had ſeen nothing of the

leather caſe. And it was agreed that as he had paſſed the evening in a crowded barn, he had probably been robbed there of it all; and among ſo many who could pretend to gueſs at the thief?

Brown raved like a madman, he cried and tore his hair, ſaid he was ruined for ever. The abuſive language of his old landlord, and his new creditor at the Blue Poſts, did not lighten his ſorrow. His landlord would be put off no longer. Brown declared he could neither find bail nor raiſe another ſhilling, and as ſoon as the forms of law were made out, he was ſent to the county jail.

Here it might have been expected that hard living and much leiſure would have brought him to reflect a little on his paſt follies. But his heart was not truly touched. The chief thing which grieved him at firſt was, his having abuſed the kindneſs of Stock, for to him he ſhould appear guilty of a real fraud, where he had indeed been only vain, idle, and imprudent. And it is worth while here to remark that vanity, idleneſs, and imprudence, often bring a man to ruin both ſoul and body, though ſilly people do not put them in the catalogue of heavy ſins, and thoſe who indulge them are often reckoned good honeſt merry fellows.

I wiſh I had room to tell my readers what befel Jack in his preſent doleful habitation, and what became of him afterwards. I promiſe them however, that they ſhall certainly know the firſt of next month, when I hope they will not forget to inquire for the Fourth Part of the Shoemakers, or Jack Brown in priſon. Z.

END OF THE THIRD PART.



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The HISTORY, &c.

MY Father, George Jones, commonly called Black George, on account of his ſwarthy complexion, was one of the moſt induſtrious men in the whole village. His cottage, which was his own, and partly built by his own hands, ſtands on the Common, about a ſtone's caſt from the road, near the great Oak tree, in the pariſh of King's Charleton, in Somerſetſhire. The Lord of the Manor having granted him leave to incloſe a bit of the Common for a garden, my father had got a thriving young orchard and a long ſtrip of potatoes, beſides his cottage, all the produce of his own induſtry. It uſed to be a favourite ſaying with him, that no man, to whom God had given two hands, had ever need to want. "For my part," ſays he, "I never knew what want was. When I am ſick, the club ſupports me; and when I am well, I warrant I'll ſupport myſelf." My mother, beſides being equally induſtrious, was much more religious, and therefore much happier. She was as good and as ſweet-tempered a woman as any in the world, be the next where ſhe will. For conſtancy at her place of worſhip, civility to her neighbours, cleanlineſs in her own perſon, her houſe and her children, ſhe had not her fellow. But the moſt remarkable thing in her (I am afraid a very uncommon thing) was her ſteady and uninterrupted practice of family prayer. It muſt have been a hard day's work indeed that hindered her from her prayers. At ſix in the morning and eight in the evening, as regularly as ever the hour came, ſhe always knelt down with her children round her, four of us, and read with great ſolemnity and devotion a ſhort form given her by the clergyman, which concluded with the Lord's prayer, in which we all joined. And ſhe uſed to ſay after ſhe had finiſhed—"Now I can

go to bed or to work, in peace; for now we may hope God will protect us." I am ſorry to ſay my father ſeldom joined with us. He uſed to pretend he was buſy or tired; and yet it would not have detained him long neither, for we were never more than ſix minutes about it, and ſurely twelve minutes a day (ſix in the morning and ſix in the evening) is no great time to give to God. One thing has often ſtruck me, that if any thing went wrong and ruffled my dear mother's temper, or made her uneaſy, the prayers ſeemed to ſet it all to rights. When ſhe had been to prayers, all her grief ſeemed to be fled away. And indeed I obſerved the ſame thing with reſpect to my father; if he ever did join with us, it always ſeemed ſomehow to compoſe and ſweeten his mind, and make him a great deal kinder to my mother and us.

As my father and mother were very induſtrious themſelves, they were very deſirous to make their children ſo; every child was employed as ſoon as he was able in ſomething or other. At about thirteen years of age my employment had been for ſome time to weed in the parſon's garden and run of errands for him. At fourteen he took me into his houſe, and not a little proud was I at obtaining the title of his "little footman." The morning I left my father's cottage, my dear mother, who was as kind as ſhe was good, appeared to be very much affected; ſhe ſaid ſhe could not commit me to the wide world, without firſt committing me to God who governed it; and then ſhe knelt down with me by her ſide, and prayed, "Gracious Lord, be pleaſed to have mercy on my dear boy. To thy care I commend him. Guard him I beſeech thee, in the many temptations which he is now beginning to encounter. May he with ſolid pity and honeſt diligence do his duty in that ſtate of life in which it

hath pleaſed thee to place him." She then gave me her bleſſing, put a Teſtament into my pocket, bid me fear God, and always act for my maſter as I would do for myſelf.

In my new ſituation there were to be ſure ſome few things diſagreeable. My miſtreſs was peeviſh, and fretful; the cook violent and paſſionate. But what ſervice is there, or indeed, what ſituation in life, howſoever much above ſervitude, in which there is not ſomething unpleaſant. Every ſtate has it's trials: ſervants have theirs: but if they cannot learn to put up with ſome little inconveniences, they may change their places every year of their lives, and never be ſatisfied after all. This is a leſſon I have learnt by long experience.

Though by God's bleſſing I had received a more religious education than moſt children, it yet ſoon appeared that I had many faults, which it was neceſſary for me to be corrected of before I could become a good ſervant. At firſt, when I was ſent upon an errand, I was much given to loitering. I was then too young to conſider that by loitering in errands I was waſting what was not my own, my maſter's time. Beſides this fault, as every thing which I ſaw and heard in my maſter's houſe was ſuch as I had never ſeen and heard before, I was too apt to talk of it to my old playfellows, or at the village ſhop, But as ſoon as ever I became a little older, I began to reflect that this was very wrong. One Sunday evening, when I had leave to go home to ſee my parents, I was beginning to tell my mother how there had been a great uproar at the parſonage the day before about ——. Here ſhe put her hand upon my lips, and ſaid, "Charles, not a word more of what has paſſed at the parſonage. Whatſoever happens in your maſter's houſe is never to be ſpoken of out of your maſter's doors. A tale

bearing ſervant is always an unfaithful ſervant; he betrays the truſt which his maſter puts in him."

My mother's vehemence ſurprized me a little, but it made ſo much impreſſion upon me, that I was pretty well broken of the fault from that very time. Into how many ſcrapes has this talkative temper brought many ſervants of my acquaintance! There was poor Nic. Jarrett, the Squire's under footman, that loſt his place, a new ſuit of black broad cloth, and a legacy of five pounds, which he would ſoon have had by reaſon of his maſter's death, only for ſaying at a neighbour's houſe, that his miſtreſs ſometimes fell aſleep while the Squire was reading to the family on a Sunday night.

Nic. and I were at one time rather too intimate; I remember one day, when I was about ſixteen, having attended my maſter to the Squire's houſe, Nic. prevailed on me after dinner to play with him at pitch and toſs. I was worth at that time five ſhillings and two pence, more money than I had ever poſſeſſed before in my life. In about two hours Nic. reduced me to my laſt ſhilling. But though it was a heavy ſtroke at the time, yet it proved in the end a happy event, for, by my mother's perſuaſions, I reſolved thenceforward never to game again as long as I lived, which reſolution, by God's grace, I have hitherto happily kept. I wiſh from my heart that all other ſervants would reſolve the ſame. The practice of card-playing, ſo common amongſt ſervants in large families, is the worſt cuſtom they can poſſibly fall into. My poor brother Tom ſuffered enough for it. One day, having received in the morning a quarter's wages, he loſt the whole of it before night at All-fours; and what was the conſequence? Why, from that very time, he took to thoſe practices of cheating his maſter which ended in his ruin. How much better would it be for all

ſervants, if inſtead of waſting their leiſure in card playing, they would amuſe themſelves in reading ſome godly book, or improve themſelves in writing or cyphering. It was by this means, for I was never taught to write, that I qualified myſelf for the place of Bailiff which I now fill.

I remember Nic. uſed to ſay, "Whilſt my maſter plays cards in the parlour, why ſhouldſt thou be ſo ſqueamiſh as not to play in the kitchen." But Nic. did not conſider that his maſter being rich, and playing for ſmall ſums, his loſſes laid him under no temptation of diſhoneſty in order to repair them; beſides, the Squire could read and write at any time, whereas this was our only leiſure time, and if we did not improve ourſelves then we never could; what might be comparatively innocent in him, might be ruinous to us. And even if my maſter be a profeſſed gambler, that is no reaſon I ſhould be ſo too. A ſervant is to do what is right, let his maſter do what he will. If a maſter ſwears and gets drunk, and talks at table with indecency, or againſt God and religion, to God he muſt account for it, and a ſorry account it will be I doubt; but his example will not excuſe our crimes, though it will aggravate his. We muſt take care of our own ſouls, whether our maſters take care of theirs or not.

But to return to my hiſtory; I am aſhamed to ſay that I was guilty more than once in the earlier part of my ſervitude, of the ſhocking and deteſtable crime of lying, in order to excuſe or ſcreen my faults. Happily I was cured of it in the following manner: Having been one day ordered to carry a bottle of wine to a ſick man, one of my maſter's pariſhioners, I accidentally broke the bottle, and of courſe loſt the wine. What was to be done? Should I confeſs my misfortune and acknowledge my careleſſneſs, or conceal it by a lie? After ſome deliberation, I reſolved upon the lie. I therefore had

made up my ſtory, "how the poor man ſent his duty to my maſter and thanked him a thouſand times, and that he was a little better, and that his wife ſaid ſhe thought this wine would ſave his life." Being thus prepared, as I was returning home, I met a pedlar, of whom I bought for a penny a little book, containing a ſtory of a woman at Devizes, who was ſtruck dead on the ſpot for telling a lie.. To be ſure it was Heaven that ſent the Pedlar to me, to ſave me from the ſin I was going to commit. "If this woman was ſtruck dead for a lie," ſaid I to myſelf, "why may not I?" I therefore went directly home, and made a confeſſion of my negligence and misfortune. And it was well for me I did; for the ſick man, whoſe duty and thanks I had wickedly intended to carry to my maſter, was dead, as I underſtood afterwards, three hours before the bottle was broken. From this time, therefore, I began to ſee, what I am now fully convinced of, that beſide the ſinfulneſs of lying, it was always more for the intereſt and laſting comfort of ſervants to confeſs the truth at once, than to conceal a fault by falſehood. When a ſervant has told a lie, he is always in danger of it's being found out, and ſooner or later it generally is found out, and then his character is ruined. Whereas, if he confeſſes the truth at once, he probably eſcapes without any anger at all, or at worſt it is ſoon over, and the fault itſelf is forgotten.

Having now lived ſeven years at the parſonage, and being twenty-one years of age, my maſter called me one day into his ſtudy, where he ſpent a good deal of his time, and ſaid to me, "Charles, you have lived with me a conſiderable time, and it has been always with much pleaſure that I have remarked the decency, ſobriety and diligence of your conduct. Thoſe few faults which you have, farther experience and more years will, I doubt not, cure.

You are now qualified for a better place than mine, and are entitled to higher wages than it is in my power to give. I have, therefore recommended you to a friend of mine in London, for which place you are to ſet out, if you approve it, in a month. But I ſhould think it a crime to diſmiſs you to a ſituation ſo full of temptations, without giving you ſome little advice. Liſten, therefore, my dear Charles, to what I ſhall ſay, as I mean it only for your good. In the firſt place, fear God; and then you will never have any occaſion to be afraid of man. Act always as in his preſence. Never enter or quit your bed without prayer. Do always for your maſter. as you would your maſter, if you were to change places, ſhould do for you. Endeavour to get a pious friend, but avoid, as you would the plague, all wicked company. Be cautious of too great familiarity with your female fellow-ſervants: an unlawful intercourſe of this kind will ruin you, body and ſoul. Flee from an alehouſe as you would from the Devil; if you once get into it, you will never be out of it. Keep your money, and your money will keep you. Here, Charles, is a Bible for you: the more you read it, the more you will love it, and the more you love it, the better you will be and the happier. I have written ſome directions for you in the firſt page of it. God bleſs you; and when my race, which is now drawing to it's end, ſhall finiſh, may we meet in heaven." My maſter's kindneſs ſo affected me, that I could not anſwer him for tears. I was indeed very glad of going to ſo fine a place as London, though at the ſame time I could not leave a houſe where I had been treated more like a child than a ſervant without great regret. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe my parting with my mother. No deſcription, I am ſure, could do juſtice to the ſolemn and affectionate manner in

which ſhe exhorted me to be pious and juſt, and recommended me to God in prayer. Her laſt words I ſhall never forget.—" I know, my dear ſon," ſaid ſhe, " that you love me tenderly, and that you would not give me unneceſſary pain on any account. Remember then, that whenever you do any wrong thing, you are planting a dagger in your mother's heart." With theſe words, her eyes brim full of tears, and her hands lifted up in ſilent prayer to God, ſhe turned away from me and went into the cottage.

And now, Reader, you find me in the great and dangerous city of London, in the ſervice of a very wealthy maſter, who kept twelve ſervants, beſides myſelf. If country people knew London as well as I do, how cautious they would be of exchanging their ſafe and peaceful ſituations in the country for the perils and temptations of a great city. How many young fellows have I known, who lived honeſtly and happily in their native place, come up to London in the hope of higher wages, and there forfeit their integrity, their peace of mind, their health, their character and ſouls. Workmen in particular are very fond of getting into large cities, becauſe they think their labour will turn to better account there than in their own villages. They do not conſider that in a city, they muſt give as much for a filthy room in a filthy houſe, inhabited by half a dozen families, ſituated in a cloſe, ſmokey, dirty ſtreet, as in the country would pay the rent of a cottage and a garden. They do not conſider the dearneſs of proviſions in a city, the temptations they are under from bad women, wicked company, and the great number of alehouſes. In ſhort, I am fully perſuaded that a labourer in the country, on a ſhilling a day, is better off than one in a city on two ſhillings.

When I came to my place, I found every thing for the firſt three or four days very ſmooth and

very pleaſant, plenty of proviſions, plenty of drink, little work, and a very merry ſervants' hall. But ſoon the face of things, with reſpect to me, changed very much, and I underwent a ſeverer temptation than I ever experienced before or ſince in the whole courſe of my life. I had always hitherto been taught to conſider that ſobriety, and diligence, and piety were virtues. I therefore never ſwore, I never got drunk, I never gamed, I went to church as often as I could, I ſaid my prayers night and morning, and on Sunday at leaſt, if not on other days, I read a little in my good old maſter's Bible. But here I ſoon found that all this was the worſt vice I could be guilty of. As ſoon as they found me out, it ſeemed to be a trial of ſkill amongſt them who ſhould plague me moſt. One called me the Parſon; another, Methodiſt; a third, a conceited Prig; a fourth, a canting Hypocrite. If I went into any other gentleman's kitchen it was all the ſame: my character always flew before me, and many were the jeſts and laughs raiſed both at home and abroad at my expence. In ſhort, during three months, my life was a conſtant ſtate of anxiety and torment; ſo that at laſt I was almoſt tempted, God forgive me for the thought, to do as they did, and forfeit my everlaſting ſoul in order to avoid the preſent uneaſineſs. But while things were in this ſtate, I felt myſelf greatly and unexpectedly relieved one Sunday morning, by a ſermon which I happened to hear from our pariſh-miniſter, on the following text—"Bleſſed are ye when men ſhall revile you and perſecute you, and ſhall ſay all manner of evil of you *falſely* for my ſake, for great is your reward in heaven." The excellent diſcourſe which this pious man delivered on theſe words was ſo exactly ſuited to my circumſtances and feelings, that it ſeemed as if it had been addreſſed ſolely to me; and it pleaſed God

ſo to apply what had been ſaid to my heart and underſtanding, that I not only determined to bear in *future* the ſneers and ſcoffs of my fellow-ſervants with patience and fortitude, but even thoſe very ſneers which I formerly conſidered as my heavieſt calamity, were now no longer grievous. From this time, therefore, my uneaſineſs was pretty well at an end. And I earneſtly recommend it to all other ſervants, who have been ſo happy as to acquire ſober and virtuous habits, not to ſuffer themſelves to be laughed out of their ſobriety and virtue by the jeſts and ridicule of their fellow ſervants. They may depend upon it that their cauſe is a good one, and though they ſuffer for it at firſt, they will finally triumph. In a ſhort time all my perſecution was at an end. "To be ſure," ſaid the coachman one day to the cook, "Charles is a little too religious, but upon my word I don't think he is the worſe for it. Mayhap it might be better for us if we were more like him. I don't ſee but that he is as humble, friendly, and worthy a fellow as any amongſt us. For my part I ſhall laugh at him no longer." This ſpeech, which I happened accidentally to overhear, gave me great pleaſure, and I ſoon found by the agreeable change in my fellow-ſervants' conduct towards me, that the coachman had expreſſed the opinion of the whole hall. It is true I did every thing to obtain their good-will that lay in my power. I was as civil and obliging to every one among them as I poſſibly could. Was any thing to be done? If nobody elſe would do it, I never ſtopped to conſider whether it belonged to my place or not, but did it out of hand. If any body took it into his head to fall out with me, I generally diſarmed him of his wrath by ſaying nothing. If any little quarrels or misfortunes, or miſconduct, happened in the hall, I always endeavoured to huſh it up, and never

carried any tales to the maſter, unleſs when I ſaw any body wronging him, and then I thought it my duty, or unleſs the thing was very bad indeed. In ſhort, by purſuing always this line of conduct, I found my ſituation very comfortable and agreeable. My maſter treated me with great confidence and kindneſs; my fellow ſervants with great friendlineſs and reſpect.

In about two years time, the footman that uſed to go to market being turned away for drunkenneſs, which vice ſoon proved his ruin, my maſter told me, that as he believed I was an honeſt and careful young man, and perceiving that I could write and keep an account, he ſhould in future employ me in marketing. To market, therefore, I went every day, and as I had now a good deal of my maſter's money always in my hands, I prayed heartily to God that he would be pleaſed to preſerve me under the temptation to which this expoſed me. My firſt exploit in this way was the purchaſe of ten ſhillings worth of fruit at a fruiterer's. When I had finiſhed my bargain and was coming out of the ſhop, the fruiterer ſlipped a ſhilling into my hand. As I had never, to the beſt of my recollection, ſeen him before, I was ſomewhat ſurrpized at his generoſity; but fortunately had the preſence of mind to aſk him whether he had charged his fruit the higher on account of this preſent to me. "Why young man," ſaid he, "that is an honeſt queſtion, and I will give you an honeſt anſwer. The fact is, that as we know that gentlemen of your cloth expect ſome compliment from the tradeſmen they deal with, we are obliged in our own defence, to charge our articles the higher on that account to their maſters." "And ſo," ſaid I, "the money you give us, comes finally from the pockets of our maſters?" "To be ſure it does." "Why, then," ſaid I, "I will take your ſhilling, but ſhall charge my maſter only nine ſhillings." And this

method I conſtantly purſued in the like caſe ever after; for I think the above-mentioned practice of footmen, which however I hope is not very common with them, is juſt the ſame thing in conſcience as if they ſhould rob their maſter's bureau.

One Monday morning, having ſettled my account for the laſt week with my maſter, I found that he had made a miſtake againſt himſelf of twenty ſhillings. As ſoon as I diſcovered it, I ſaid to myſelf, here now is an opportunity of getting twenty ſhillings without any riſk or detection; but God forbid that I ſhould do it, as it would ruin my peace of mind, and deſtroy my ſoul. I therefore pointed out the error to my maſter the firſt opportunity.—"Charles," ſaid he, "you are right, the miſtake is obvious, I acknowledge I made it purpoſely to try your honeſty. You ſhall find that this affair will turn out, before long, to your advantage." Now, though I do not think it quite fair for maſters to lay this kind of trap for their ſervants' integrity, yet as I know by experience they ſometimes do it, we muſt be doubly on our guard. Indeed, diſhoneſty is never ſafe. It always will out ſome how or other. I have ſeen ſurpriſing inſtances of the diſcovery of it, when it ſeemed to have been committed with ſuch cunning as to be impoſſible to be detected.

One day, as I was going to market, I met Sir Robert S.'s butler, who told me, that having long obſerved my ſobriety and diligence, he was happy to have it now in his power to offer me a place in his maſter's family, where my wages would be raiſed two guineas a year. I thanked him, and told him he ſhould have his anſwer next evening. In the mean time, I called upon a pious and worthy friend, whom I conſulted in all difficulties, and aſked his opinion. After mature deliberation, he ſaid, "Charles, don't go. When you are once got into a good place,

ſtick to it like a leech. The rolling ſtone gets no moſs. The more years you continue in one ſervice, the more you are reſpected by your maſter and all the world. A good family conſiders an old ſervant as one of themſelves, and can no more ſee him want than a near relation. Whereas ſervants that are continually roving from place to place, have no friend in diſtreſs, and ſeldom get a proviſion for old age." Happy it was for me that I followed this good advice. If I had not, I ſhould probably have been nothing more than a poor footman all my life.

But before I bring my own ſtory to an end, I muſt beg my reader's patience, to liſten to the ſad fate of my poor brother Tom. Alas! poor Tom, he was a great favourite in our kitchen, becauſe he ſung the beſt ſong, and told the merrieſt tale, and paid his card money the moſt freely of any gentleman footman about town. And then he ſwore ſo much like a gentleman, and was ſo complaiſant to the ladies, and puſhed about the ſtrong beer ſo merrily, that he was, ſaid our ſervants, the moſt agreeable company in the world. And yet all theſe entertaining qualities did not preſerve my poor brother from the moſt dreadful ſtate of diſtreſs and ruin. One morning he came to me about ten o'clock with a very woeful face, which was a thing very unuſual for him, and told me, that he had juſt been turned away from his place without a character, that he had no money, many debts, and no *real* friends, and what was worſe than all, that he was labouring under diſeaſe.

Tom grew worſe every day, and was at length given over. In the morning of that day, while I was ſitſitting at his bedſide, who ſhould come in but my dear mother. She had walked 130 miles, except now and then a lift in the waggon, to attend upon and comfort her undeſerving ſon. When ſhe ſaw him, pale and emaciated, and his face half conſumed by

diſeaſe, it ſo ſhocked her, that ſhe fainted away. As ſoon as ſhe recovered, and was a little relieved by a plentiful flood of tears, ſhe ſaid, "my dear Tom, I am come to take care of thee and make thee better, if I can." "Alas! mother," anſwered he, putting his clay-cold hand into her's, "it is all too late. I have but a few hours to live. It is by neglecting your advice that I am brought to this. Gaming, and drink, and bad company, and bad women have been my ruin. O! what will become of my ſoul! If I could but live my life over again——Here he was ſeized with a ſudden fit, and though he lived ſome hours, he never ſpoke after, and died that evening in my mother's arms.

After recounting the ſorrowful hiſtory of my unhappy brother, I muſt now haſten to conclude my own. About a twelvemonth after the offer of a place in Sir Robert S—'s family, my maſter, in conſideration, as he ſaid, of my faithful ſervices, made me his butler. He was indeed ſo kind and friendly to me on all occaſions; that I found it neceſſary to be extremely cautious leſt I ſhould grow proud, or ſaucy, or familiar, which ſome ſervants, when they have lived long in a place, and find themſelves in favour, are apt to do. After enjoying this poſt about ſix years, our family being now removed into the country, I made acquaintance with a farmer's daughter living near the great houſe, whom, on account of her religious and induſtrious principles and her amiable and cheerful temper, I wiſhed to make my wife. She was no flaunter in fine clothes, none of your dancing, flirting, forward laſſes, that run about to chriſtenings, and revels, and hops, that will ruin a man before he knows where he is; but a pious, ſober, ſtay-at-home, induſtrious young woman; elſe I am ſure any body might have had her for me. As I had never been guilty of any unneceſſary expence,

for nobody will call that unneceſſary which I ſent yearly to my parents, my ſavings, the intereſt being added yearly to the principal in the hands of my maſter amounted to two hundred pounds. And as Fanny's father promiſed to give her another hundred, I thought we might with this take a ſmall farm, and maintain ourſelves comfortably and decently. I therefore communicated the affair to my maſter. "Charles," ſaid he, "though I am loth to part with ſo good a ſervant, yet I think it an act of gratitude due to you for your long and faithful ſervices, to conſent readily to any thing which may be for your welfare. But I do not think it neceſſary for us to part at all. I am at preſent in want of a bailiff. You may, if you approve it, undertake that office, and ſtill retain your preſent wages. Your father-in-law, who is an experienced farmer, will inſtruct and aſſiſt you in the duties of it. I will, beſides, let you a ſmall farm on an advantageous leaſe, which you may may make the moſt of for yourſelf.

To this kind and generous offer I joyfully aſſented. And Fanny and myſelf have now lived together ſix years in the farm-houſe near the park-gate, happy and proſperous. My father being dead, and my brother and ſiſter ſettled, my mother, who is now very old, lives with me; and by her example and exhortation I find a ſenſe of religion ſink deeper and deeper into my ſoul every day; and indeed I am firmly convinced by long experience, that there is nothing in this world can make us truly happy but that.

I addreſs this little book, which I wrote by little and little in the long evenings of the laſt hard winter, to all footmen. I hope they will not be angry with my well-meant endeavours, but take kindly what is intended only for their good.

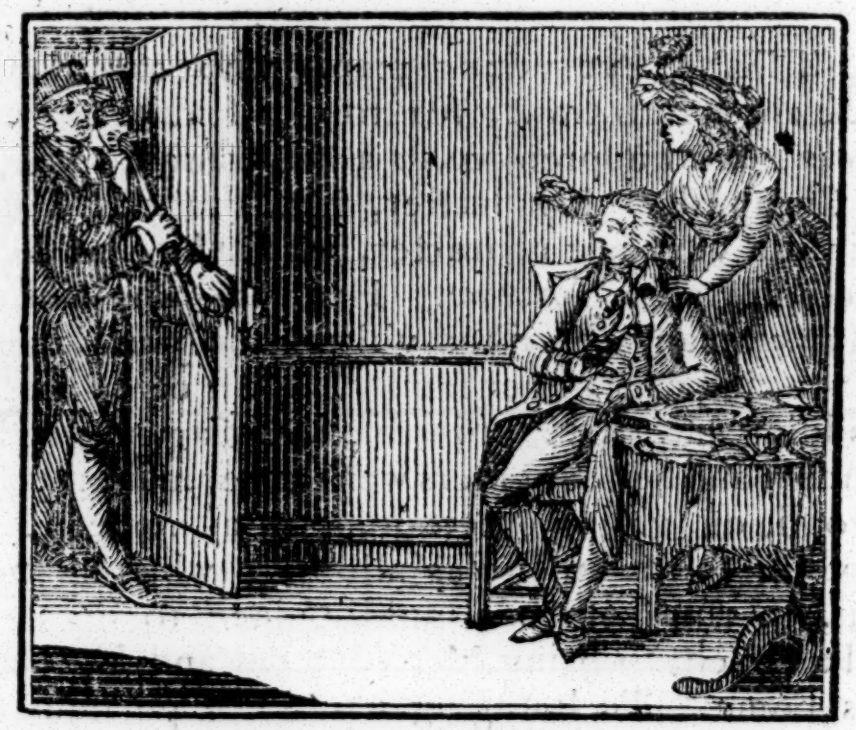
THE END.

THE CHEAPSIDE APPRENTICE;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF Mr. FRANCIS H****.

Fully ſetting forth the Danger of Playing with *Edge Tools*. Shewing alſo, how a gay Life may prove a ſhort one; and that a merry Evening may produce a ſorrowful Morning.



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THE

Cheapſide Apprentice, &c.

ATTEND, ye young men, who are about to enter into trade, for to you I write my ſtory. I was bound apprentice to a reſpectable tradeſman in Cheapſide. My maſter, Mr. Vincent, had acquired a very fair character, whilſt he was making a comfortable fortune. His wife was a dreſſy, flaſhy woman, who liked viſiting and jaunting more than taking care of her family; whilſt my maſter was plodding late at night in the compting-houſe, Mrs. Vincent and her daughters were either making parties abroad, or giving entertainments at home. As we kept no footman, I was allowed, when ſhop was ſhut, to run from one public place to another to call a coach, to bring Mrs. Vincent and her daughters home. To lounging about the purlieus of a Playhouſe I owe my ruin. I was generally allowed to be a handſome, well-made young man; this unfortunately drew upon me the notice of a ſet of thoſe wretched women, who nightly croud the Theatres; I ſhould have been delighted with the notice they took of me, had not my vanity whiſpered me that Miſs Vincent was in love with me. This ſuſpicion was fully confirmed to me by one Potter, an elder apprentice, but for whoſe wicked advice, I might have lived happily, and died virtuouſly.

The idea that Miſs Vincent was in love with me, at once compleated me for the coxcomb; I now neglected my buſineſs, and to dreſs out my perſon became the only object of my thoughts; I began to commit little frauds on my maſter, in order to obtain money to dreſs out; for, ever ſince Potter had laughed me out of my religion, every principle of moral honeſty ſat looſely upon me.

I am ſorry to ſay, the holy Sabbath in our family was only diſtinguiſhed from other days by the ſhutting of the ſhop; my maſter ſpent the greater part of it poſting his books, and my miſtreſs and her daughters were either dreſſing to go abroad, or elſe to receive company at home. We young men, indeed, were ſent to Church, but as we had no examples ſet us by the heads of the family going thither themſelves, Potter and I generally hired a gig, and daſhed away from one tea-drinking place to another; theſe ſcenes ſoon made me loſe all reſpect for Virtue and Religion. It was at the Dog and Duck I firſt ſaw the infamous Miſs Weſt; ſhe was many years older than myſelf, her perſon was as lovely as her heart was wicked. She was no ſooner informed that I was to come into poſſeſſion of 3000l. the day I came of age, than ſhe made uſe of all her deceitful arts to enſnare both my ſoul and body, as ſhe often prompted me to defraud my maſter to ſupply her extravagance. My attachment to Miſs Vincent was now on the decline, for Miſs Weſt had ſo far wrought upon my vanity, as to make me believe that ſo handſome a young fellow as I was, ſhould look higher than a tradeſman's daughter. From that moment I treated Miſs Vincent with the moſt marked neglect, although I ſaw my conduct cut her to the heart; yet, at the ſame

time was I baſe enough to borrow money of her, which I wantonly ſquandered away on Miſs Weſt.

When Potter's apprenticeſhip expired, inſtead of improving his fortune by throwing it into trade, he plunged at once into all the vices of the Town. He poſſeſſed a plauſible kind of prate, which cauſed him to be appointed Chairman to our Club, which was chiefly compoſed of clerks and apprentice boys. Potter's principal excellence conſiſted in ſinging a merry ſong, telling an indecent ſtory, and teaching his hearers to laugh at morality, and ſet all religion at defiance, for religion, he maintained, was only an old woman's tale, invented by cunning heads to keep children and fools in order.

There was an honeſt old Porter lived in our family, who for ſome time had ſet himſelf to watch my conduct, and at length he made ſuch a faithful report of it to my maſter, that he gave up my indentures, and turned me out of doors.

I was too much delighted with my liberty, to feel the leaſt ſenſe of ſhame at the means by which I obtained it.

I was ſorry, however, to break off entirely with Miſs Vincent, for I ſtill had a lurking affection for her; I told Potter ſo; his inventive genius ſoon laid a plan, whereby I might get her into my power, and take a compleat revenge on her whole family at the ſame time. This was by writing her a letter, ſetting forth the violence of my love, the unmerited diſgrace I had received from her family, and at the ſame time requeſting her to grant me a private meeting, in order that I might juſtify my conduct to her, as otherwiſe I feared the violence of my paſſion would drive me to a fit of deſpair,

This poor imprudent girl met me at the time, and place appointed. I will not here ſhock my readers with relating the vile ſtratagems I made uſe of to compleat the ruin of this young lady, nor the tremendous oaths I ſwore to repair her wrongs by marriage, as ſoon as I came of age, which would be in a very few months; this ſomewhat abated her ſorrow for the very indiſcreet ſtep ſhe had taken.

The day I became of age, I went down into the country. My friends having been apprized of my profligate life, received me very coldly. I practiſed the deepeſt hypocriſy on my good mother, to make her believe I was quite a reformed man, in order to wheedle her out of a ſum of money, telling her at the ſame time, I had an immediate proſpect of entering into a very profitable concern with a partner of great reſponſibility, if I could but increaſe my capital.

" Frank," ſaid ſhe, with firmneſs, " there is no truſting to your promiſes; as long as your conduct deſerved my love, you ever found me an indulgent mother, but you ſhall never have cauſe to ſay, I acted towards you like a weak woman, by robbing my virtuous children, to ſupply the wanton extravagance of a profligate ſon. Your wicked life, Frank, has nearly broken my heart, but it ſhall not ſhake my juſtice." The well known ſteadineſs of my mother's temper convinced me at once ſhe was not further to be impoſed upon by the fallacy of my arguments.

As ſoon as I had ſettled my buſineſs, I returned to London to Miſs Vincent, who had waited for me with the utmoſt patience, fully expecting I was

come to fulfil my promiſe of marriage to her. "I can ſtruggle with want, dear Frank," ſaid ſhe, "but I will never conſent to live in ſhame."

Nothing I am certain hardens the heart like vice, for although this poor young creature was brought into a very trying ſituation by the proſpect of her ſoon becoming a mother, I ſwore I would never make *her* my *wife*, who had diſgraced herſelf by living with me as a *miſtreſs*. On hearing this, in all the tender agonies of grief, ſhe urged me to repair the wrongs I had done her, reminding me at the ſame time of the wicked arts I had made uſe of to beguile her of her innocence, and then, with claſped hands and ſtreaming eyes, ſhe threw herſelf on her knees before me, beſeeching me to pity the agonies which rent her ſoul, yet ſtill my hardened nature was untouched by her ſorrow, again I ſolemnly ſwore I never would marry her.

Through exceſs of grief ſhe fainted away, in which pitiable ſtate I left her to the care of a ſervant, went out and ſpent the reſt of the evening with Miſs Weſt, whoſe flinty heart turned into ridicule the ſorrowful tale I related to her.

On returning to my lodgings the next morning, I was informed Miſs Vincent had left them without leaving behind her the leaſt information where ſhe was to be found, and much did I rejoice when I heard it, that ſhe had taken herſelf off ſo quietly.

I now laviſhed my money as though it would never have an end. By all I was eſteemed the moſt noble ſpirited fellow in the world, and even little wits would be ſilent in my preſence, becauſe I was ſure to pay for the wine upon which they were to riot. My caſh at length beginning to run low, as I had been all along drawing from the pri-

cipal, I adviſed with Potter how to get furniſhed with future ſupplies. He adviſed the gaming table as a never-failing friend, ſaying, it had long ſince been the only reſource from whence he derived his ſubſiſtence.

I took his advice, and for ſome months was ſo ſucceſsful, that I began to daſh away in higher life at the Weſt end of the Town. I bought an elegant phaeton which I drove every Sunday in Hyde Park, with Miſs Weſt by my ſide. One day as I was driving furiouſly through Temple Bar, I had the misfortune to overturn a poor man with a heavy load on his back, on his getting up I perceived him to be Mr. Vincent's old porter, to whom I formerly owed my diſgrace.

" Ah! ah! what is it you young hopeful ?" cried he, on ſeeing to whom he owed his misfortune, " well, he muſt needs go whom the devil drives ; thy prancing nags may die a natural death, maſter Frank, but verily, I think 'tis more than thou wilt, boy, for if thou dieſt in thy ſhoes, the gallows will be robbed of it's due. What is become of poor Patty Vincent, thou profligate dog, haſt thou broken her heart, as thou haſt that of her poor afflicted parents ?"

The ſudden recollection of that unfortunate girl cauſed ſuch a ſwimming in my head, that the reins dropt from my hands, my horſes took fright, and it was almoſt a miracle that I got home alive. The porter's words had made ſuch an impreſſion on my mind, that I could not ſhake them off. Soon after Potter calling upon me, I told him of my interview with the old porter, and alſo the effect it had on me. " Frank," ſaid he, " if a fellow of

thy ſpirit can be thus eaſily overcome by qualms of conſcience, let us inſtantly adjourn to the tavern, ſince good wine is the beſt remedy in the world to drown all uneaſy recollections in." I gladly accepted his propoſal, we called a coach, and off we went. He no ſooner ſaw my ſpirits inflamed with wine, than he drew me to the gaming table, where, before morning, I loſt every ſhilling I had in the world; I applied to Potter to lend me 50 guineas, as he had won more than 200 of me.

Laughing heartily he told me, it had ever been a maxim with him, never to lend his money to a man who had not prudence to keep his own; "but, harkee, Frank," ſaid he, "I'll give thee my beſt advice gratis: ſuch a noble ſpirited young fellow as thou art, needs never be at a loſs for money, while he can ſnap a trigger, and the highway is left open for him to practiſe upon. Men who follow the ſame courſe of pleaſure, are the laſt people in the world to help each other in the hour of diſtreſs; virtuous men, Frank, only feel for the wants of their friends, and they alone find pleaſure in relieving them." He then whiſtled himſelf off.

When I got home, I ſat revolving in my mind how to get myſelf out of my preſent difficulties, when, in a fatal moment, Satan whiſpered in my ears the word FORGERY. At firſt I ſtarted at the thought, but my poverty was clamorous, my pride ſtartled at diſgrace, although my conſcience did not ſhudder at the crime. I knew I could copy Mr. Vincent's hand exactly, I ſnatched up the pen to draw a bill upon him for 500l. but a cold ſhivering ſeizing me, it dropt from my fingers, a ſtrong ſenſe of my guilt now overtook me, I tore what I had written to pieces, and exclaimed, I am a free

man again; and for a moment felt thankful that I had been enabled to reſiſt the violence of temptation. I ſat pondering, however, how I ſhould maintain myſelf; again I was aſſaulted with the dread of poverty, and again I ſnatched up the pen, drew the fatal bill, and inſtantly went out and got it accepted.

But the moment I ſought to take reſt at night on my pillow, I felt as if all the horrors of Hell had ſeized me. I jumped out of bed in my ſleep, and was going to throw myſelf out of the window, having dreamt that I was apprehended, the people of the houſe, awakened by my cries, ran into the room, concluding ſome villains had broken in, and were going to murder me.

I never afterwards went into the ſtreet, but my fears told me I was the ſubject of converſation of all the people I met. Once I happened to hear one man ſay to another, pointing to a third, "that's he, that's he," I took to my heels, concluding that I myſelf was meant, and ran from one ſtreet to another, without knowing whither, till my ſight failed me, and, through loſe of breath, I dropped down in a fit. Some humane people, however, recovered me, and put me into a hackney coach which carried me home.

One day, a ſudden guſt of wind blew open my chamber door, again I concluded the officers were coming to take me. Snatching up the poker to defend myſelf, I ſwore I would not be taken alive, when turning about ſuddenly, I caught a glimpſe of myſelf in the glaſs, my eyes looked wild, my lips quivered, my jaws dropped, my teeth chattered, and my body ſhook, as though the laſt agonies of death were upon me. On finding I was

once more become the dupe of my fears, my ſpirits rallied again, I dreſſed and went to the play; there I met Sally Weſt, whom I had not ſeen for ſome weeks; for, to ſay the truth, I dreaded to meet an old acquaintance from the time I committed the forgery; after the play, we went off together to ſup at a tavern, we had not been there a quarter of an hour when ſhe made an excuſe for quitting the room; in about ten minutes ſhe returned to me, expreſſing in the tendereſt terms the ſatisfaction ſhe had to ſee me again.

We were, as I believed, juſt going to ſit down to ſupper, when the waiters came in followed by two of Sir John Fielding's men. Immediately, with the greateſt coolneſs, Miſs Weſt aroſe, and laying her hand on my ſhoulder exclaimed, 'the Philiſtines be upon thee, Samſon.' "Gentlemen," continued ſhe to the officers, "this is my good friend Mr. Francis H**** of whom you have been ſome time in ſearch. Perhaps Frank," continued ſhe, "you do not know that your forgery is diſcovered, and that 100l. reward is offered for taking you, when I left the room juſt now it was to write a note to theſe gentlemen, ſignifying to them where you were to be found; I ſee you are terrified, but hear me for the laſt time perhaps, and you will the leſs wonder at my conduct. Early in life, Frank, I was betrayed to ruin, by a baſe deſigning man; my reputation once blaſted, I was deſerted by all the virtuous part of my own ſex; by having bad examples always before my eyes, I ſoon became hardened in ſin and abandoned to ſhame. I have lately contracted debts; if they are not immediately diſcharged I ſhall be ſent to a jail; this jail I know not how to avoid but by

ſending you thither in my ſtead, as the reward offered for taking *you* will juſt ſet *me* free from my creditors."

I was ſtruck motionleſs with terror, and fainted away on the officers approaching to tie my hands behind me; nor had I the leaſt recollection of what paſſed, till I found myſelf ſafe locked in my priſon. About a week after this, the keeper came to tell me, there was a priſoner lately brought in who was very deſirous of ſeeing me, and as ſhe appeared an object of great pity, he offered to conduct me to her. On entering the chamber, I ſaw a young woman very ſhabbily dreſſed, lying on a miſerable bed, in a very weak condition.

"Doſt thou not know me, Frank?" ſaid ſhe in a hollow broken voice? "Haſt thou loſt all recollection of Patty Vincent." I felt inſtantly as if ſtruck with a thunder bolt. "Merciful Heaven!" cried I, falling on my knees by the bedſide, "I am unable to bear the puniſhment my crimes have brought upon me! O God of mercy ſupport my troubled ſoul." She kindly urged me to be comforted, ſaid ſhe wiſhed not to ſee me to reproach me for the evils I had brought upon her, but only to tell me with her laſt breath that ſhe forgave me. "It is not an hour ſince, Frank," continued ſhe, "that I heard you were my fellow priſoner, and what is worſe at my father's ſuit. I will not reproach you, Frank, I tell you again, for all the miſeries you have brought upon me, becauſe you are a priſoner and in chains. If my breath will hold out, I will endeavour to give you a ſhort hiſtory of myſelf ſince we parted. On your refuſing to make me your lawful wife, I quitted your lodgings, reſolving by my labour to eat the bread

of induſtry rather than follow a courſe of vice for a wretched ſubſiſtence. I hired a garret in Holborn, where I applied for needle-work, and ſoon obtained it. In about three months after our ſeparation, my infant came into the world, I ſold my clothes for my ſupport during my confinement, but that reſource ſoon failed me. My health and ſtrength declined, I was ſeized with a conſtant fever and cough, and quite unable to ſupply the ſcanty morſel of bread for the day, yet reſolved to die rather than afflict my dear parents with the knowledge of my miſery. At length being too weak to labour, I contracted ſeveral ſmall debts, for which I was ſeized and brought hither, I have however ſince been prevailed upon to ſend my poor half-famiſhed baby to my parents, hoping they will afford her that bread which her dying mother dared not aſk for herſelf." Obſerving I was ſpeechleſs with agony, poor Patty went on. "I did not wiſh to ſee you, Frank, to afflict you, I wiſh only to warn you with my dying breath to repent the evil of your ways, and humble your ſoul before God. Repentance for ſin, Frank, though bitter for the moment, yet I have found healthful to the ſoul, and however the wicked who are at eaſe, may deride the God who made them, yet the ſighing and the ſorrowing heart will flee unto him, as the only preſent help in the time of trouble; I ſhall very ſoon lay down my heavy burden of ſickneſs and ſorrow, and eſcape from a darkſome priſon, as I humbly truſt, to everlaſting reſt.—O Frank! Frank! it is far ſafer to die a penitent in a jail, than to live in a palace, with a heart untouched by God's grace."

Here ſhe was interrupted by the unexpected en-

trance of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent. O ye, who ſhall hereafter read my ſtory, drop a tear of pity at the agony I now endured! They no ſooner beheld their child, than each by turns tenderly embraced her, aſſured her of their forgiveneſs, and gently chid her, for having concealed herſelf ſo long, adding, that as a penitent child they would moſt gladly have received her, though they would have ſhunned her, if they found her living in proſperous wickedneſs. She thanked them, and ſaid,

"Mourn not my death, my deareſt parents, but rather rejoice that I die penitent for my tranſgreſſion, and ſince I have received your bleſſing and forgiveneſs, I have but one favour more to aſk in life, which is, that you, my kind father, will extend your pity towards that young man," pointing to me. "O ſave him, if poſſible from an ignominious death, and remember, that *my* child is alſo *his*. My buſineſs in life is done, and now, O heavenly Father! receive my ſpirit, and pardon my ſin, through Jeſus Chriſt my Redeemer." Here her ſpeech failed her, and after a few convulſive ſtruggles ſhe expired.

Great Heaven! is there any puniſhment for me to ſuffer hereafter beyond what I endured at the moment? A dead ſilence ſucceeded for ſome time, my groans only were heard. As ſoon as Mr. Vincent had ſomewhat recovered the ſhock, he raiſed himſelf from the body of his child, and ſpoke to me as follows:

"Behold, O young man, the calamities which thy crimes have brought on my family! Behold, my departed child lying on the boſom of her fainting mother; yet I am not inſenſible to the agonies which rend thy ſoul, and ſorry am I to add to them,

by telling thee, thy excellent mother went out of her ſenſes, on hearing thou hadſt committed a crime, by which thou hadſt forfeited thy life to the laws of thy country. O Frank! Frank! what deep diſtreſs can one profligate child bring on whole families! Thy crimes, alas! have brought on thy own deſtruction, for I fear it will not be in my power to befriend thee on thy trial, much as I am diſpoſed to do it in conſideration of thy relations. Too late, Frank, thou muſt now ſee, how fatal an exceſſive love of pleaſure muſt prove to a young tradeſman. Honeſt induſtry is generally a ſure road to wealth; as a ſober, religious life is to happineſs. To thy coſt thou muſt already have experienced, that the wicked can have no dependance upon each other, ſince thou art betrayed, and brought to ſhame, by thoſe very friends who firſt led thy youth aſtray."

"O, Sir," cried I, "few and evil have been my days, but the great God above, who knoweth the ſecrets of all hearts, can alone judge of the ſorrows of mine; it is not, Sir; the puniſhment of death which I fear, but the juſt vengeance of offended Heaven which muſt follow it; for though a very young man, I am a very old ſinner. Alas! my dear, and honoured mother, is it then true, that the crimes of your own child have robbed you of your ſenſes? And yet the merciful hand of God has hitherto withheld his vengeance from ſtriking me dead. To whom ſhall I fly for mercy and pity in my diſtreſs? from the law I cannot expect it, and from the offended Majeſty of high Heaven I dare not hope it, ſince my preſent puniſhment is but the certain wages of my ſin." Here I am told I fell into ſtrong convulſion fits, and in that condition was conveyed to my cell.

Written the Night before my Execution.

It is a month ſince I was put on my trial, and my guilt being fully proved by the Court, I am condemned to hang by the neck till I am DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!

O, ye thoughtleſs young men, who have forſaken the God of Heaven to follow after the enticing pleaſures of this world, attend to my words, as to thoſe of a man ſpeaking to you from the grave, ſince the dawn of that day is now breaking on the world, in which I ſhall be numbered with the dead. Although, at the inſtant I write, I am in all the prime of youth, and all the vigour of health, I ſhall this day die a juſt victim to the broken laws; and my precious ſoul may be conſigned over to everlaſting torments, unleſs the great Judge of all things will be graciouſly pleaſed to accept my ſorrow for my ſin, through a gracious Redeemer.

My days are numbered, my hours are few, and the ſolemn tolling bell will ſoon be ſummoning me to meet my God in judgement. The convulſive ſtruggles of death are already upon me before I reach the gallows, whereon I muſt ſhortly hang as a warning ſpectacle to gaping thouſands, and from whence I muſt ſhoot the great gulph which parts

TIME from ETERNITY!

O, bleſſed Lord, have mercy on my ſoul!

The above ſtory was found in the young man's pocket after his execution.

THE HYMN.

FATHER of light, O cleanſe my ſtains,
Look on a ſinner vile;
In dungeon dark, oppreſs'd with chains,
Deign thou on me to ſmile.

Condemn'd to die by human laws,
I own my ſentence juſt,
With mercy mild judge thou my cauſe,
Who art my only truſt.

Though great my crime and ſhort my race,
My FAITH and HOPE receive;
Since ſouls enrich'd with pard'ning grace,
With thee ſhall ever live.

Then farewel all beneath the ſkies,
The ſting of death is o'er;
O may my trembling ſpirit riſe,
Where ſin ſhall be no more.

THE END.

THE

GAMESTER.



Sold by J. MARSHALL,

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THE

STORY

OF

Poor TRICKET the GAMESTER.

SHEWING

How he firſt loſt his place by gaming, and the had well nigh been the death of his wife throug the ſame cauſe, and how laſtly, his gaming wa the occaſion of his being tranſported as a con vict to Botany Bay.

THE

GAMESTER.

"I CAN'T, for my life, imagine (ſaid Mr. Smith to his oppoſite neighbour Mr. Tomſon) what thoſe fellows can be about on the top of my houſe. They have been theſe two days employed there in repairing the damage done by the high wind t'other night; a job which I think might have been done in a very few hours." "Step over the way to my door," ſaid Tomſon, "and I will preſently explain to you why the job is ſo long in hand." Smith did ſo—"Turn about and look up," ſaid Tomſon, "and you will ſee the two men ſitting over againſt each other on the ridge of your houſe." "Why they are playing at cards!" ſaid Smith—"no wonder my buſineſs is ſo long in doing." Away went Smith to the maſter bricklayer to complain of his men. The maſter was very angry, as he well might be, and diſmiſſed the idle fellows from his ſervice; and as he made known the ſtory, the men found no one willing to employ them, ſo they had full leiſure for their gaming, and Betſworth loſt all his money to Tricket—Betſworth's wife in vain aſked him for caſh, proviſions were ſcarce, and they had lived on ſhort commons ſeveral days. On Saturday Betſworth had

no wages to receive, nevertheleſs, he deſired his wife would get a bit of meat for a hot Sunday's dinner; "for," ſaid he, "we have lived hardly enough this week, and I ſhall aſk my friend Tricket to eat a bit with us." The wife ſaid nothing, but when her huſband and Tricket came in to dinner on Sunday, ſhe laid the cloth, and ſet upon the table a diſh with a cover. "What haſt thou got under thy cover, wife?" ſaid Betſworth, "ſomething nice I hope." "As good as I could get," ſaid the wife, "had you brought me money you ſhould have had ſomething better." Upon this he lifted up the cover, and behold! the diſh contained nothing but ſome dirty old cards ſcattered about it! "Is this," ſaid Betſworth, "what you provide for me and my friend?" "It is all that you and your friend have left us," ſaid ſhe, "I have nothing to eat myſelf, and theſe are the only tools you work with to provide for my maintenance and your own." "Burn the cards," ſaid Betſworth, "they have been the ruin of me; forgive me, wife, I deſerve a more bitter reproof." Tricket," added he, "my poor Molly has ſerved us rightly enough; for my part I am reſolved to go to my maſter to-morrow, confeſs my fault, and try to get his work again; and I hope God will pardon me for the diſtreſs I have brought upon my family by my love of gaming; and that he will mercifully ſtrengthen me to reſiſt every temptation to return to ſuch a horrid practice." Tricket did not reliſh the jeſt, but went ſurlily out of the houſe. Betſworth however is ſaid to have taken a hint from this little trick of his wife, and, as far as I have heard, has never ſince been found amongſt the Gameſters.

I must now proceed to tell you something more of Tricket, who continued his evil practices, and who is the only one of these two Gamesters whose history I mean to speak of any farther.

Having lost his former gull whom he tried once or twice to draw to another game, by saying that the man wanted spirit. Tricket happened to light upon a second brother Gamester, whom he hoped to drain as he had done Betsworth; but either through a sad run of ill luck, or, as I rather think, by his being not a little cheated, he soon lost every farthing of his former booty; and he had nothing now left for him to stake at the next gaming party, except what little he could get by stripping his poor wife of the earnings of her hard labor. She had two children of four and five years of age, for whom, as well as herself, she contrived to get bread by taking in washing.

She bore with patience her husband's spending all he got upon his own pleasures, and leaving her to shift for herself; but when he came home, and tore from her what she had worked so hard for, she could not help weeping and complaining, though her complaints were mild and far from the language of scolding: but her brutal husband, instead of being moved by her tears, only made them a pretence for running from her to the alehouse; "since," as he said, "he could not have comfort at home."

One of the families for which she washed, would often carelessly make her wait a month or two for the payment of her bills; instead of discharging them weekly, when she brought home the linen. This is a cruel inconsideratency, and very contrary to the merciful spirit of the law of God, which for-

bids to keep back the hire of the labourer. The truth is, perſons whoſe only ſupport is hard labour, can ſeldom do more than live from hand to mouth, and whilſt their pay is kept back by a thoughtleſs cuſtomer, they are likely enough to be ſtarving for want of it.

It happened that ſhe had juſt received a waſhing bill of ſix weeks ſtanding, which ſhe had long been ſighing for, and was counting her money, when her huſband came home in a terrible humour, declared he had not a farthing in the world, and laid his violent hands on this money, every ſhilling of which he carried off. She ſcreamed after him, begging that he would leave her ſome of it at leaſt, or how could ſhe get bread for her children? But he was quickly out of hearing, and haſtily returned to his play-mate, who waited for him at the alehouſe. Tricket's cruelty ſtruck his wife to the heart; ſhe ſat down in dumb deſpair, and could not eaſe her full heart by weeping; the children looked up in her face with terror, and ſoon began to cry, and to tell her they were hungry; this gave a free paſſage to her tears; ſhe hugged them both to her breaſt, and told them that they ſhould have all the food their cruel father had left them; ſhe brought out the remainder of her loaf, and divided it between them; for her part ſhe could ſwallow none.

By being obliged to truſt her cuſtomers, ſhe had been reduced to borrow a little from her landlady; and ſhe owed ſome rent beſides, ſo that ſhe was aſhamed to apply to her again, and ſhe had not ſixpence in the world to ſupply food or to buy ſoap for her waſhing. He who *ſhould* aſſiſt her was her worſt enemy, and, careleſs of her wants, took from

her the fruits of her induſtry to throw it away in gaming and drinking.

This barbarous treatment hurt her the more becauſe, with all his faults, ſhe retained more affection for him than he deſerved; and had often chearfully ſupplied his extravagance with a ſhare of what ſhe got, when ſhe could do it without ſtarving herſelf and her children. But now all proviſions were ſo dear that ſhe found it not eaſy to get neceſſaries even by working early and late at her laborious buſineſs. No money could ſhe get from her huſband, and this day his antagoniſt had refuſed to play with him any longer upon tick; and the alehouſe-keeper, at whoſe houſe this gaming commonly went on, would draw no more beer without preſent pay. His character was become ſo bad, that he could not get employed when neceſſity would have urged him to work. In this ſituation he had come home deſperate and provoked at his ill-fortune, when he found his wife with two guineas and a good deal of ſilver before her. The ſight of this money renewed his hopes, and his eagerneſs for trying once more to recover his loſings. With this only object in view, he flew like a vulture on his prey, and without a thought of the diſtreſsful ſtate of thoſe who *ſhould* have been dear to him as his life, ſnatched from them all the means of ſubſiſtence. Thus does gaming harden the heart and ſwallow up every good affection! whilſt the hateful paſſions of avarice and envy are continually fed and ſtrengthened by it!

Poor Mrs. Tricket, cold and faſting, put her children to bed, and ſat weeping over them, whilſt her huſband ſpent his hours in greedy wiſhes, hopes, and fears; in rage, in oaths, and curſes, over his

cards, with the tankard at his ſide, often drained by the thirſty paſſion burning in his ſtomach, and raging in his mind. At paſt midnight he came ſtaggering home, and found his wife ſitting up for him, pale and ſhivering, and her face ſwelled with weeping.—"I thought you had left us for good and all," ſaid ſhe, "left us to periſh: how *could* you be ſo barbarous as to rob me of all, and leave me without a penny in the houſe? I beſeech you to give me back ſome of that money, which was all I had in the world, unleſs you do indeed deſire to ſee me, and your children die with want." *If* that was your *all*" he replied, "*die you muſt*; for it is every penny gone, and more after it than I ſhall ever be able to pay." So ſaying, he turned his pockets inſide out, to ſhew her they were perfectly empty. At this ſight the poor woman, whoſe ſpirits were before nearly exhauſted with grief and faſting, fell in a fainting fit at his feet: as he had never ſeen her ſo before he thought ſhe was dead, and alarmed the houſe with his cries; though he was much in liquor, and his mind almoſt diſtracted, yet the idea of having been the cauſe of her death ſtruck him with horror. The children, awakened by his out-cry, ſtarted up, and ſeeing her on the floor, cried, "Mammy! Mammy!" with all their might.

This dreadful noiſe awakened both the landlady, who ſlept above ſtairs, and alſo a widow lady who lodged on the firſt floor, but before either of theſe could run down ſtairs. Tricket was at their doors, crying in a horrible tone, "My wife! my wife! come to her if you have any pity! I have killed her! help! help!" He then ran back, and found her lying where he had left her, and the two children on

the ground with her, kiſſing her cold hands and face, ſobbing and drowning her with their tears. The lady and landlady reached Tricket's room at the ſame inſtant, and looked with amazement on this wretched groupe; whilſt the man cried out, "See! ſee! what I have done! I have murdered my wife!" "Sure you could not be ſuch a monſter;" ſaid the lady, "how have you murdered her? where is her wound? help to raiſe her up, and let us ſee the hurt." They then lifted her up, and perceived returning life in her. "Where is your hurt my poor dear creature?" ſaid the landlady; "where did that inhuman villain ſtrike you?" The poor woman looked wildly: "what do you mean?" ſaid ſhe, "he did not ſtrike me, though I almoſt wiſh he had to the heart." Her huſband now, with the moſt lively joy and gratitude, thanked God that ſhe was alive, and on his knees begged her forgiveneſs. She aſſured him, as well as her weakneſs would allow, that ſhe forgave him all.

The good women now haſtened to make a fire, and to warm her bed, for they found ſhe ſhivered violently; when they had put her into it, the lady brought her a glaſs of warm wine and water, ſome of which ſhe prevailed on her to ſwallow. Tricket, whoſe anguiſh had taken off his intoxication, put his children again into their little bed; he gazed upon them and their mother by turns; whilſt his heart was wrung with the ſenſe of their wants and his own wickedneſs. His wife fell aſleep ſoon after the refreſhment ſhe had taken; but in a few hours awoke in a burning fever. Tricket watched by her ſide; when he felt her hand and head as hot as fire, his fears returned, and he ran out of the houſe to fetch an apothecary; though he recollected that

he had nothing to pay for help, or even neceſſary food for her: however he went into the ſtreet, taking a club ſtick in his hand, and had not gone half way to the apothecary's, when, on turning a corner, he ſaw a gentleman walking alone before him. Tricket at that moment looking round the ſtreet ſaw no creature near. Suddenly it darted into his mind, that he might now get bread for his wife and children, and that he could eſcape home again before any one could detect him; he ſtopt not for recollection, but ſtriking the gentleman with all his force on the back of his head, felled him to the ground, and was rifling his pockets, when a watchman, turning the ſame corner Tricket had done, ran up, winding his rattle as he ran.

Tricket tried to eſcape; but the rattle brought watchmen from ſo many quarters, that he was ſoon ſecured; whilſt ſome of them conveyed him to the round-houſe, others aſſiſted the gentleman to riſe; having been only ſtunned, he ſoon recovered his ſpeech, and directed the men to lead him to his houſe, which was not far off. There they aſked him whether he was robbed? and, on examining his pockets, he found that he had loſt his watch, and his purſe, both of which he particularly deſcribed. The watch he could ſwear to, if he ſaw it; and he told the colour of the purſe, and what money it contained, of which he gave the watchman a memorandum. They then returned to the round-houſe, where, on ſearching the priſoner, the watch and purſe were found upon him. He would not anſwer any of their queſtions, but remained in gloomy ſilence.

When the day was more advanced, they carried him before a Juſtice of the Peace, and gave in their

information. Tricket was now obliged to ſpeak; and ſeeing clearly that he muſt be convicted, he burſt into an agony of grief, and confeſſed the whole; but he pleaded the diſtreſs to which his wife and family were reduced; which alone," he ſaid, "had led him to this raſh action; and he repeatedly obſerved, that ſince he was driven to it by *neceſſity*, he hoped that both his Worſhip and the Gentleman would let him go: and he proteſted, that, till the fatal moment when he ſaw the Gentleman, and thought he might reſcue his wife from death, and his children from ſtarving, he had never entertained a thought of committing ſuch a crime.

In anſwer to this ſpeech of Tricket, the Juſtice, (who was well acquainted with Tricket's whole character and hiſtory) remarked, "that although the crime in queſtion was committed on the ſudden, and though it aroſe out of the man's diſtreſs, yet, that diſtreſs had been brought upon him evidently by gaming." "My friend," ſaid he, "you have gone from one ſtep to another, as almoſt every other perſon has done, that has been brought before me. Firſt, when you were in a good place you were negligent of your work through *the love of gaming*; and when for this cauſe you loſt your employment, you then took to gambling more deſperately than ever, through a *neceſſity* which you brought upon yourſelf. Your *neceſſities* next led you to take from your wife her little earnings, and when you had thus nearly driven her to diſtraction, then it was that you began to feel for the wants of your wife and children; and thus you were driven by another *neceſſity* of your own making to rob on the highway for her relief.

"I cannot help therefore tracing your crime entirely to your gaming, for it is this which has brought you into temptation; and no man can tell when he has once treſpaſſed, as you have done, to what lengths the Devil at one time or other may ſuddenly drive him. Inſtead, therefore, of excuſing yourſelf, let me adviſe you to conſider how happy for you it is, that the gentleman whom you ſtruck is not killed; for in that caſe you would have been brought before me, not for the robbery and aſſault only, but for *murder*."

Poor Tricket was much affected by theſe remarks, and did not utter a word more in the way of excuſe for his crime; but he begged and prayed the Gentleman, for his dear wife's ſake, not to hang him. Upon which the Juſtice interfered, and told Tricket, that "as to the nature of his puniſhment, that muſt depend upon circumſtances that would appear on the trial;" and he immediately bound the Gentleman over to proſecute.

While this ſcene was paſſing at the Juſtice's, poor Mrs. Tricket was left in a doleful caſe. She was told by her huſband, when he went away, that he was only going to run to the apothecary's, in order to bring ſome help to her, and that he would be back inſtantly: two hours paſſed and ſhe heard nothing of him: ſhe began to ſuſpect ſomething dreadful, and her mind grew ſo agitated, that her brain ſeemed on five, and her ſenſes forſook her. It happened that a gentleman who had been preſent at the Juſtice's having been drawn thither by the croud) called, from motives of humanity, in the courſe of the day, to inquire into the ſtate of Tricket's family; and he was the firſt perſon who brought intelligence of the horrible event that had taken place.

As Mrs. Tricket was ſo ill, the only ſtep that could be taken at preſent, was to bring the apothecary to her; who, by laying on a bliſter, and giving her proper medicines, abated the fever, and took off the delirium: but as her reaſon returned, her anxiety about her huſband returned alſo, and ſhe inceſſantly begged to know what was become of him. Still it was thought that the dreadful truth muſt not be told her, leſt it ſhould bring back her diſtraction; and it was not till three days after, when the apothecary declared her to be much better, that the ſad condition of her huſband was revealed to her.

No ſooner was this affecting diſcovery made to Mrs. Tricket, than ſhe grew eager to get out of bed, to go to her huſband in the priſon; but her weakneſs made it impoſſible. It was with great difficulty that ſhe was kept in the houſe after ſhe was able to riſe; and the firſt moment that ſhe could extort from the apothecary permiſſion to ſtir out, ſhe put herſelf into a coach (for ſhe had not ſtrength to walk) and leaving her children in the care of her humane landlady, arrived at the priſon. The ſight of her threw Tricket into an agony, yet he was glad to ſee her alive, and by degrees was ſoothed and comforted by her kindneſs and affection. She entreated him with many tears to make his peace with God by ſincere repentance, and to truſt in his mercy for forgiveneſs. She then through her natural fondneſs and partiality for her huſband, endeavoured to find out ſome circumſtances of mitigation; and particularly remarked, "that ſince it was his affection for her and for his ſtarving family, that had put him on this raſh action, ſhe hoped that when the trial came on, the Judge would ſhew

mercy to him." "Oh! If that could be," ſaid Tricket, "I think I ſhould never again fall into my former vices; but I dare not hope it; the robbery is fully proved, and it is no thanks to me, as his worſhip very juſtly obſerved, that murder was not alſo the conſequence of my villainous action; my trial ſoon comes on; prepare your mind for the ſad ſentence, and pray for me that I alſo may be prepared for a more awful trial after death." She now fell on her knees, and he knelt by her, and both implored forgiveneſs at the throne of Grace with ſuch feelings of contrition, that they roſe up, hoping that their prayers had been heard through the great Savior of mankind; and their minds now became more calm and more reſigned to the event, whatever it might be.

Tricket was convicted at the next aſſizes on the cleareſt evidence, and ſentenced to death; but ſome favourable circumſtances in his caſe were reported to his Majeſty, by the Judge, and the ſentence was in conſequence changed from death to tranſportation.

The fear of death at firſt made even Botany Bay appear a deliverance, but when he was to depart thither, bitter indeed, was the affliction of his faithful wife; for ſince he had appeared a penitent ſhe had become ſo much endeared to him, that all his paſt injuries being quite forgotten, his leaving her was worſe than death.

She was earneſtly deſirous to go with him, but finding that ſhe could not be allowed to take her children, ſhe thought it her duty not to forſake them; at leaſt under the preſent circumſtances, nor indeed would he conſent to her departure. The excellency of Mrs. Tricket's character was the

occaſion of raiſing her up many friends, who furniſhed her with work, and who aſſiſted both in educating and apprenticing her children.

Her mind was reſtored in ſome meaſure to peace and tranquility; and ſhe found that they who faithfully do their own duty and put their truſt in God are not forſaken by him, however unhappy they may be in their outward circumſtances.

Such is the ſad ſtory of poor Tricket the Gameſter! Let each reader lay to heart the dreadful conſequences of gambling: for, by firſt bringing a man to want, it will harden his heart even againſt his moſt beloved wife and children; and who knows whether it may not alſo drive him to thoſe criminal acts, for which his very life may be juſtly forfeited to the laws of his country.



On the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1795, was publiſhed,

Hints to all Ranks of People.—The Happy Waterman.—The Riot, a Ballad.—The Plowboy's Dream, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of September,

Tom White, Part II.—Noah's Flood.—Dame Andrews, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of October.

Harveſt Home.—Two Farmers, Part I.—Honeſt Miller, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of November,

The Parable of the Vineyard.—The Two Farmers, Part II.—The Sorrows of Yamba, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of December,

The Troubles of Life.—Sorrowful Sam.—Merry Chriſtmas, a Carol.

On the 1ſt of January, 1796,

New Thoughts on the New Year.—The Hiſtory of Mary Wood, the Houſemaid.—Robert and Richard, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of February,

The Touchſtone; or, the Way to know a good Chriſtian.—The Apprentice turned Maſter; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part II.—The Story of Sinful Sally. Told by herſelf a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of March.

Oneſimus; or, the Run-away Servant converted.—Idle Jack Brown; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part III.—Shopkeeper, Part I.

On the 1ſt of April,

Converſion of St. Paul.—Jack Brown in Priſon; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part IV.—Shopkeeper, Part II.

On the 1ſt of May,

The General Reſurrection, Part. I.—The Hiſtory of Charles Jones the Footman, written by Himſelf.—The Hackney Coachman; or, the Way to get a good Fare, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of June,

Carrying Religion into the Common Buſineſs of Life.—The Cheapſide Apprentice.—The Election Song, a Ballad.

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A Cheaper Edition for Hawkers.

[*Entered at Stationers Hall.*]

BETTY BROWN, &c.

BETTY Brown, the Orange Girl, was born nobody knows where, and bred nobody knows how. No girl in all the ſtreets of London could drive a barrow more nimbly, avoid puſhing againſt paſſengers more dexterouſly, or cry her "Fine China Oranges" in a ſhriller voice. But then ſhe could neither ſow, nor ſpin, nor knit, nor waſh, nor iron, nor read, nor ſpell. Betty had not been always in ſo good a ſituation as that in which we now deſcribe her. She came into the world before ſo many good gentlemen and ladies began to concern themſelves ſo kindly that the poor might have a little learning. There was no charitable Society then, as there is now, to pick up poor friendleſs children in the ſtreets, and put them into a good houſe, and give them meat, and drink, and lodging, and learning, and teach them to get their bread in an honeſt way into the bargain. Whereas, this now is often the caſe in London, bleſſed be God for all his mercies.

The longeſt thing that Betty can remember is, that ſhe uſed to crawl up out of a night cellar, ſtroll about the ſtreets, and pick cinders from the ſcavengers' carts. Among the aſhes ſhe ſometimes found ſome ragged gauze and dirty ribbons; with

theſe ſhe uſed to dizen herſelf out, and join the merry bands on the firſt of May. This was not however quite fair, as ſhe did not lawfully belong either to the female dancers who foot it gaily round the garland, or to the ſooty tribe, who, on this happy holiday, forget their whole year's toil; ſhe often, however, got a few ſcraps, by appearing to belong to both parties.

Betty was not an idle girl; ſhe always put herſelf in the way of doing ſomething. She would run of errands for the footmen, or ſweep the door for the maid of any houſe where ſhe was known; ſhe would run and fetch ſome porter, and never was once known either to ſip a drop or ſteal the pot. Her quickneſs and fidelity in doing little jobs, got her into favour with a lazy cook-maid, who was too apt to give away her maſter's cold meat and beer, not to thoſe who were moſt in want, but to thoſe who waited upon her, and did the little things which ſhe ought to have done herſelf.

The cook, who found Betty a dextrous girl, ſoon employed her to ſell ends of candles, pieces of meat and cheeſe, and lumps of butter, or any thing elſe ſhe could crib from the houſe. Theſe were all carried to her friend Mrs. Sponge, who kept a little ſhop, and a kind of eating-houſe for poor working people, not far from the Seven Dials. She alſo bought as well as ſold many kinds of ſecond hand things, and was not ſcrupulous to know whether what ſhe bought was honeſtly come by, provided ſhe could get it for a ſixth part of what it was worth. But if the owner preſumed to aſk for it's real value, ſhe had ſudden qualms of conſcience, ſuſpected the things were ſtolen, and gave herſelf airs of honeſty, which often took in poor

ſilly people, and gave her a ſort of half reputation among the needy and the ignorant, whoſe friend ſhe pretended to be.

To this artful woman Betty carried the cook's pilferings, and as Mrs. Sponge would give no great price for theſe in money, the cook was willing to receive payment for her eatables in Mrs. Sponge's drinkables; for ſhe dealt in all kinds of ſpirits. I ſhall only juſt remark here, that one receiver, like Mrs. Sponge, makes many pilferers, who are tempted to theſe petty thieveries, by knowing how eaſy it is to diſpoſe of them at ſuch iniquitous houſes.

Betty was faithful to both her employers, which is extraordinary, conſidering the greatneſs of the temptation, and her utter ignorance of good and evil. One day, ſhe ventured to aſk Mrs. Sponge if ſhe could not aſſiſt her to get into a more ſettled way of life. She told her, that when ſhe roſe in the morning, ſhe never knew where ſhe ſhould lie at night, nor was ſhe ever ſure of a meal before hand. Mrs. Sponge aſked her what ſhe thought herſelf fit for. Betty, with fear and trembling, ſaid, there was one trade for which ſhe thought herſelf qualified, but ſhe had not the ambition to look ſo high. It was far above her humble views. This was, to have a barrow, and ſell fruit, as ſeveral other of Mrs. Sponge's cuſtomers did, whom ſhe had often looked at with envy.

Mrs. Sponge was an artful woman. Bad as ſhe was, ſhe was always aiming at ſomething of a character; this was a great help to her trade. While ſhe watched keenly to make every thing turn to her own profit, ſhe had a falſe fawning way of ſeeming to do all ſhe did out of pity and kindneſs to the diſtreſſed; and ſhe ſeldom committed an extortion,

but ſhe tried to make the perſon ſhe cheated believe themſelves highly obliged to her kindneſs. By thus pretending to be their friend ſhe gained their confidence, and ſhe grew rich herſelf while they thought ſhe was only ſhewing favour to them. Various were the arts ſhe had of getting rich. The money ſhe got by grinding the poor, ſhe ſpent in the moſt luxurious living; and, while ſhe would haggle with her hungry cuſtomers for a farthing, ſhe would ſpend pounds on the moſt coſtly delicacies for herſelf.

Mrs. Sponge, laying aſide that haughty look and voice, well known to ſuch as had the misfortune to be in her debt, put on the hypocritical ſmile and ſoft tone, which ſhe always aſſumed when ſhe meant to *take in* her dependents. "Betty," ſaid ſhe, "I am reſolved to ſtand your friend. Theſe are ſad times to be ſure. Money is money now. Yet I am reſolved to put you into a handſome way of living. You ſhall have a barrow, and well furniſhed too." Betty could not have felt more joy or gratitude, if ſhe had been told that ſhe ſhould have a coach. "O, Madam," ſaid Betty, "it is impoſſible. I have not a penny in the world towards helping me to ſet up." "I will take care of that," ſaid Mrs. Sponge; "only you muſt do as I bid you. You muſt pay me intereſt for my money. And you will of courſe be glad alſo to pay ſo much every night for a nice hot ſupper which I get ready, quite out of kindneſs, for a number of poor working people. This will be a great comfort for ſuch a friendleſs girl as you, for my victuals and drink are the beſt; and my company the merrieſt of any houſe in all St. Giles's." Betty thought all this only ſo many more favours, and courteſying to the ground, ſaid,

" to be ſure, Ma'am, and thank you a thouſand times into the bargain."

Mrs. Sponge knew what ſhe was about. Betty was a lively girl, who had a knack at learning any thing; and ſo well looking through all her dirt and rags, that there was little doubt ſhe would get cuſtom. A barrow was ſoon provided, and five ſhillings put into Betty's hands. Mrs. Sponge kindly condeſcended to go to ſhew her how to buy the fruit, for it was a rule with this prudent gentlewoman, and one from which ſhe never departed, that no one ſhould cheat but herſelf.

Betty had never poſſeſſed ſuch a ſum before. She grudged to lay it out all at once, and was ready to fancy ſhe could live upon the capital. The crown, however, was laid out to the beſt advantage. Betty was carefully taught in what manner to cry her Oranges; and received many uſeful leſſons how to get off the bad with the good, and the ſtale with the freſh. Mrs. Sponge alſo lent her a few bad ſixpences, for which ſhe ordered her to bring home good ones at night.—Betty ſtared. Mrs. Sponge ſaid, " Betty, thoſe who would get money, muſt not be too nice about trifles. Keep one of theſe ſixpences in your hand, and if an ignorant young cuſtomer gives you a good ſixpence, do you immediately ſlip it into your other hand, and give him the bad one, declaring, that is the very one you have juſt received, and that you have not another ſixpence in the world. You muſt alſo learn how to treat different ſorts of cuſtomers. To ſome you may put off with ſafety goods which would be quite unſaleable to others. Never offer bad fruit, Betty, to thoſe who know better: never waſte the

good on thoſe who may be put off with worſe; put good Oranges at top and the mouldy ones under."

Poor Betty had not a nice conſcience, for ſhe had never learnt that grand but ſimple rule of all moral obligation, "Never do that to another which you would not have another do to you." She ſet off with her barrow as proud and as happy as if ſhe had been ſet up in the fineſt ſhop in Covent Garden. Betty had a ſort of natural good-nature, which made her unwilling to impoſe, but ſhe had no principle which told her it was a ſin. She had ſuch good ſucceſs, that, when night came, ſhe had not an Orange left. With a light heart, ſhe drove her empty barrow to Mrs. Sponge's door. She went in with a merry face, and threw down on the Counter every farthing ſhe had taken. "Betty," ſaid Mrs. Sponge, "I have a right to it all, as it was got by my money. But I am too generous to take it. I will therefore only take ſixpence for this day's uſe of my five ſhillings. This is a moſt reaſonable intereſt, and I will lend you the ſame ſum to trade with to-morrow, and ſo on; you only paying me ſixpence for the uſe of it every night, which will be a great bargain to you. You muſt alſo pay me my price every night for your ſupper, and you ſhall have an excellent lodging above ſtairs; ſo you ſee every thing will now be provided for you in a genteel manner, through my generoſity."

Poor Betty's gratitude blinded her ſo completely that ſhe forgot to calculate the vaſt proportion which this generous beneſactreſs was to receive out of her little gains. She thought herſelf a happy creature, and went in to ſupper with a number of others of her own claſs. For this ſupper, and for more porter and gin than ſhe ought to have drank,

Betty was forced to pay ſo high, that it eat up all the profits of the day, which, added to the daily intereſt, made Mrs. Sponge a rich return for her five ſhillings.

Betty was reminded again of the gentility of her new ſituation, as ſhe crept up to bed in one of Mrs. Sponge's garrets five ſtories high. This loft, to be ſure, was ſmall, and had no window, but what it wanted in light was made up in company, as it had three beds, and thrice as many lodgers. Thoſe gentry had one night, in a drunken frolic, broke down the door, which happily had never been replaced; for, ſince that time, the lodgers had died much ſeldomer of infectious diſtempers. For this lodging Betty paid twice as much to her good friend as ſhe would have done to a ſtranger. Thus ſhe continued, with great induſtry and a thriving trade, as poor as on the firſt day, and not a bit nearer to ſaving money enough to buy her even a pair of ſhoes, though her feet were nearly on the ground.

One day, as Betty was driving her barrow through a ſtreet near Holborn, a lady from a window called out to her that ſhe wanted ſome Oranges. While the ſervants went to fetch a plate, the lady entered into ſome talk with Betty, having been ſtruck with her honeſt countenance and civil manner. She queſtioned her as to her way of life, and the profits of her trade—and Betty, who had never been ſo kindly treated before by ſo genteel a perſon, was very communicative. She told her little hiſtory as far as ſhe knew it, and dwelt much on the generoſity of Mrs. Sponge, in keeping her in her houſe, and truſting her with ſo large a capital as five ſhillings. At firſt it ſounded like a very good-natured thing, but the lady, whoſe huſband was one of the

Juſtices of the new Police, happened to know more of Mrs. Sponge than was good, which led her to inquire ſtill further. Betty owned, that to be ſure, it was not all clear profit, for that beſides that the high price of the ſupper and bed ran away with all ſhe got, ſhe paid ſixpence a day for the uſe of the five ſhillings. "And how long have you done this," ſaid the Lady? "About a year, Madam."

The lady's eyes were at once opened. "My poor girl," ſaid ſhe, "do you know that you have already paid for that ſingle five ſhillings the enormous ſum of 7l. 10s.? I believe it is the moſt profitable five ſhillings Mrs. Sponge ever laid out." "O, no, Madam," ſaid the girl, "that good gentlewoman does the ſame kindneſs to ten or twelve other poor friendleſs creatures like me." "Does ſhe ſo?" ſaid the lady; "then I never heard of a better trade than this woman carries on, under the maſk of charity, at the expence of her poor fellow-creatures."

"But, Madam," ſaid Betty, who did not comprehend this lady's arithmetic, "what can I do? I now contrive to pick up a morſel of bread without begging or ſtealing. Mrs. Sponge has been very good to me, and I don't ſee how I can help myſelf."

"I will tell you," ſaid the lady. "If you will follow my advice, you may not only maintain yourſelf honeſtly, but independently. Only oblige yourſelf to live hard for a little time, till you have ſaved five ſhillings out of your own earnings. Give up that expenſive ſupper at night, drink only one pint of porter, and no gin at all. As ſoon as you have ſcraped together the five ſhillings, carry it back to your falſe friend, and if you are induſtrious, you

ill at the end of the year have ſaved ſeven pounds en ſhillings. If you can make a ſhift to live now, hen you have this heavy intereſt to pay, judge ow things will mend when your capital becomes our own. You will put ſome cloaths on your ack, and by leaving the uſe of ſpirits, and the ompany in which you drink them, your health, our morals, and your condition will mend."

The lady did not talk thus to ſave her money. She would gladly have given the girl the five ſhillings; but ſhe thought it was beginning at the wrong end. She wanted to try her. Beſides, ſhe knew there was much more pleaſure as well as honour in poſſeſſing five ſhillings of one's own ſaving than of another's giving. Betty promiſed to obey. She owned ſhe got no good by the company or the liquor at Mrs. Sponge's. She promiſed that very night to begin ſaving the expence of the ſupper, and that ſhe would not taſte a drop of gin till ſhe had the five ſhillings beforehand. The lady, who knew the power of good habits, was contented with this, thinking, that if the girl could abſtain for a certain time, it would become eaſy to her. She therefore at preſent ſaid little about the *ſin* of drinking.

In a very few weeks, Betty had ſaved up the five ſhillings. She went to carry back this money with great gratitude to Mrs. Sponge. This kind friend began to abuſe her moſt unmercifully. She called her many hard names not fit to repeat, for having forſaken the ſupper, by which ſhe ſwore ſhe got nothing at all; but as ſhe had the charity to dreſs it for ſuch beggarly wretches, ſhe inſiſted they ſhould pay for it, whether they ate it or not. She alſo brought in a heavy ſcore for lodging,

though Betty had paid for it every night, and given notice of her intending to quit her. By all theſe falſe pretences, ſhe got from her not only her own five ſhillings, but all the little capital with which Betty was going to ſet up for herſelf. As all was not ſufficient to anſwer her demands, ſhe declared ſhe would ſend her to priſon, but while ſhe went to call a Conſtable, Betty contrived to make off.

With a light pocket and a heavy heart, ſhe went to the lady, and with many tears told her ſad ſtory. The lady's huſband, the Juſtice, condeſcended to liſten to Betty's tale. He ſaid Mrs. Sponge had long been upon his books as a receiver of ſtolen goods. Betty's evidence ſtrengthened his bad opinion of her. "This petty ſyſtem of uſury," ſaid the gentleman, "may be thought trifling, but it will no longer appear ſo, if you reflect, that if one of theſe female ſharpers poſſeſſes a capital of ſeventy ſhillings, or 3l. 10s. with fourteen ſteady regular cuſtomers, ſhe can realize a fixed income of 100 guineas a year. Add to this the influence ſuch a loan gives her over theſe friendleſs creatures, by compelling them to eat at her houſe, or lodge, or buy liquors, or by taking their pawns, and you will ſee the extent of the evil. I pity theſe poor victims: You, Betty, ſhall point out ſome of them to me. I will endeavour to open their eyes on their own bad management. It is one of the greateſt acts of kindneſs to the poor to mend their œconomy, and to give them right views of laying out their little money to advantage. Theſe poor blinded creatures look no farther than to be able to pay this heavy intereſt every night, and to obtain the ſame loan on the ſame hard terms the next day. Thus are they kept in poverty and bondage

all their lives; but I hope as many as hear of this will get on a better plan, and I ſhall be ready to help any who are willing to help themſelves." This worthy Magiſtrate went directly to Mrs. Sponge's with proper officers, and he got to the bottom of many iniquities. He not only made her refund poor Betty's money, but committed her to priſon for receiving ſtolen goods, and various other offences, which may perhaps make the ſubject of another hiſtory.

Betty was now ſet up in trade to her heart's content. She had found the benefit of leaving off ſpirits, and ſhe reſolved to drink them no more. The firſt fruits of this reſolution was that in a fortnight ſhe bought her a new pair of ſhoes, and as there was now no deductions for intereſt or for gin, her earnings became conſiderable. The lady made her a preſent of a gown and a hat, on the eaſy condition that ſhe ſhould go to church. She accepted the terms, at firſt rather as an act of obedience to the lady, than from a ſenſe of higher duty. But ſhe ſoon began to go from a better motive. This conſtant attendance at church, joined to the inſtructions of the lady, opened a new world to Betty. She now heard for the firſt time that ſhe was a ſinner; that God had given a law which was holy, juſt, and good, that ſhe had broken this law, had been a ſwearer, a ſabbath-breaker, and had lived without God in the world. All this was ſad news to Betty; ſhe knew, indeed, that there were ſinners, but ſhe thought they were only to be found in the priſons, or at Botany Bay, or in thoſe mournful carts which ſhe had ſometimes followed with her barrow, with the unthinking croud to Tyburn.—She was moſt ſtruck with the great truths revealed in the Scripture,

which were quite new to her. She was desirous of improvement, and said, she would give up all the profits of her barrow, and go into the hardest service, rather than live in sin and ignorance.

"Betty," said the lady, "I am glad to see you so well disposed, and will do what I can for you. Your present way of life, to be sure, exposes you to much danger; but the trade is not unlawful in itself, and we may please God in any calling, provided it be not a dishonest one. In this great town there must be barrow women to sell fruit. Do you, then, instead of forsaking your business, set a good example to those in it, and shew them, that though a dangerous trade, it need not be a bad one. Till Providence points out some safer way of getting your bread, let your companions see, that it is possible to be good even in this. Your trade being carried on in the open street, and your fruit bought in an open shop, you are not so much obliged to keep sinful company as may be thought. Take a garret in an honest house, to which you may go home in safety at night. I will give you a bed and a few necessaries to furnish your room; and I will also give you a constant Sunday's dinner. A barrow woman, blessed be God and our good laws, is as much her own mistress on Sundays as a Duchess; and the Church and the Bible are as much open to her. You may soon learn all that such as you are expected to know. A barrow woman may pray as heartily morning and night, and serve God as acceptably all day, while she is carrying on her little trade, as if she had her whole time to spare.

To do this well, you must mind the following

RULES FOR RETAIL DEALERS.

Reſiſt every temptation to cheat.
Never impoſe bad goods on falſe pretences.
Never put off bad money for good.
Never uſe prophane or uncivil language.
Never ſwear your goods coſt ſo much, when you know it is falſe. By ſo doing you are guilty of two ſins in one breath, a lie and an oath.

To break theſe rules, will be your chief temptation. God will mark how you behave under them, and will reward or puniſh you accordingly. Theſe temptations will be as great to you as higher trials are to higher people; but you have the ſame God to look to for ſtrength to reſiſt them as they have. You muſt pray to him to give you this ſtrength. You ſhall attend a Sunday School, where you will be taught theſe good things, and I will promote you as you ſhall be found to deſerve.

Poor Betty here burſt into tears of joy and gratitude, crying out, "What, ſhall ſuch a poor friendleſs creature as I be treated ſo kindly and learn to read the word of God too? Oh, Madam, what a lucky chance brought me to your door," "Betty," ſaid the lady, "what you have juſt ſaid, ſhews the need you have of being better taught; there is no ſuch thing as chance, and we offend God when we call that luck or chance which is brought about by his will and pleaſure. None of the events of your life have happened by chance—but all have been under the direction of a good and kind Providence. He has permitted you to experience want and diſtreſs, that you might acknowledge his hand in your preſent comfort and proſperity. Above all,

you muſt bleſs his goodneſs in ſending you to me, not only becauſe I have been of uſe to you in your worldly affairs, but becauſe he has enabled me to ſhew you the danger of your ſtate from ſin and ignorance, and to put you in a way to know his will and to keep his commandments.

How Betty, by induſtry and piety, roſe in the world, till at length ſhe came to keep a handſome Sauſage-ſhop near the Seven Dials, and was married to an honeſt Hackney Coachman, may be told at ſome future time, in a Second Part.

THE END.

THE

HISTORY

OF

Mr. *Bragwell*; or, the *Two Wealthy Farmers.*

PART III.



Sold by J. MARSHALL,
(PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Religious and Moral Tracts) No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheapside, and No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard; and R. WHITE, Piccadilly, LONDON.
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The HISTORY, &c.

MR. BRAGWELL when he returned home from his viſit to Mr. Worthy, as recorded in the Second Part of this Hiſtory, found that he was not quite ſo happy as he had formerly been. The diſcourſes of Mr. Worthy had broken in not a little upon his comfort. And he began to ſuſpect that he was not ſo completely in the right as his vanity had led him to believe. He ſeemed alſo to feel leſs ſatisfaction in the idle gentility of his own daughters, ſince he had been witneſs to the ſimplicity, modeſty, and uſefulneſs of thoſe of Mr. Worthy. And he could not help ſeeing that the vulgar violence of his wife did not produce ſo much family happineſs at home, as the humble piety and quiet diligence of Mrs. Worthy produced in the houſe of his friend.

Happy would it have been for Mr. Bragwell, if he had followed up thoſe new convictions of his own mind, which would have led him to ſtruggle againſt the power of evil principles in himſelf, and to have controuled the force of evil habits in his family. But his convictions were juſt ſtrong enough to make him uneaſy under his errors, without driving him to reform them. The ſlight impreſſion ſoon wore off, and he fell back into his old practices. Still his eſteem for Mr. Worthy was not at all abated by the plain dealing of that honeſt friend. It is true he dreaded his piercing eye. He felt that his example held out a conſtant reproof to himſelf. Yet ſuch is the force of early affection and rooted reverence, that he longed to ſee him at his houſe. This deſire, indeed, as is commonly the caſe, was

made up of mixed motives. He wiſhed for the pleaſure of his friend's company; he longed for that favorite triumph of a vulgar mind, an opportunity of ſhewing him his riches; and he thought it would raiſe his credit in the world, to have a man of Mr. Worthy's character at his houſe.

Mr. Bragwell, it is true, ſtill went on with the ſame eagerneſs in gaining money, and the ſame oſtentation in ſpending it. But though he was as covetous as ever, he was not quite ſo ſure that it was right to be ſo. At Chriſtmas, indeed, while he was actually engaged abroad in tranſactions with his dealers, he was not very ſcrupulous about the means by which he *got* his money; and while he was indulging in feſtivity with his friends at home, he was eaſy enough as to the manner in which he *ſpent* it. But a man can neither be making bargains nor making feaſts always; there muſt be ſome intervals between theſe two great objects for which worldly men may be ſaid to live; and in ſome of theſe intervals the moſt worldly form, perhaps, ſome random plans of amendment. And though many a one may ſay in the fullneſs of enjoyment, "to-morrow ſhall be as this day, and more abundant;" yet hardly any man perhaps allows himſelf to ſay, even in his moſt ſecret moments, "I will *never* retire from buſineſs—I will *never* repent—I will *never* think of death, Eternity ſhall *never* come into my thoughts." The moſt that ſuch an one probably ventures to ſay is, "I need not repent *yet*. I will continue ſuch a ſin a little longer, it will be time enough to think on the next world when I am no longer fit for the buſineſs or the pleaſures of this."

Such was the caſe with Bragwell. He ſet up in

his own mind a general diſtant ſort of reſolution, that *ſome years hence*, when he ſhould be a *few years older*, and a *few* thouſands richer; when a few more of his *preſent ſchemes ſhould be compleated*, he would then think of altering his courſe of life. He would then certainly ſet about ſpending a religious old age; he would reform ſome practices in his dealings, or perhaps quit buſineſs intirely; he would think about reading good books, and when he had compleated ſuch and ſuch a purchaſe, he would even begin to give ſomething to the poor, but at preſent he really had little to ſpare for charity. The very reaſon why he ſhould have given more, was juſt the cauſe he aſſigned for not giving at all, namely, the *hardneſs of the times*. The true grand ſource of charity, ſelf-denial, never came into his head. *Spend leſs* that you may *ſave* more, he would have thought a ſhrewd maxim enough. But *ſpend leſs* that you may *ſpare more*, never entered into his book of Proverbs.

At length the time came when Mr. Worthy had promiſed to return his viſit. It was indeed a little haſtened by notice that Mr. Bragwell would have, in the courſe of the week, a piece of land to ſell by auction; and though Mr. Worthy believed the price was likely to be above his pocket, yet he knew it was an occaſion which would be likely to bring the principal Farmers of that neighbourhood together, ſome of whom he wanted to meet. And it was on this occaſion that Mr. Bragwell prided himſelf, that he ſhould ſhew his neighbours ſo ſenſible a man as his dear friend Mr. Worthy.

Worthy arrived at his friend's houſe on the Saturday, time enough to ſee the houſe and garden and grounds of Mr. Bragwell by day-light. He ſaw

with pleaſure, for he had a warm and generous heart, thoſe evident ſigns of his friend's proſperity, but as he was a man of a ſober mind, and was a moſt exact dealer in truth, he never allowed his tongue the licence of immodeſt commendation, which he uſed to ſay either ſavoured of flattery or envy. Indeed he never rated mere worldly things ſo highly as to beſtow upon them undue praiſe. His calm approbation ſomewhat diſappointed the vanity of Mr. Bragwell, who could not help ſecretly ſuſpecting that his friend, as good a man as he was, was not quite free from envy. He felt, however, very much inclined to forgive this jealouſy, which he feared the ſight of his ample property, and handſome habitation, muſt naturally awaken in the mind of a man whoſe own poſſeſſions were ſo ſuperior. He practiſed the uſual trick of ordinary and vulgar minds, that of pretending himſelf to find fault with thoſe things which were particularly deſerving praiſe, when he found Worthy diſpoſed to paſs them over in ſilence.

When they came in to ſupper, he affected to talk of the comforts of Mr. Worthy's *little* parlour, by way of calling his attention to his own large one. He repeated the word *ſnug*, as applied to every thing at Mr. Worthy's, with the plain deſign to make compariſons favourable to his own more ample domains. He contrived, as he paſſed by to his chair, by a ſeeming accident, to puſh open the door of a large beaufet in the parlour in which all the finery was moſt oſtentatiouſly ſet out to view. He proteſted, with a look of ſatisfaction which belied his words, that for his part he did not care a farthing for all this trumpery; and then ſmiling and rubbing his hands, added with an air of no

ſmall importance, "what a good thing it is, though for people of ſubſtance, that the tax on plate was taken off. You are a happy man, Mr. Worthy, you do not feel theſe things, tax or no tax it is all the ſame to you." He took care during this ſpeech, by a caſt of his eye, to direct Mr. Worthy's attention to a great profuſion of the brighteſt cups, ſalvers, and tankards, and other ſhining ornaments which crowded the beaufet. Mr. Worthy gravely anſwered, "Mr. Bragwell, it was indeed a tax which could not affect ſo plain a man as myſelf, but as it fell on a mere luxury, and therefore could not hurt the poor, I was always ſorry that it could not be made productive enough to be continued. A man in my middling ſituation, who is contented with a good glaſs of beer, poured from a handſome earthen mug, the glaſs, the mug, and the beer, all of Engliſh manufacture, will be but little diſturbed at taxes on plate or on wine, but he will regret, as I do, that many old taxes are ſo much evaded, that new ones are continually brought on to make up the deficiencies of the former."

During ſupper the young ladies ſat in diſdainful ſilence, not deigning to beſtow the ſmalleſt civility on ſo plain a man as Mr. Worthy. They left the room with their Mamma as ſoon as poſſible, being impatient to get away to ridicule their father's friend.

The Dance; or, the *Chriſtmas Merry-making.*

AS ſoon as they were gone, Mr. Worthy aſked Bragweli how his family comforts ſtood, and how his daughters, who, he ſaid, were really fine young women, went on. "O, as to that," replied Bragwell, "pretty much like other men's handſome daughters,

I ſuppoſe, that is worſe and worſe. I really begin to apprehend that their fantaſtical notions have gained ſuch a head, that after all the money I have ſcraped together, I ſhall never get them well married. Betſey has juſt loſt as good an offer as any girl could deſire, young Wilſon, an honeſt ſubſtantial grazier as any in the county. He not only knows every thing proper for his ſtation, but is pleaſing in his behaviour, and a pretty ſcholar into the bargain; he reads hiſtory books and voyages of a winter's evening to his infirm father, inſtead of going to the card aſſembly in our town; neither likes drinking nor ſporting, and is a ſort of favourite with our Parſon, becauſe he takes in the weekly numbers of a fine Bible with Cuts, and ſubſcribes to the Sunday School, and makes a fuſs about helping the poor, theſe dear times as they call them, but I think they are good times for *us*, Mr. Worthy. Well, for all this, Betſey only deſpiſed him and laughed at him; but as he is both handſome and rich, I thought ſhe might come round at laſt. And ſo I invited him to come and ſtay a day or two at Chriſtmas, when we have always a little ſort of merry-making here. But it would not do. He ſcorned to talk that palavering ſtuff which ſhe has been uſed to in the marble covered books I told you of. He told her indeed, that it would be the happineſs of his heart to live with her, which I own I thought was as much as could be expected of any man. But Miſs had no notion of marrying one who was only deſirous of living with her. No no, forſooth, her lover muſt declare himſelf ready to die for her, which honeſt Wilſon was not ſuch a fool as to offer to do. In the afternoon, however, he got a little into her favour by making

out a Rebus or two in the Lady's Diary, and ſhe condeſcended to ſay ſhe did not think Mr. Wilſon had been ſo good a ſcholar, but he ſoon ſpoilt all again. We had a bit of a hop in the evening. The young man, though he had not much taſte for thoſe ſort of gambols, yet thought he could foot it a little in the old faſhioned way. So he aſked Betſey to be his partner. But when he aſked what dance they ſhould call, Miſs drew up her head, and in a ſtrange gibberiſh, ſaid ſhe ſhould dance nothing but a *Minuet de la Cour*, and ordered him to call it; Wilſon ſtared, and honeſtly told her ſhe muſt call it herſelf, for he could neither ſpell nor pronounce ſuch outlandiſh words. I burſt out a laughing, and told him, I ſuppoſed it was ſomething like queſtions and commands, and if ſo, that was much merrier than dancing. Seeing her partner ſtanding ſtock ſtill, and not knowing how to get out of the ſcrape, the girl began by herſelf, and fell to ſwimming, and ſinking, and capering, and flouriſhing, and poſturing, for all the world juſt like the man on the ſlack rope at our fair. But ſeeing Wilſon ſtanding like a ſtuck pig, and we all laughing at her, ſhe reſolved to wreak her malice upon him; ſo with a look of rage and diſdain, ſhe adviſed him to go down country bumpkin, with the dairy maid, who would make a much fitter partner, as well as wife, for him than ſhe could. "I am quite of your mind, Miſs," ſaid he, "with more ſpirit than I thought was in him; "you may make a good partner for a dance, but you would make a ſad one to go through life with. I will take my leave of you, Miſs, with this ſhort ſtory. I had lately a pretty large concern in hay-jobbing, which took me to London. I waited a good while in the Hay-market for my dealer, and

to paſs the time I ſtepped into a ſort of ſinging play-houſe there, where I was grieved to the heart to ſee young women painted and dizened out, and capering away juſt as you have been doing. I thought it bad enough, and wondered the quality could be entertained with ſuch indecent mummery. But little did I think to meet with the ſame paint, finery, and tricks in a farm houſe. I will never marry a woman who deſpiſes me, nor the ſtation in which I ſhould place her, and ſo I take my leave; Poor girl! how ſhe *was* provoked! to be publicly refuſed and turned off, as it were, by a grazier! But it was of uſe to ſome of the other girls who have not held up their heads quite ſo high ſince, nor painted quite ſo red, but have condeſcended to ſpeak to their equals.

"But how I run on! I forget it is Saturday night, and that I ought to be paying my workmen, who are all waiting for me without."

Saturday Night; or, the *Workmen's Wages.*

AS ſoon as Mr. Bragwell had done paying his men, Mr. Worthy ſaid to him, "I have made it a habit, and I hope not an unprofitable one, of trying to turn to ſome moral uſe, not only all the events of daily life, but all the employments of it too. And though it occurs ſo often, I hardly know one that ſets me a thinking more ſeriouſly than the ordinary buſineſs you have been juſt diſcharging. "Aye," ſaid Bragwell, "it ſets me thinking too, and ſeriouſly as you ſay, when I obſerve how much the price of wages is increaſed." "Yes, yes, you are ready enough to think of that" ſaid Worthy, "but you ſay not a word of how much the value of your land is increaſed, and that the more

you pay, the more you can afford to pay. But the thoughts I ſpoke of are quite of another caſt. When I call in my labourers on a Saturday night to pay them, it often brings to my mind the great and general day of account, when I, and you, and all of us, ſhall be called to our grand and awful reckoning, when we ſhall go to receive *our* wages, maſter, and ſervants, farmer and labourer. When I ſee that one of my men has failed of the wages he ſhould have received, becauſe he has been idling at a fair; another has loſt a day by a drinking bout, a third confeſſes that though he had taſk-work and might have earned ſtill more, yet he has been careleſs and has not his full pay to receive; this, I ſay, ſometimes ſets me on thinking whether I alſo have made the moſt of my time. And when I came to pay even the more diligent who have worked all the week; when I reflect that even theſe have done no more than it was their duty to do, I cannot help ſaying to myſelf, night is come, Saturday night is come. No repentance or diligence on the part of theſe poor men can now make a bad week's work good. This week is gone into eternity. To morrow is the ſeaſon of reſt; working time is over. My life alſo will ſoon be ſwallowed up in eternity; ſoon the ſpace allotted me for diligence, for labour, will be over. Soon will the grand queſtion be aſked, 'what haſt thou done? Didſt thou uſe thy working days to the end for which they were given?' With ſome ſuch thoughts I commonly go to-bed, and they help to quicken me to a keener diligence for the next week.

Some Account of a Sunday in Mr. Bragwell's Family.

Mr. WORTHY had been for ſo many years uſed to the ſober ways of his own well-ordered family, that he greatly diſliked to paſs a Sunday in

any houſe of which religion was not the governing principle. Indeed he commonly ordered his affairs, and regulated his journies with an eye to this object. "To paſs a Sunday in an irreligious family," ſaid he, "is always unpleaſant, often unſafe. I ſeldom find I can do them any good, and they may perhaps do me ſome harm. At leaſt I am giving a ſanction to their manner of paſſing it, if I paſs it in the ſame manner. If I reprove them, I ſubject myſelf to the charge of ſingularity, and of being 'righteous over much;' if I do *not* reprove them, I confirm and ſtrengthen them in evil. And whether I reprove them or not, I certainly partake of their guilt if I ſpend it as they do."

He had, however, ſo ſtrong a deſire to be uſeful to Mr. Bragwell, that he at length determined to break through his practice, and paſs the Sunday at his houſe. Mr. Worthy was ſurpriſed to find that though the Church bell was going, the breakfaſt was not ready, and expreſſed his wonder how this ſhould be the caſe in ſo induſtrious a family. Bragwell made ſome aukward excuſes. He ſaid his wife worked her ſervants ſo hard all the week, that even ſhe, as notable as ſhe was, a little relaxed from the ſtrictneſs of her demands on Sunday mornings; and he owned that in a general way, no one was up early enough for Church. He confeſſed that his wife commohly ſpent the morning in making puddings, pies, and cakes, to laſt through the week, as Sunday was the only leiſure time ſhe and her maids had. Mr. Worthy ſoon ſaw an uncommon buſtle in the houſe. All hands were buſy. It was nothing but baking, and boiling, and frying, and roaſting, and running, and ſcolding, and eating. The boy was kept from

Church to clean the plate, the man to gather the fruit, the miſtreſs to make the cheeſe-cakes, the maids to dreſs the dinner, and the young ladies to dreſs themſelves.

The truth was, Mrs. Bragwell, who had heard much of the order and good management of Mr. Worthy's family, but who looked down with diſdain upon them as far leſs rich than herſelf, was reſolved to indulge her vanity on the preſent occaſion. She was determined to be even with Mrs. Worthy, in whoſe praiſes Bragwell had been ſo loud, and felt no ſmall pleaſure in the hope of making her gueſt uneaſy, when he ſhould be ſtruck with the diſplay both of her ſkill and her wealth. Mr. Worthy was indeed ſtruck to behold as large a dinner as he had been uſed to ſee at a Juſtice's meeting. He, whoſe frugal and pious wife had accuſtomed him only to ſuch a Sunday's dinner as could be dreſſed without keeping any one from church, when he ſurveyed the loaded table of his friend, inſtead of feeling that envy which theſe grand preparations were meant to raiſe, felt nothing but diſguſt at the vanity of his friend's wife, mixed with much thankfulneſs for the piety of his own.

After having made the dinner wait a long time, the Miſs Bragwells marched in, dreſſed as if they were going to the Aſſize Ball; they looked very ſcornful at having been ſo hurried; though they had been dreſſing ever ſince they got up, and their fond father, when he ſaw them ſo fine, forgave all their impertinence, and caſt an eye of triumph on Mr. Worthy, who felt he had never loved his own humble daughters ſo well as at that moment.

In the afternoon, the whole party went to church. To do them juſtice, it was indeed their common practice once a day, when the weather was good,

and the road neither dusty nor dirty, when the Minister did not begin too early, when the young Ladies had not been disappointed of their new bornets on the Saturday night, and when they had no smart company in the house who rather wished to stay at home. When this last was the case, which, to say the truth, happened pretty often, it was thought a piece of good manners to conform to the humour of the guests. Mr. Bragwell had this day forborne to ask any of his usual company, well knowing that their vain and worldly conversation would only serve to draw on him some new reprimand from his guest.

Mrs. Bragwell and her daughters picked up as usual a good deal of acquaintance at church. Many compliments passed, and much of the news of the week was retailed before the service began. They waited with impatience for the lessons as a licensed season for whispering, and the subject begun during the lessons was finished while they were singing. The young Ladies made an appointment for the afternoon with a friend in the next pew, while their Mamma took the opportunity of enquiring the character of a Dairy Maid, which she observed with a compliment to her own good management, would save time on a week day.

Mr. Worthy, who found himself quite in a new world, returned home with his friend alone. In the evening he ventured to ask Bragwell, if he did not, on a Sunday night at least, make it a custom to read and pray with his family. Bragwell told him, he was sorry to say he had no family at home, else he should like to do it for the sake of example. But as his servants worked hard all the week, his wife was of opinion that they should then have a little holiday. Mr. Worthy pressed it home

upon him, if the utter neglect of his ſervant's principle was not likely to make a heavy articles in his final account: and aſked him if he did not believe that the too general liberty of meeting together, jaunting and diverting themſelves, on Sunday evennings, was not often found to produce the worſt effects on the morals of ſervants and the good order of families? "I put it to your conſcience," ſaid he, "Mr. Bragwell, whether Sunday, which was meant as a bleſſing and a benefit, is not, as it is commonly kept, turned into the moſt miſchievous part of the week, by the ſelfiſh kindneſs of maſters, who, not daring to ſet their ſervants about any public work, allot them that day to follow their own devices, that they themſelves may with more rigour refuſe them a little indulgence and a reaſonable holiday in the working part of the week, which a good ſervant has now and then a fair right to expect." Thoſe maſters who will give them half or all the Lord's Day, will not ſpare them a ſingle hour of a working day. *Their* work *muſt* be done; God's work may be let alone."

Mr. Bragwell owned that Sunday had produced many miſchiefs in his own family. That the young men and maids, having no eye upon them, frequently went to improper places with other ſervants, turned adrift like themſelves. That in theſe parties the poor girls were too frequently led aſtray, and the men got to public houſes and fives-playing. But it was none of his buſineſs to watch them. His family only did as others do; indeed it was his wife's concern; and as ſhe was ſo good a manager on other days, that ſhe would not ſpare them an hour even to viſit a ſick father or mother, it would be hard, ſhe ſaid, if they might not have Sunday afternoon to themſelves, and ſhe could not blame them for

making the moſt of it. Indeed, ſhe was ſo indulgent in this particular, that ſhe often excuſed the men from going to church that they might ſerve the beaſts, and the maids that they might get the milking done before the holiday part of the evening came on. She would not indeed hear of any competition between doing *her* work and taking their pleaſure; but when the difference lay between their going to church and taking their pleaſure, he muſt ſay that for his wife, ſhe always inclined to the good-natured ſide of the queſtion. She is ſtrict enough in keeping them ſober, becauſe drunkenneſs is a coſtly ſin, and, to do her juſtice, ſhe does not care how little they ſin at her expence.

"Well," ſaid Mr. Worthy, "I always like to examine both ſides fairly, and to ſee the different effects of oppoſite practices; now, which plan produces the greateſt ſhare of comfort to the maſter and of profit to the ſervants in the long run? Your ſervants, 'tis likely, are very much attached to you; and very fond of living where they get their own way in ſo great a point."

"O, as to that," replied Bragwell, "you are quite out. My houſe is a ſcene of diſcord, mutiny, and diſcontent. And though there is not a better manager in England than my wife, yet ſhe is always changing her ſervants, ſo that every Quarter day is a ſort of Gaol Delivery at my houſe; and when they go off, as they often do, at a moment's warning, to own the truth, I often give them money privately, that they may not carry my wife before the Juſtice to get their wages.

"I ſee," ſaid Mr. Worthy, "that all your worldly compliances do not procure you even worldly happineſs. As to my own family, I take care to let them ſee that their pleaſure is bound up with

their duty, and that what they may call my ſtrictneſs, has nothing in view but their ſafety and happineſs. By this means I commonly gain their love as well as ſecure their obedience. I know that with all my care I am liable to be diſappointed, from the corruption that is in the world through ſin. But whenever this happens, ſo far from encouraging me in remiſſneſs, it only ſerves to quicken my zeal. If, by God's bleſſing, my ſervant turns out a good Chriſtian, I have been an humble inſtrument in his hand of ſaving a ſoul committed to my charge."

Mrs. Bragwell came home, but brought only one of her daughters with her, the other, ſhe ſaid, had given them the ſlip, and was gone with a young friend, and would not return for a day or two. Mr. Bragwell was greatly diſpleaſed, as he knew that young friend had but a ſlight character, and kept bad acquaintances. Mrs. Bragwell came in, all hurry and huſtle, ſaying, if her family did not "go to-bed with the Lamb" on Sundays, when they had nothing to do, how could they "riſe with the Lark" on Mondays, when ſo much was to be done.

Mr. Worthy had this night much matter for reflection. "We need not," ſaid he, "go into the great world to look for diſſipation and vanity. We can find both in a farm-houſe. As for me and my houſe," continued he, "we will ſerve the Lord every day, but eſpecially on Sundays. It is the day which the Lord hath made: hath made for himſelf; we will rejoice in it, and conſider the religious uſe of it not only as a duty but as a privilege.

The next morning Mr. Bragwell and his friend ſet out early for the Golden Lion. What paſſed on this little journey, my readers ſhall hear next month.

(To be continued.) Z.

Sunday Reading.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

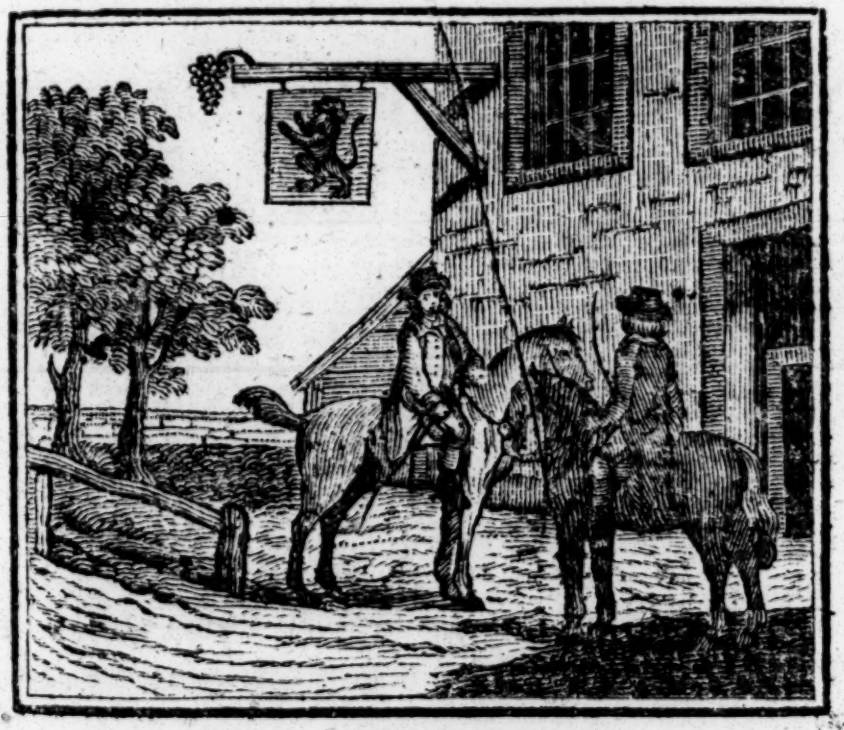
TWO WEALTHY FARMERS;

OR, A

New DIALOGUE, between

Mr. BRAGWELL and Mr. WORTHY.

PART IV.



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THE

Two Wealthy Farmers, &c.

IT was mentioned in the laſt part of this Hiſtory, that the chief reaſon which had drawn Mr. Worthy to viſit his friend juſt at the preſent time, was, that Mr. Bragwell had a ſmall eſtate to ſell by auction. Mr. Worthy, though he did not think he ſhould be a bidder, wiſhed to be preſent, as he had buſineſs to ſettle with one or two perſons who were expected at the Golden Lion on that day, and he had put off this viſit till he had ſeen the ſale adveriſed in the County Paper.

Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy ſet out early on the Monday morning on their way to the Golden Lion, a ſmall Inn in a neighbouring market town. As they had time before them, they had agreed to ride ſlowly, that they might converſe on ſome uſeful

ſubject; but here, as uſual, they had two opinions about the ſame thing. Mr. Bragwell's notion of an uſeful ſubject was, ſomething by which money was to be got, and a good bargain ſtruck. Mr. Worthy was no leſs a man of buſineſs than his friend. His ſchemes were wiſe, and his calculations juſt; his reputation for integrity and good ſenſe made him the common judge and umpire in his neighbours' affairs, while no one paid a more exact attention to every tranſaction of his own. But the buſineſs of getting money was not with him the firſt, much leſs was it the whole concern of the day. Every morning when he roſe, he remembered that he had a Maker to worſhip as well as a family to maintain. Religion, however, never made him neglect buſineſs, though it ſometimes led him to poſtpone it. He uſed to ſay, no man had any reaſon to expect God's bleſſing through the day who did not aſk it in the morning. But he had not the leſs ſenſe, ſpirit, and activity when he was among men abroad, becauſe he had firſt ſerved God at home.

As theſe two Farmers rode along, Mr. Worthy took occaſion, from the fineneſs of the day, and the beauty of the country through which they paſſed, to turn the diſcourſe to the goodneſs of God and our infinite obligations to him. He knew that the tranſition from thankſgiving to prayer would be natural and eaſy, and he therefore ſlid, by degrees, into that important ſubject; and he obſerved that ſecret prayer was a duty of univerſal obligation, which every man had it in his power to fulfil, and which he ſeriouſly believed was the ground work of all religious practice, and of all devout affections,

Mr. Bragwell felt conſcious that he was very negligent and irregular in the performance of this duty, he conſidered it as a mere ceremony, or at leaſt as a duty which might give way to the ſlighteſt temptation of drowſineſs at night, or of buſineſs in the morning. As he knew he did not live in the conſcientious performance of this practice, he tried to ward off the ſubject, knowing what a home way his friend had of putting things. At laſt he ſaid, he certainly thought private prayer a good cuſtom, eſpecially for people who have time, and that thoſe who were ſick, or old, or out of buſineſs, could not do better, but that, for his part, he believed much of theſe ſort of things was not expected from men in active life.

Mr. Worthy. I ſhould think Mr. Bragwell, that thoſe who are moſt expoſed to temptation ſtand moſt in need of prayer; now there are few methinks who are more expoſed to temptation than men in buſineſs, for thoſe muſt be in moſt danger, at leaſt from the world, who have moſt to do with it. And if this be true, ought we not to prepare ourſelves in the cloſet for the trials of the market, the field, and the ſhop?

Bragwell. For my part, I think example is the whole of Religion, and if the maſter of a family is orderly, and regular, and goes to church, he does every thing which can be required of him, and no one has a right to call him to account for any thing more.

Worthy. Give me leave to ſay, Mr. Bragwell

that highly as I rate a good example, ſtill I muſt ſet a good principle above it. I muſt keep good order indeed, for the ſake of others; but I muſt keep a good conſcience for my own ſake. To God I owe ſecret piety, I muſt therefore pray to him in private.—To my family I owe a Chriſtian example, and for that, among other reaſons, I muſt not fail to go to Church.

Bragwell. You are talking, Mr. Worthy, as if I were an enemy to Chriſtianity. Sir, I am no Heathen. Sir, I belong to the Church. I always drink proſperity to the Church. You yourſelf, as ſtrict as you are, in never miſſing it twice a day, are not a warmer friend to the Church than I am.

Worthy. That is to ſay, you know its value as an inſtitution, but you do not ſeem to know that a man may be very irreligious under the beſt religious inſtitutions; and that even the moſt excellent of them are but *means* of being religious, and are no more religion itſelf than brick and mortar are prayers and thankſgivings. I ſhall never think, however, high their profeſſion, and even however regular their attendance, that thoſe men truly reſpect the Church, who bring home little of that religion which is taught in it into their own families, or their own hearts. Excuſe me, Mr. Bragwell.

Bragwell. Mr. Worhy, I am perſuaded that religion is quite a proper thing for the poor; and I don't think that the multitude can ever be kept in order without it, and I am a bit of a politician you know.

Worthy. Your opinion is very juſt, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, ſince it does not go to the root of the evil, for while you value yourſelf on the ſoundneſs of this principle as a politician, I wiſh you to ſee the reaſon of it as a Chriſtian; depend upon it, if Religion be good for the community at large, it is equally good for every family; and what is right for a family is equally right for each individual in it. You have therefore yourſelf brought the moſt unanſwerable argument why you ought to be religious, by aſking how we ſhall keep others in order without Religion. For, believe me, Mr. Bragwell, there is no particular clauſe to except you in the Goſpel. No exceptions in favour of any one claſs of men. The ſame reſtraints which are neceſſary for the people at large are equally neceſſary for men of every order, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, learned and ignorant. May I aſk you, Mr. Bragwell, what is your reaſon for going to Church?

Bragwell. Sir, I am ſhocked at your queſtion. How can I avoid doing a thing ſo cuſtomary and ſo creditable? Not go to Church, indeed! What do you take me for, Mr. Worthy? I am afraid you ſuſpect me to be a Papiſt, or a Heathen, or of ſome religion or other that is not what it ſhould be.

Worthy. If a foreigner were to hear how violently one ſet of Chriſtians in this country often ſpeak againſt another, how earneſt would he ſuppoſe us all to be in religious matters: and how aſtoniſhed to diſcover that many a man has perhaps little other proof to give of the ſincerity of his own religion

except the violence with which he hates the religion of another party. It is not *irreligion* which such men hate, but the religion of the man, or the party, whom they are ſet againſt. Well, you have told me why you go to Church; now pray tell me, why do you confeſs there on your bended knees every Sunday, that "you have erred and ſtrayed from God's ways?" "that there is no health in you?" "that you have done what you ought not to do?" "and that you are a miſerable ſinner?"

Bragwell. Becauſe it is in the Common Prayer Book, to be ſure, a book which I have heard you yourſelf ſay was written by wiſe and good men.

Worthy. But have you no other reaſon?

Bragwell. No, I can't ſay I have.

Worthy. When you repeat that excellent form of confeſſion, do you really feel that you *are* a miſerable ſinner?

Bragwell. No, I can't ſay I do. But that is no objection to my repeating it, becauſe it may ſuit the caſe of many who are ſo. I ſuppoſe the good Doctors who drew it up intended that part for wicked people only, ſuch as drunkards, and thieves, and murderers; for I imagine they could not well contrive to make the ſame prayer quite ſuit an honeſt man and a rogue; and ſo I ſuppoſe they thought it ſafer to make a good man repeat a prayer which ſuited a rogue, than to make a rogue repeat a

prayer which ſuited a good man: and you know it is ſo cuſtomary for every body to repeat the general confeſſion, that it can't hurt the credit of the moſt reſpectable perſons, though every one muſt know they have no particular concern in it.

Worthy. Depend upon it, Mr. Bragwell, thoſe good Doctors you ſpeak of, were not quite of your opinion; they really thought that what you call honeſt men were grievous ſinners in a certain ſenſe, and ſtood in need of making that humble confeſſion. Mr. Bragwell, do you believe in the fall of Adam?

Bragwell. To be ſure I do, and a ſad thing for Adam it was; why, it is in the Bible, is it not? It is one of the prettieſt chapters in Geneſis. Don't you believe it, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. Yes, truly I do. But I don't believe it *merely* becauſe I read it in Geneſis. I know, indeed, that I am bound to believe every part of the word of God. But I have ſtill an additional reaſon for believing in the fall of the firſt man.

Bragwell. Have you, indeed? Now, I can't gueſs what that can be.

Worthy. Why, my own obſervation of what is within myſelf teaches me to believe it. It is not only the third chapter of Geneſis which convinces me of the truth of the fall, but alſo the ſinful inclinations which I find in my own heart. This is

one of thoſe leading truths of Chriſtianity of which I can never doubt a moment, firſt, becauſe it is abundantly expreſſed or implied in Scripture; and next, becauſe the conſciouſneſs of the evil nature I carry about with me confirms the doctrine beyond all doubt. Beſides, is it not ſaid in Scripture that by one man ſin entered into the world, and that "all we, like ſheep, have gone aſtray; that by one man's diſobedience many were made ſinners," and ſo again in twenty more places that I could tell you of.

Bragwell. Well, I never thought of this. But is not this a very melancholy ſort of doctrine, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. It is melancholy, indeed, if we ſtop here. But while we are deploring this ſad truth, let us take comfort from another, that "As in Adam all die, ſo in Chriſt ſhall all be made alive."

Bragwell. Yes, I remember I thought thoſe very fine words, when I heard them ſaid over my poor father's grave. But as it was in the Burial of the dead, I did not think of taking it to myſelf, for I was then young and hearty, and in little danger of dying, and I have been ſo buſy ever ſince, that I have hardly had time to think of it.

Worthy. And yet the ſervice pronounced at the burial of all who die, is a ſolemn admonition to all who live. It is there ſaid, as indeed the Scrip-

ture ſays alſo, " I am the reſurrection and the life, whoſoever *believeth in me* ſhall never die, but I will raiſe him up at the laſt day." Now do you think you *believe in Chriſt*, Mr. Bragwell?

Bragwell. To be ſure I do; why, you are always fancying me an Atheiſt.

Worthy. In order to believe in Chriſt, we muſt believe firſt in our own guilt and our own unworthineſs, and when we do this we ſhall ſee the uſe of a Savior.

Bragwell. Why, all this is a new way of talking. I can't ſay, I ever meddled with ſuch ſubjects before in my life. But now, what do you adviſe a man to do upon your plan of Religion?

Worthy. Why, all this leads me back to the ground from which we ſet out, I mean the duty of prayer; for if we believe that we have an evil nature within us, and that we ſtand in need of God's grace to help us, and a Saviour to redeem us, we ſhall be led of courſe to pray for what we ſo much need.

Bragwell. Well, but don't you think, Mr. Worthy, that you good folks who make ſo much of prayer, have lower notions than we of the wiſdom of the Almighty? you think he wants to be informed of the things you tell him; whereas, I take for granted that he knows them already, and that, being ſo good as he is, he will give me every thing he ſees fit to give me without my aſking it.

Worthy. God, indeed, who knows all things, knows what we want before we aſk him, but ſtill has he not ſaid, that "with prayer and ſupplication we muſt make known our requeſts unto him." Prayer is the way in which God hath ſaid that his favour muſt be ſought. It is the channel through which he hath declared it is his ſovereign will and pleaſure that his bleſſings ſhould be conveyed to us. What aſcends up in prayer deſcends again to us in bleſſings. It is like the rain which juſt now fell, and which had been drawn up from the ground in vapours to the clouds before it deſcended from them to the earth in that refreſhing ſhower. Beſides, prayer has a good effect on our own minds: it tends to excite a right diſpoſition towards God in us. But above all, it is the way to get the good things we want. "Aſk," ſays the Scripture, "and ye ſhall receive."

Bragwell. Now that is the very thing which I was going to deny. For the truth is, men don't always get what they aſk; I believe if I could get a good crop for aſking it I ſhould pray oftener than I do.

Worthy. Sometimes Mr. Worthy, men "aſk and receive not, becauſe they aſk amiſs." They aſk worldly bleſſings perhaps when they ſhould aſk ſpiritual ones. Now the latter, which are the good things I ſpoke of, are always granted to thoſe who pray to God for them, though the former are not. I have obſerved in the caſe of ſome worldly things I have ſought for, that the grant of my prayer would have cauſed the miſery of my life.

Bragwell. And yet you continue to pray on, I ſuppoſe?

Worthy. Certainly; but then I try to mend as to the object of my prayers. I pray for God's bleſſing and favor, which is better than riches.

Bragwell. You ſeem very earneſt on this ſubject.

Worthy. To cut the matter ſhort, I aſk then whether prayer is not poſitively commanded in the Goſpel. When this is the caſe, we can never diſpute about the neceſſity or the duty of a thing, as we may when there is no ſuch command. Here however let me juſt add alſo, that a man's prayers may be turned to no ſmall uſe in the way of diſcovering to him whatever is amiſs in his life.

Bragwell. How ſo, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. Why, ſuppoſe now, you were to try yourſelf by turning into the ſhape of a prayer every practice in which you allow yourſelf. For inſtance, let the prayer in the morning be a ſort of preparation for the deeds of the day, and the prayer at night a ſort of obſervation on thoſe deeds. You, Mr. Bragwell, I ſuſpect are a little inclined to covetouſneſs, excuſe me, Sir. Now ſuppoſe after you have been during a whole day a little too eager to get rich, ſuppoſe, I ſay, you were to try how it would ſound to beg of God at night on your knees, to give you ſtill more money though you have

already ſo much that you know not what to do with it. Suppoſe you were to pray in the morning, O Lord give me more riches, though thoſe I have are a ſnare and temptation to me; and aſk him in the ſame ſolemn manner to bleſs all the graſping means you intend to make uſe of in the day, to add to your ſubſtance?

Bragwell. Mr. Worthy, I have no patience with you for thinking I could be ſo wicked.

Worthy. Hear me out, Mr. Bragwell, you turned your good nephew, Tom Broad, out of doors you know; you owned to me it was an act of injuſtice. Now ſuppoſe on the morning of your doing ſo you had begged of God in a ſolemn act of prayer to proſper the deed of cruelty and oppreſſion, which you intended to commit. I ſee you are ſhocked at the thought of ſuch a prayer. Well, then, would not prayer have kept you from committing that wicked action? In ſhort, what a life muſt that be, no act of which you dare beg God to proſper and bleſs. If once you can bring yourſelf to believe that it is your bounden duty to pray for God's bleſſing on your day's work, your will certainly grow careful about paſſing ſuch a day as you may ſafely aſk his bleſſing upon. The remark may be carried to ſports, diverſions, company. A man, who once takes up the ſerious uſe of prayer, will ſoon find himſelf obliged to abſtain from ſuch diverſions, occupations, and ſocieties, as he cannot reaſonably deſire that God will bleſs to him; and thus he will ſee himſelf compelled to leave off either the prac-

tice or the prayer. Now, Mr. Bragwell, I need not aſk you which of the two he that is a real Chriſtian will give up.

Mr. Bragwell began to feel that he had not the beſt of the argument, and was afraid he was making no great figure in the eyes of his friend. Luckily, however, he was relieved from the difficulty into which the neceſſity of making ſome anſwer muſt have brought him, by finding they were come to the end of their little journey; and he never beheld the Bunch of Grapes, which decorated the Sign of the Golden Lion, with more real ſatisfaction.

I refer my readers for the tranſactions at the Golden Lion, and for the ſad Adventures which afterwards befel Mr. Bragwell's family, to the Fifth Part of the Hiſtory of the Two Wealthy Farmers.

Z.

THE END.

On the 1ſt of June, 1795, was publiſhed,
The Shepherd of Saliſbury Plain, Part II.—The Beggarly Boy.—Wild Robert, a Ballad.
On the 1ſt of July,
Daniel in the Den of Lions,—The Good Mother's Legacy. Patient Joe, a Ballad.
On the 1ſt of Auguſt,
Hints to all Ranks of People.—The Happy Waterman.—The Riot, a Ballad.—The Plowboy's Dream, a Ballad.
On the 1ſt of September,
Tom White, Part II.—Noah's Flood.—Dame Andrews, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of October,

Harveſt Home.—Two Farmers, Part I.—Honeſt Miller, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of November,

The Parable of the Vineyard.—The Two Farmers, Part II. The Sorrows of Yamba, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of December,

The Troubles of Life.—Sorrowful Sam.—Merry Chriſtmas Carol.

On the 1ſt of January, 1796.

New Thoughts on the New Year.—The Hiſtory of Mary Wood, the Houſemaid.—Robert and Richard, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of February,

The Touchſtone; or, the Way to know a good Chriſtian.—The Apprentice turned Maſter; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part II.—The Story of Sinful Sally. Told by herſelf, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of March,

Oneſimus; or, the Run away Servant converted.—Idle Jack Brown; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part III.—Shopkeeper, Part I.

On the 1ſt of April,

Converſion of St. Paul.—Jack Brown in Priſon; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part IV.—Shopkeeper, Part II.

On the 1ſt of May,

The General Reſurrection, Part. I.—The Hiſtory of Charles Jones the Footman, written by Himſelf.—The Hackney Coachman; or, the Way to get a good Fare, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of June,

Carrying Religion into the Common Buſineſs of Life.—The Cheapſide Apprentice.—The Election Song, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of July,

Look at Home.—The Gameſter.—Turn the Carpet, or the Two Weavers.

On the 1ſt of Auguſt.

Grand Aſſizes.—Betty Brown.—Shopkeeper, Part III.

On the 1ſt of September,

Two Wealthy Farmers, Part III.—Explanation of the Nature of Baptiſm.—Hymn of Praiſe for the abundant Harveſt of 1796.

And other Pieces on a ſimilar Plan, on the 1ſt of every Month.

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

THE

TWO WEALTHY FARMERS,

With the ſad ADVENTURES of

Miſs BRAGWELL.

PART V.



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The Two Wealthy Farmers, &c.

MR. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy alighted at the Golden Lion. It was market-day; the inn, the yard, the town was all alive. Mr. Bragwell was quite in his element. He felt himſelf the principal man in the company. He had three great objects in view, the ſale of his land, the letting Mr. Worthy ſee how much he was looked up to by ſo many ſubſtantial people, and the ſhewing theſe people what a wiſe man his moſt intimate friend Mr. Worthy was. It was his way to try to borrow a little credit from every perſon and every thing he was connected with, and by that credit to advance his intereſt and increaſe his wealth.

The Farmers met in a large room, and while they were tranſacting their various concerns, thoſe whoſe purſuits were the ſame naturally herded together. The Tanners were drawn to one corner, by the common intereſt which they took in bark, and hides. A uſeful debate was carrying on at another little table, whether the practice of *ſowing* wheat or of *planting* it were moſt profitable. Another ſet were diſputing whether horſes or oxen were beſt for plows. Thoſe who were concerned in Canals, ſought the company of other Canallers; while ſome, who were intereſted in the new bill for Incloſures, wiſely looked out for ſuch as knew moſt about waſte lands.

Mr. Worthy was pleaſed with all theſe ſubjects, and picked up ſomething uſeful on each. It was a ſaying of his, that moſt men underſtood ſome one thing, and that he who was wiſe would try to learn

from every man ſomething on the ſubject he beſt knew; but Mr. Worthy made a further uſe of the whole. "What a pity is it," ſaid he, "that Chriſtians are not as deſirous to turn their time to as good account as men of buſineſs are! When ſhall we ſee religious perſons as anxious to derive profit from the experience of others as theſe Farmers? When ſhall we ſee them as eager to turn their time to good account? While I approve theſe men for not being *ſlothful in buſineſs*, let me improve the hint by being alſo *fervent in ſpirit*."

When the hurry was a little over, Mr. Bragwell took a turn on the Bowling-green. Mr. Worthy followed him, to aſk why the ſale of the eſtate was not brought forward. "Let the Auctioneer proceed to buſineſs," ſaid he; "the company will be glad to get home by day-light. I ſpeak moſtly with a view to others for you, I do not think of being a purchaſer myſelf."—"I know it," ſaid Bragwell, "or I would not be ſuch a fool as to let the cat out of the bag. But is it really poſſible (proceeded he with a ſmile of contempt) that you ſhould think I will ſell my eſtate before dinner? Mr. Worthy, you are a clever man at books and ſuch things; and perhaps can make out an account on paper in a handſomer manner than I can. But I never found much was to be got by fine writing. As to figures, I can carry enough of them in my head to add, divide, and multiply more money than your learning will ever give you the fingering of. You may beat me at a book, but you are a very child at a bargain. Sell my land before dinner, indeed!"

Mr. Worthy was puzzled to gueſs how a man was to ſhew more wiſdom by ſelling a piece of ground at one hour than at another, and deſired an expla-

nation. Bragwell felt rather more contempt for his underſtanding than he had ever done before. "Look'ee, Mr. Worthy," ſaid he, "I do not know that knowledge is of any uſe to a man unleſs he has ſenſe enough to turn it to account. Men are my books, Mr. Worthy, and it is by reading, ſpelling, and putting them together to good purpoſe, that I have got up in the world. I ſhall give you a proof of this to-day. Theſe Farmers are moſt of them come to the Lion with a view of purchaſing this bit of land of mine, if they ſhould like the bargain. Now, as you know a thing can't be any great bargain to the buyer and the ſeller too, to them and to me, it becomes me, as a man of ſenſe, who has the good of his family at heart, to ſecure the bargain to myſelf. I would not cheat any man, Sir, but I think it fair enough to turn his weakneſs to my own advantage; there is no law againſt that you know; and this is the uſe of one man's having more ſenſe than another. So, whenever I have a bit of land to ſell, I always give a handſome dinner, with plenty of punch and ſtrong beer. We fill up the morning with other buſineſs, and I carefully keep back any talk about the purchaſe till we have dined. At dinner we have of courſe a bit of politics. This puts moſt of us into a paſſion, and you know anger is thirſty. Beſides, Church and King naturally bring on a good many other toaſts. Now, as I am Maſter of the Feaſt, you know it would be ſhabby in me to ſave my liquor, ſo I puſh about the glaſs one way and the tankard the other, till all my company are as merry as kings. Every man is delighted to ſee what a fine hearty fellow he has to deal with, and Mr. Bragwell receives a thouſand compliments. By this time they have gained as much in good hu-

mour as they have loſt in ſober judgment, and this is the proper moment for ſetting the Auctioneer to work, and this I commonly do to ſuch good purpoſe, that I go home with my purſe a ſcore or two of pounds heavier than if they had not been warmed by their dinner. In the morning men are cool and ſuſpicious, and have all their wits about them; but a chearful glaſs cures all diſtruſt. And, what is lucky, I add to my credit as well as my pocket, and get more praiſe for my dinner than blame for my bargain."

Mr. Worthy was ſtruck with the abſurd vanity which could tempt a man to own himſelf guilty of an unfair action for the ſake of ſhewing his wiſdom. He was beginning to expreſs his diſapprobation, when they were told dinner was on table. They went in and were ſoon ſeated. All was mirth and good cheer. Every body agreed that no one gave ſuch hearty dinners as Mr. Bragwell. Nothing was pitiful where he was maſter of the Feaſt. Bragwell, who looked with pleaſure on the excellent dinner before him, and enjoyed the good account to which he ſhould turn it, heard their praiſes with delight, and caſt an eye on Worthy, as much as to ſay, "Who is the wiſe man now?" Having a mind to make his friend talk, he turned to him, ſaying, "Mr. Worthy, I believe no people enjoy life more than men of our claſs. We have money and power, we live on the fat of the land, and have as good a right to gentility as the beſt."

"As to gentility, Mr. Bragwell," replied Worthy, "I am not ſure that this is among the wiſeſt of our pretenſions. But I will ſay that ours is a creditable and reſpectable buſineſs. In ancient times, Farming was the employment of Princes and Patriarchs; and, now-a-days, an honeſt, humane, ſen-

ſible, Engliſh yeoman, I will be bold to ſay, is not only a very uſeful but an honourable character. But then he muſt not merely think of *enjoying life*, as you call it, but he muſt think of living up to the great ends for which he was ſent into the world. A Wealthy Farmer not only has it in his power to live well, but to do much good. He is not only the father of his own family, but of his workmen, his dependents, and the poor at large, eſpecially in theſe hard times. He has it in his power to raiſe into credit all the pariſh offices which have fallen into diſrepute by getting into bad hands; and he can convert, what have been falſely thought mean offices, into very important ones, by his juſt and Chriſtian-like manner of filling them. An upright Juryman, a conſcientious Conſtable, a humane Overſeer, an independent Elector, an active Superintendant of a Work-houſe, a juſt Arbitrator in public diſputes, a kind Counſellor in private troubles, ſuch a one, I ſay, fills up a ſtation in ſociety no leſs neceſſary, and, as far as it reaches, ſcarcely leſs important than that of a Magiſtrate, a Sheriff of a County, or even a Member of Parliament. That can never be a ſlight or a degrading office, on which the happineſs of a whole pariſh may depend."

Bragwell, who thought the good ſenſe of his friend reflected credit on himſelf, encouraged Worthy to go on, but he did it in his own vain way. "Aye, very true, Mr. Worthy," ſaid he; "You are right; a leading man in our claſs ought to be looked up to as an example, as you ſay; in order to which, he ſhould do things handſomely and liberally, and not grudge himſelf or his friends any thing," caſting an eye of complacency on the good dinner he had provided. "True," replied Mr.

Worthy, "he ſhould be an example of ſimplicity ſobriety and plainneſs of manners. But he will do well, added he, not to affect a frothy gentility which will ſit but clumſily upon him. If he has money, let him ſpend prudently, lay up moderately for his children, and give liberally to the poor. But let him rather ſeek to dignify his own ſtation by his virtues than to get above it by his vanity. If he acts thus, then, as long as this country laſts, a Farmer of England will be looked upon as one of its moſt valuable members; nay more, by this conduct he may contribute to make England laſt the longer. The riches of the Farmer, corn and cattle, are the true riches of a nation; but let him remember, that tho' corn and cattle *enrich* a country, nothing but juſtice and integrity can *preſerve* it."

Young Wilſon, the worthy grazier, whom Miſs Bragwell had turned off becauſe he did not underſtand French dances, thanked Mr. Worthy for what he had ſaid, and hoped he ſhould be the better for it as long as he lived, and deſired his leave to be better acquainted. Moſt of the others declared they had never heard a finer ſpeech, and then, as is uſual, proceeded to ſhew the good effect it had had on them by looſe converſation and hard drinking.

Mr. Worthy was much concerned to hear Mr. Bragwell, after dinner, whiſper to the waiter, to put leſs and leſs water into every freſh bowl of punch. It was his way, if the time they had to ſit was long, then the punch was to be weaker, as he ſaw no good in waſting money to make it ſtronger than the time required. But if time paſſed, then the ſtrength was to be increaſed in due proportion,

as a ſmall quantity muſt then intoxicate them as much in a ſhort time as would be required of a greater quantity had the time been longer. This was one of Mr. Bragwell's nice calculations, and this was the ſort of ſkill on which he ſo much valued himſelf.

At length the gueſts were properly primed for buſineſs, juſt in that convenient ſtage of intoxication which makes men warm and raſh, yet ſhort of abſolute drunkenneſs. The Auctioneer ſet to work. All were bidders, and, if poſſible, all would have been purchaſers, ſo happily had the feaſt and the punch operated. They bid on with a ſtill increaſing ſpirit, till they had got ſo much above the value of the land, that Bragwell with a wink and a whiſper ſaid, "Who would ſell his land faſting? Eh! Worthy?" At length the eſtate was knocked down, at a price very far above its worth.

As ſoon as it was ſold, Bragwell again ſaid ſoftly to Worthy, "Five from fifty, and there remain forty-five. The dinner and drink won't coſt me five pounds, and I have got fifty more than the land was worth. Spend a ſhilling to gain a pound, this is what I call practical Arithmetic, Mr. Worthy."

Mr. Worthy was glad to get out of this ſcene; and ſeeing that his friend was quite ſober, he reſolved, as they rode home, to deal plainly with him. Bragwell had found out among his calculations, that ſome ſins could only be committed by a prudent man one at a time. For inſtance, he knew that a man could not well get rich and get drunk at the ſame moment, but he had found out that ſome vices made very good company together; ſo, while he had watched himſelf in drinking, left

he ſhould become as unfit to ſell as his gueſts were to buy, he had indulged without meaſure in the good dinner he had provided. Mr. Worthy, I ſay, ſeeing him able to bear reaſon, rebuked him for this day's proceedings with ſome ſeverity. Bragwell bore his reproofs with that ſort of patience which ariſes from an opinion of one's own wiſdom, and a recent fluſh of proſperity. He behaved with that good-humour which grows out of vanity and good luck. "You are too ſqueemiſh, Mr. Worthy," ſaid he, "I have done nothing diſcreditable. Theſe men came with their eyes open. There is no compulſion uſed. They are free to bid or to let it alone. I make them welcome, and I ſhall not be thought a bit the worſe of to-morrow, when they are ſober. Others do it beſides me, and I ſhall never be aſhamed of any thing as long as I have cuſtom on my ſide.

Worthy. "I am ſorry, Mr. Bragwell, to hear you ſupport ſuch practices by ſuch arguments. There is not perhaps a more dangerous ſnare to the ſouls of men than is to be found in that word CUSTOM. It is a word invented to reconcile corruption with credit and ſin with ſafety. But no cuſtom, no faſhion, no combination of men to ſet up a falſe ſtandard can ever make a wrong action right. That a thing is often done, is ſo far from a proof of its being right, that it is the very reaſon which will ſet a thinking man to inquire if it be not really wrong, leſt he ſhould be following "a multitude to do evil." Right is right, though only one man in a thouſand purſues it, and wrong will be for ever wrong, though it be the allowed practice of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. If this ſhameful cuſtom is really common, which I can

hardly believe, that is a freſh reaſon why a conſcientious man ſhould ſet his face againſt it. And I muſt go ſo far as to ſay (you will excuſe me Mr. Bragwell) that I ſee no great difference in the eye of conſcience, whatever there may be in the eye of law, between your making a man loſe his reaſon, and then getting 50 guineas out of his pocket *becauſe* he has loſt it, and your picking the fifty guineas out of his pocket, if you had met him dead drunk in his way home to-night. Nay, he who meets a man already drunk and robs him, commits but one ſin, while he who makes him drunk firſt that he may rob him afterwards, commits two."

Bragwell gravely replied, "Mr. Worthy, while I have the practice of people of credit to ſupport me, and the law of the land to protect me, I ſee no reaſon to be aſhamed of any thing I do."—"Mr. Bragwell (anſwered Worthy) a truly honeſt man is not always looking ſharp about him, to ſee how far cuſtom and the law will bear him out; if he be honeſt on principle he will conſult the law of his conſcience, and if he be a Chriſtian he will conſult the written law of God.

Notwithſtanding this rebuff, Mr. Bragwell got home in high ſpirits, for no arguments could hinder him from feeling that he had the 50 guineas in his purſe. As ſoon as he came in, he threw the money he had received on the table, and deſired his wife to lock it up. Inſtead of receiving it with her uſual ſatisfaction, ſhe burſt into a violont fit of paſſion, and threw it back to him. "You may keep your caſh yourſelf, ſaid ſhe. It is all over: we want no more money. You are a ruined man! A wicked creature, ſcraping and working as we have done for her!" Bragwell trembled, but durſt not

aſk what he dreaded to hear. His wife ſpared him the trouble, by crying out, as ſoon as her rage permitted, "Polly is gone off!" Poor Bragwell's heart ſunk within him; he grew ſick and giddy, and as his wife's rage ſwallowed up her grief, ſo in his grief he almoſt forgot his anger. The purſe fell from his hand, and he caſt a look of anguiſh upon it, finding, for the firſt time, that it could not relieve his miſery.

Mr. Worthy, who though much concerned, was leſs diſcompoſed now, called to mind that the young lady had not returned with her mother and ſiſter the night before: he begged Mrs. Bragwell to explain the ſad ſtory. She, inſtead of ſoothing her huſband, fell to reproaching him. "It is all your fault, ſaid ſhe, you were a fool for your pains. If I had had my way, the girls never would have kept company with any but men of ſubſtance." "Mrs. Bragwell," ſaid Worthy, "If ſhe has choſen a bad man, it would be ſtill a misfortune, even though he had been rich." "O that would alter the caſe," ſaid ſhe; "a *fat ſorrow is better than a lean one.* But to marry a beggar!" Here Miſs Betſey, who ſtood ſullenly by, put in a word, and ſaid, "her ſiſter, however, had not diſgraced herſelf by having married a Farmer or a Tradeſman, ſhe had at leaſt made choice of a Gentleman." "What marriage! what Gentleman," cried the afflicted father. "Tell me the worſt!" He was now informed that his darling daughter was gone off with a ſtrolling player, who had been acting in the neighbouring villages lately. Miſs Betſy again put in, ſaying, "he was no ſtroller, but a gentleman in diſguiſe, who only acted for his own diverſion." "Does he ſo," ſaid the now furious Bragwell, "then he ſhall be tranſported for

mine. At this moment a letter was brought him from his new ſon-in-law, who deſired his leave to wait upon him, and implore his forgiveneſs. He owned he had been ſhopman to a haberdaſher, but thinking his perſon and talents ought not to be thrown away upon trade, and being alſo a litile behind hand, he had takan to the ſtage with a view of making his fortune. That he had married Miſs Bragwell entirely for love, and was ſorry to mention ſo paltry a thing as money, which he deſpiſed, but that his wants were preſſing, his landlord, to whom he was in debt, having been ſo vulgar as to threaten to ſend him to priſon. He ended with ſaying, "I have been obliged to ſhock your daughter's delicacy, by confeſſing my unlucky real name; I believe I owe part of my ſucceſs to my having aſſumed that of Auguſtus Frederick Theodoſius. She is inconſolable at this confeſſion. which, as you are now my father. I muſt alſo make to you, and ſubſcribe myſelf, with many bluſhes, your dutiful ſon, TIMOTHY INCLE."

"O," cried the afflicted father, as he tore the letter in a rage. "Miſs Bragwell married to a ſtrolling actor! How ſhall I bear it?" "Why, I would not bear it at all," cried the enraged mother. "I would never ſee her, I would never forgive her. I would let her ſtarve at one corner of the barn, while that raſcal, with all thoſe Pagan, Popiſh names, was ranting away at the other." "Nay," ſaid Miſs Betſey, "If he is only a ſhopman, and if his name be really Timothy Incle, I would never forgive her neither. But who would have thought it by his looks, and by his monſtrous genteel behaviour."

"Come, come," ſaid Mr. Worthy, "were he really

an honeſt haberdaſher, I ſhould think there was no other harm done, except the diſobedience of the thing. Mr. Bragwell, this is no time to blame you, or hardly to reaſon with you. I feel for you ſincerely. I ought not, perhaps, juſt at preſent, to reproach you for the miſtaken manner in which you have bred up your daughters. Your error has brought its puniſhment along with it. You now ſee, becauſe you now feel, the evil of a falſe education. It has ruined your daughter, your whole plan has led to ſome ſuch end. The large ſums you ſpent to qualify them as you thought for a high ſtation, could do them nothing but harm, while your habits of life properly confined them to company of a lower ſtation. While they were better dreſt than the daughters of the firſt gentry, they were worſe taught as to real knowledge, than the daughters of your plowmen. Their vanity has been raiſed by exceſſive finery, and kept alive by exceſſive flattery. Every evil temper has been foſtered by indulgence. Their pride has never been controled. Their ſelf-will has never been turned. Their idleneſs has laid them open to every temptation, and their abundance has enabled them to gratify every deſire. Their time, that precious talent, has been entirely waſted. Every thing they have been taught to do is of no uſe, while they are utterly unacquainted with all which they ought to have known. I deplore Miſs Polly's falſe ſtep. That ſhe ſhould have married a run-away ſhopman, turned ſtroller, I truly lament. But for what huſband was ſhe qualified? For the wife of a Farmer ſhe was too idle. For the wife of a Tradeſman ſhe was too expenſive. For the wife of a Gentleman ſhe was too ignorant. You yourſelf was moſt to

blame. You expected her to act wisely, though you never taught her that *fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom.* I owe it to you, as a friend, and to myself as a Christian to declare, that your practices in the common transactions of life, as well as your present misfortune, are almost the natural consequences of those false principles which I protested against when you were at my* house.

Mrs. Bragwell attempted several times to interrupt Mr. Worthy, but her husband would not permit it. He felt the force of all his friend said, and encouraged him to proceed. Mr. Worthy thus went on. "It grieves me to say how much your own indiscretion has contributed even to bring on your present misfortune. You gave your countenance to this very company of strollers, though you knew they are acting in defiance to the laws of the land, to say no worse. They go from town to town, and barn to barn, stripping the poor of their money, the young of their innocence, and all of their time. Do you remember with how much pride you told me that you had bespoke *The Bold Stroke for a Wife*, for the benefit of this very Mr. Frederic Theodosius? To this pernicious ribaldry you not only carried your own family, but wasted I know not how much money in treating your workmen's wives and children, in these hard times too, when they have scarcely bread to eat, or a shoe on their feet. And all this only that you might have the absurd pleasure of seeing those flattering words, *By Desire of Mr. Bragwell*, stuck up in Print at the Public

* See Second Part of Two Farmers.

houſe, on the Blackſmith's ſhed, at the Turnpike-gate, and on the Barn-door."

Mr. Bragwell acknowledged, that his friend's rebuke was but too juſt, and he looked ſo very contrite as to raiſe the pity of Mr. Worthy, who, in a mild voice, thus went on. "What I have ſaid is not ſo much to reproach you with the ruin of one daughter, as from a deſire to ſave the other. Let Miſs Betſey go home with me. I do not undertake to be her gaoler, but I will be her friend. She will find in my daughters kind companions, and in my wife a prudent guide. I know ſhe will diſlike us at firſt, but I do not deſpair in time of convincing her that a ſober, humble, uſeful, pious life is as neceſſary to make us happy on earth, as it is to fit us for heaven."

Poor Miſs Betſey, though ſhe declared it would be *frightful dull*, and *monſtrous vulgar*, and *diſmal melancholy*, yet was ſhe ſo terrified at the diſcontent and grumbling which ſhe would have to endure at home, that ſhe ſullenly conſented. She had none of that filial tenderneſs which led her to wiſh to ſtay and ſooth and comfort her afflicted father. All ſhe thought about was to get out of the way of her mother's ill-humour, and to carry ſo much finery as to fill the Miſs Worthies with envy and reſpect. Poor girl! She did not know that envy was a feeling they never indulged; and that fine cloaths was the laſt thing to draw their reſpect. Mr. Worthy took her home next day. When they reached his houſe, they found there young Wilſon, Miſs Betſey's old admirer. She was much pleaſed at this, and reſolved to treat him well. But her good or ill treatment now ſignified but little. This young Grazier reverenced Mr. Worthy's character, and ſince he had

met him at the Lion, had been thinking what a happineſs it would be to marry a young woman bred up by ſuch a father. He had heard much of the modeſty and diſcretion of both the daughters, but his inclination now determined him in favour of the elder.

Mr. Worthy, who knew him to be a young man of good ſenſe and ſound principles, allowed him to become a viſitor at his houſe, but deferred his conſent to the marriage till he knew him more thoroughly. Mr. Wilſon, from what he ſaw of the domeſtic piety of this family, improved daily both in the knowledge and practice of religion, and Mr. Worthy ſoon formed him into a moſt valuable character. During this time Miſs Bragwell's hopes had revived, but though ſhe appeared in a new dreſs almoſt every day, ſhe had the mortification of being beheld with great indifference by one whom ſhe had always ſecretly liked. Mr. Wilſon married before her face a girl who was greatly her inferior in fortune, perſon, and appearance, but who was humble, frugal, meek and pious. Miſs Bragwell now ſtrongly felt the truth of what Mr. Wilſon had once told her, "that a woman may make an excellent partner for a dance, who would make a very bad one for life.

Hitherto Mr. Bragwell and his daughters had only learnt to regret their folly and vanity, as it had produced them mortification in this life; whether they were ever brought to a more ſerious ſenſe of their errors, may be ſeen in a future part of this hiſtory.

THE END.

BLACK GILES the Poacher;

With ſome Account of a

Family who had rather live by their Wits than their Work.

PART I.



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BLACK GILES, &c.

POACHING GILES lived on the borders of one of thoſe great Moors in Somerſetſhire. Giles, to be ſure, has been a ſad fellow in his time; and it is none of his fault if his whole family do not end either at the gallows or at Botany Bay. He lives at that Mud Cottage with the broken windows, ſtuffed with dirty rags, juſt beyond the gate which divides the upper from the lower Moor. You may know the houſe at a good diſtance by the ragged tiles on the roof, and the looſe ſtones which are ready to drop out from the chimney; though a ſhort ladder, a hod of mortar, and half an hour's leiſure time would have prevented all this, and made the little dwelling tight enough. But as Giles had never learnt any thing that was good, ſo he did not know the value of ſuch uſeful ſayings as, that "*a tile in time ſaves nine.*"

Beſides this, Giles fell into that common miſtake, that a beggarly looking cottage, and filthy ragged children raiſed moſt compaſſion, and of courſe drew moſt charity. But as cunning as he was in other things, he was out in his reckoning here

for it is neatneſs, houſewifery, and a decent appearance which draws the kindneſs of the rich and charitable, while they turn away diſguſted from filth and lazineſs; not out of pride, but becauſe they ſee that it is next to impoſſible to mend the condition of thoſe who degrade themſelves by dirt and ſloth.

The common on which Giles's hovel ſtands is quite a deep marſh in a wet winter, but in ſummer it looks green and pretty enough. To be ſure it would be rather convenient when one paſſes that way in a carriage, if one of the children would run out and open the gate, as it would ſave the poſt boy from getting off, which is not very ſafe for the people within the chaiſe; but inſtead of any *one* of theſe children running out as ſoon as they hear the wheels, which would be quite time enough, what does Giles do, but ſet all his ragged brats, with dirty faces, matted locks, and naked feet and legs, to lie all day upon a ſand bank hard by the gate, waiting for the ſlender chance of what may be picked up from travellers. At the ſound of a carriage, a whole covey of theſe little ſcarecrows ſtart up, ruſh to the gate, and all at once thruſt out their hats and aprons; and for fear this, together with the noiſe of their clamorous begging, ſhould not ſufficiently frighten the horſes, they are very apt to let the gate ſlap full againſt you, before you are half way through, in their eager ſcuffle to ſnatch from each other the halfpence which you may have thrown out to them. I know two ladies who were one day very near being killed by theſe abominable tricks.

Thus five or ſix little idle creatures, who might be earning a trifle by knitting at home; who might

be uſeful to the public by working in the field, and who might aſſiſt their families by learning to get their bread twenty honeſt ways, are ſuffered to lie about all day, in the hope of a few chance halfpence, which, after all, they are by no means ſure of getting. Indeed, when the neighbouring gentlefolks found out that opening the gate was the family trade, they ſoon left off giving any thing. And I myſelf, though I uſed to take out a penny ready to give, had there been only *one* to receive it, when I ſee a whole family eſtabliſhed in ſo beggarly a trade, quietly put it back again into my pocket, and give nothing at all. And ſo few travellers paſs that way, that ſome times, after the whole family have loſt a day, their gains do not amount to two-pence.

As Giles had a far greater taſte for living by his wits, than his work, he was at one time in hopes, that his children might have a got a pretty penny by tumbling for the diverſion of travellers, and he ſet about training them in that indecent practice; but unluckily, the Moors being level, the carriages travelled faſter than the children tumbled. He envied thoſe parents who lived on the London road, over the Wiltſhire Downs, which being very hilly, enables the tumbler to keep pace with the traveller, till he ſometimes extorts from the light and the unthinking a reward inſtead of a reproof. I beg leave, however, to put all gentlemen and ladies in mind that ſuch tricks are a kind of apprenticeſhip to the trades of begging and thieving.

Giles, to be ſure, as his children grew older, began to train them to ſuch other employments as the idle habits they had learned at the gate very properly qualified them for. The right of Common, which ſome of the poor Cottagers have in that part

of the country, and which is doubtleſs a conſiderable advantage to many, was converted by Giles into the means of corrupting his whole family, for his children, as ſoon as they grew too big for the trade of begging at the gate, were promoted to the dignity of thieving on the Moor. Here he kept two or three aſſes, miſerable beings, which, if they had the good fortune to eſcape an untimely death by ſtarving, did not fail to meet with it by beating. Some of the biggeſt boys were ſent out with theſe lean and galled animals to carry ſand or coals about the neighbouring towns. Both ſand and coals were often ſtolen before they got them to ſell, or if not, they always took care to cheat in ſelling them. By long practice in this art, they grew ſo dextrous, that they could give a pretty good gueſs how large a coal they could crib out of every bag before the buyer would be likely to miſs it.

All their odd time was taken up under the pretence of watching theſe aſſes on the Moor, or running after five or ſix half-ſtarved geeſe: but the truth is, theſe boys were only watching for an opportunity to ſteal an odd gooſe of their neighbour's. They uſed alſo to pluck the quills or the down from theſe poor live creatures, or half milk a cow before the farmer's maid came with her pail. They all knew how to calculate to a minute what time to be down in a morning to let out their lank, hungry beaſts, which they had turned over night into the farmer's field to ſteal a little good paſture. They contrived to get there juſt time enough to eſcape being caught in replacing the ſtakes they had pulled out for the cattle to get over. For Giles was a prudent, long-headed fellow, and wherever he ſtole food for his colts, took care never to ſteal ſtakes

from the hedges at the ſame time. He had ſenſe enough to know that the gain did not make up for the danger; he knew that a looſe faggot, pulled from a neighbour's pile of wood after the family were gone to bed, anſwered the end better, and was not half the trouble.



Among the many trades which Giles profeſſed, he ſometimes practiſed that of a rat catcher; but he was addicted to ſo many tricks that he never followed the ſame trade long. Whenever he was ſent for to a farm-houſe, his cuſtom was to kill a few of the old rats, always taking care to leave a little ſtock of young ones alive ſufficient to keep up the breed; for, ſaid he, "If I were to be ſuch a fool as to clear a houſe or a barn at once, how would my trade be carried on?" And where any barn was overſtocked, he uſed to borrow a few from thence juſt to people a neighbouring granary which had none; and he might have gone on till now, had he not unluckily been caught one evening emptying his cage of young rats under Parſon Wilſon's barn-door.

This worthy Miniſter, Mr. Wilſon, uſed to pity the neglected children of Giles as much as he blamed the wicked parents. He one day picked up Dick,

who was far the beſt of Giles's bad boys. Dick was loitering about in a field behind the Parſon's garden in ſearch of a hen's neſt, his mother having ordered him to bring home a few eggs that night by hook or by crook, as Giles was reſolved to have ſome pancakes for ſupper, though he knew that eggs were a penny a-piece. Mr. Wilſon had long been deſirous of ſnatching ſome of this vagrant family from ruin, and his chief hopes were bent on Dick, as the leaſt hackneyed in knavery. He had once given him a new pair of ſhoes, on his promiſing to go to ſchool next Sunday; but no ſooner had Rachel, the boy's mother, got the ſhoes into her clutches, than ſhe pawned them for a bottle of gin, and ordered the boy to keep out of the Parſon's ſight, and to be ſure to play his marbles on Sundays for the future at the other end of the pariſh, and not near the Churchyard. Mr. Wilſon, however, picked up the boy once more, for it was not his way to deſpair of any body. Dick was juſt going to take to his heels as uſual for fear the old ſtory of the ſhoes ſhould be brought forward; but finding he could not get off; what does he do but run into a little puddle of muddy water which lay between him and the Parſon, that the ſight of his naked feet might not bring on the dreaded ſubject: Now it happened that Mr. Wilſon was planting a little field of beans, ſo he thought this a good opportunity to employ Dick; he told him he had got ſome pretty eaſy work for him. Dick did as he was bid; he willingly went to work, and readily began to plant his beans with diſpatch and regularity, according to the directions given him.

While the boy was buſily at work by himſelf, Giles happened to come by, having been ſkulking

round the back way to look over the Parſon's garden wall, to ſee if there was any thing worth climbing over for, on the enſuing night. He ſpied Dick, and began to rate him for working for the ſtingy old Parſon, for Giles had a natural antipathy to whatever belonged to the Church. "What has he promiſed thee a day?" ſaid he, "little enough I dare ſay." "He is not to pay me by the day," ſaid Dick, "but ſays he will give me ſo much when I have planted this peck, and ſo much for the next." "Oh, oh! that alters the caſe," ſaid Giles. "One may, indeed, get a trifle by this ſort of work. Come, give me a handful of the beans. I will teach thee how to plant when thou art paid for planting by the peck. All we have to do in that caſe is to diſpatch the work as faſt as we can, and get rid of the beans with all ſpeed; and as to the ſeed coming up or not, that is no buſineſs of ours; we are paid for planting, not for growing. At the rate thou goeſt on thou would'ſt not get ſix-pence to-night. Come along, bury away." So ſaying, he took his hatful of the ſeed, and where Dick had been ordered to ſet one bean, Giles buried a dozen. So the beans were ſoon out. But though the peck was emptied, the ground was unplanted. But cunning Giles knew this could not be found out till the time when the beans might be expected to come up, "and then Dick," ſaid he, "the ſnails and the mice may go ſhares in the blame; or we can lay the fault on the rooks or the blackbirds." So ſaying, he ſent the boy into the Parſonage to receive his pay, taking care to ſecure about a quarter of the peck of beans for his own colt; he put both bag and beans into his own pocket to carry home, bidding Dick tell Mr.

Wilſon that he had planted the beans and loſt the bag.

In the mean time Giles's other boys were buſy in emptying the ponds and trout-ſtreams in the neighbouring manor. They would ſteal away the carp and tench when they were no bigger than gudgeons; by this untimely depredation they plundered the owner of his property, without enriching themſelves. But the pleaſure of miſchief was reward enough. Theſe, and a hundred other little thieveries, they committed with ſuch dexterity, that old Tim Crib, whoſe ſon was tranſported laſt aſſizes for ſheep ſtealing, uſed to be often reproaching his boys, that Giles's ſons were worth a hundred of ſuch blockheads as he had; for ſcarce a night paſt but Giles had ſome little comfortable thing for ſupper which his boys had pilfered in the day, while *his* undutiful dogs never ſtole anything worth having. Giles, in the mean time, was buſy in his way, but as buſy as he was in laying nets, ſtarting coveys, and training dogs, he always took care that his depredations ſhould not be confined merely to game.

Giles's boys had never ſeen the inſide of a church ſince they were chriſtened, and the father thought he knew his own intereſt better than to force them to it; for church-time was the ſeaſon of their harveſt. Then the hens' neſts were ſearched, a ſtray duck was clapped under the ſmock frock, the tools which might have been left by chance in the farm-yard were picked up, and all the neighbouring pigeon-houſes were thinned, ſo that Giles uſed to boaſt to his wife, that Sunday was to them the moſt profitable day in the week. With her it was certainly the moſt laborious day, as ſhe always did her waſhing and ironing on the Sunday morning.

being, as she said the only leisure day she had, for on the other days she went about the country telling fortunes, and selling dreams-books, and wicked songs. Neither her husband's nor her children's cloaths were ever mended, and if Sunday, her idle day, had not come about once in every week, it is likely they would never have been washed neither. You might, however, see her as you were going to church smoothing her own rags on her best red cloak, which she always used for her ironing cloth on Sundays, for her cloak when she travelled, and for her blanket at night; such a wretched manager was Rachel! among her other articles of trade one was to make and sell peppermint, and other distilled waters. These she had the cheap art of making without trouble, and without expence, for she made them without herbs and without a still. Her way was, to fill so many quart bottles with plain water, putting a spoonful of mint water in the mouth of each; these she corked down with rosin, carrying to each customer a phial of real distilled water to taste, by way of sample. This was so good that her bottles were commonly bought up without being opened; but if any suspicion arose, and she was forced to uncork a bottle, by the few drops of distilled water lying at top, she even then escaped detection, and took care to get out of reach before the bottle was opened a second time. She was too prudent ever to go twice to the same house.

There is hardly any petty mischief that is not connected with the life of a poacher. Mr. Wilson was aware of this, he was not only a pious clergyman, but an upright justice. He used to say that people who were truly conscientious, must be so

in ſmall things as well as in great ones, or they would deſtroy the effect of their own precepts, and their example would not be of general uſe. For this reaſon he never would accept of a hare or a partridge from any unqualified perſon in his pariſh. He did not content himſelf with ſhuffling the thing off by aſking no queſtions, and pretending to take it for granted in a general way that the game was fairly come at; but he uſed to ſay that by receiving the booty he connived at a crime; made himſelf a ſharer in it, and if he gave a preſent to the man who brought it, he even tempted him to repeat the fault.

One day poor Jack Weſton, an honeſt fellow in the neighbourhood, whom Mr. Wilſon had kindly viſited and relieved in a long ſickneſs, from which he has but juſt recovered, was brought before him as he was ſitting on the Juſtice's bench; Jack was accuſed of having knocked down a hare, and of all the birds in the air, who ſhould the informer be but black Giles the poacher? Mr. Wilſon was grieved at the charge, he had a great regard for Jack, but he had a ſtill greater regard for the law. The poor fellow pleaded guilty. He did not deny the fact, but ſaid he did not conſider it a crime, he did not think game was private property, and he owned he had a ſtrong temptation for doing what he had done, which he hoped would plead in his excuſe. The Juſtice deſired to know what this temptation was. "Sir," ſaid the poor fellow, "you know I was given over this ſpring in a bad fever. I had no friend in theworld but you Sir, Under God you ſaved my life by your charitable relief; and I truſt alſo you may have helped to ſave my ſoul by your prayers and your good ad-

vice. I know I can never make you amends for all your goodneſs, but I thought it would be ſome comfort to my full heart if I could but once give you ſome little token of my gratitude. So I had trained a pair of nice turtle doves for Madam Wilſon, but they were ſtolen from me Sir, and I do ſuſpect black Giles ſtole them. Yeſterday morning, Sir, and was crawling out to my work, for I am ſtill but very weak, a fine hare ran acroſs my path. I did not ſtay to conſider whether it was wrong to kill a hare, but I felt it was right to ſhew my gratitude; ſo Sir, without a moment's thought I did knock down the hare which I was going to carry to your Worſhip, becauſe I knew Madam was fond of hare. I am truly ſorry for my fault, and will ſubmit to whatever puniſhment your Worſhip may pleaſe to inflict."

Mr. Wilſon was much moved with this honeſt confeſſion, and touched with the poor fellow's gratitude. What added to the effect of the ſtory, was the weak condition and pale ſickly looks of the offender. But this worthy Juſtice never ſuffered his feelings to bias his integrity; he knew that he did not ſit on that bench to indulge pity, but to adminiſter juſtice. And while he was ſorry for the offender he would not juſtify the offence. "John," ſaid he, "I am ſurpriſed that you could for a moment forget that I never accept any gift which cauſes the giver to break a law. On Sunday I teach you from the pulpit the laws of God, whoſe miniſter I am. At preſent I fill the chair of the magiſtrate, to enforce and execute the laws of the land. Between thoſe and the others there is more connexion than you are aware. I thank you, John, for your affection to me; and I admire your grati-

tude; but I muſt not allow either affection or gratitude to be brought as a plea for a wrong action. It is not your buſineſs nor mine, John, to ſettle whether the game laws are good or bad. Till they are repealed we muſt obey them. Many, I doubt not, break theſe laws through ignorance, and many I am certain, who would not dare to ſteal a gooſe or a turkey, make no ſcruple to knock down a hare or a partridge. You will hereafter think yourſelf happy that this your firſt attempt has proved unſucceſsful, as I truſt you are too honeſt a fellow ever to intend to turn poacher. With poaching much moral evil is connected; a habit of nightly depradation; a cuſtom of prowling in the dark for prey, produces in time a diſreliſh for honeſt labour. He whoſe firſt offence was committed without much thought or evil intention, if he happen to ſucceed a few times in carrying off his booty undiſcovered, grows bolder and bolder; and when he fancies there is no ſhame attending it, he very ſoon gets to perſuade himſelf that there is alſo no ſin. While ſome people pretend a ſcruple about ſtealing a ſheep, they partly live by plundering of warrens. But remember that the warrener pays a high rent, and that therefore his rabbits are as much his property as his ſheep. Do not then deceive yourſelves with theſe falſe diſtinctions. All property is ſacred, and as the laws of the land are intended to fence in that property, he who brings up his children to break down any of theſe fences, brings them up to certain ſin and ruin. He who begins with robbing orchards, rabbit warrens, and fiſh-ponds, will probably end with horſe-ſtealing or highway robbery. Poaching is a regular apprenticeſhip to bolder crimes. He whom I may commit as a boy

to ſit in the ſtocks for killing a partride, may be likely to end at the gallows for killing a man.

Obſerve, you who now hear me, the ſtrictneſs and impartiality of juſtice. I know Giles to be a worthleſs fellow, yet it is my duty to take his information; I know Jack Weſton to be an honeſt youth, yet I muſt be obliged to make him pay the penalty. Giles is a bad man, but he can prove this fact; Jack is a worthy lad, but he has committed this fault, I am ſorry for you, Jack; but do not let it grieve you that Giles has played worſe tricks a hundred times, and yet got off, while you were detected in the very firſt offence, for that would be grieving becauſe you are not ſo great a rogue as Giles. At this moment you think your good luck is very unequal: but all this will one day turn out in your favour. Giles is not the more a favourite of heaven becauſe he has hitherto eſcaped Botany Bay or the Hulks; nor is it any mark of God's diſpleaſure againſt you, John, that you were found out in your very firſt attempt."

Here the good Juſtice left off ſpeaking, and no one could contradict the truth of what he had ſaid. Weſton humbly ſubmitted to his ſentence, but he was very poor, and knew not where to raiſe the money to pay his fine. His character had always been ſo fair, that ſeveral farmers preſent kindly agreed to advance a trifle each to prevent his being ſent to priſon, and he thankfully promiſed to work out the debt. The Juſtice himſelf, though he could not ſoften the law, yet ſhewed Weſton ſo much kindneſs, that he was enabled, before the year was out, to get out of this difficulty. He began to think more ſeriouſly than he had ever yet

done, and grew to abhor poaching, not merely from fear but from principle.

We ſhall ſoon ſee whether poaching Giles always got off ſo ſucceſsfully. Here we have ſeen that proſperity is no ſure ſign of goodneſs. Next month we may, perhaps, ſee that the "triumphing of the wicked is ſhort; for I then promiſe to give the Second Part of the Poacher, together with the entertaining Story of the Widow's Brown Apple Tree. Z.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

BLACK GILES the Poacher.

WITH THE

History of Widow Brown's Apple-Tree.

PART II.



Sold by J. MARSHALL,
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BLACK GILES, &c.

I THINK my readers got ſo well acquainted laſt month with Black Giles, the Poacher, that they will not expect, this month, to hear any great good, either of Giles himſelf, his wife Rachel, or any of their family. I am ſorry to expoſe their tricks, but it is their fault, not mine. If I pretend to ſpeak about people at all, I muſt tell the truth. I am ſure, if folks would but turn about and mend, it would be a thouſand times pleaſanter to me to write their hiſtories; for it is no comfort to tell of any body's faults. If the world would but grow good, I ſhould be glad enough to tell of it; but till it really becomes ſo, I muſt go on deſcribing it as it is; otherwiſe, I ſhould only miſlead my readers, inſtead of inſtructing them.

As to Giles and his boys, I am ſure old Widow Brown has good reaſon to remember their dexterity. Poor Woman! ſhe had a fine little bed of onions, in her neat and well-kept garden; ſhe was very fond of her onions, and many a rheumatiſm has ſhe caught by kneeling down to weed them in a damp day, notwithſtanding the little flannel cloak and the bit of an old mat which Madam Wilſon gave her, becauſe the old woman would needs weed in wet weather. Her onions ſhe always carefully treaſured up for her Winter's ſtore; for an onion makes a little broth very reliſhing, and is indeed the only ſavoury thing poor people are uſed to get. She had alſo a ſmall orchard, containing about a dozen apple trees, with which in a good year ſhe has been known to make a couple of barrels of cider, which ſhe ſold to her landlord towards paying her rent, beſides having a little

keg which ſhe was able to keep back for her own drinking. Well! would you believe it, Giles and his boys marked both onions and apples for their own; indeed, a man who ſtole ſo many rabbits from the warren, was likely enough to ſteal onions for ſauce. One day, when the widow was abroad on a little buſineſs, Giles and his boys made a clear riddance of the onion bed; and when they had pulled up every ſingle onion, they then turned a couple of pigs into the garden, who, allured by the ſmell, tore up the bed in ſuch a manner, that the widow, when ſhe came home, had not the leaſt doubt but the pigs had been the thieves. To confirm this opinion, they took care to leave the little hatch half open at one end of the garden, and to break down a bit of a fence at the other end.

I wonder how any body can find in his heart not to pity and reſpect poor old widows! There is ſomething ſo forlorn and helpleſs in their condition, that methinks it is a call on every body, men, women, and children, to do them all the kind ſervices that fall in their way. Surely their having no one to take their part, is an additional reaſon for kind-hearted people not to hurt and oppreſs them. But it was this very reaſon which led Giles to do this woman an hurt.

It happened unluckily for this poor widow that her cottage ſtood quite alone. On ſeveral mornings together (for roguery gets up much earlier than induſtry) Giles and his boys ſtole regularly into her orchard, followed by their Jack-aſſes. She was ſo deaf that ſhe could not hear the aſſes if they had brayed ever ſo loud, and to this Giles truſted; for he was very cautious in his rogueries; ſince he could not otherwiſe have contrived to keep out of priſon; for though he was almoſt always ſuſpected,

he had ſeldom been taken up, and never convicted. The boys uſed to fill their bags, load their aſſes, and then march off; and if in their way to the town where the apples were to be ſold, they chanced to paſs by one of their neighbours who might be likely to ſuſpect them, they then all at once began to ſcream out, "buy my coal!—buy my ſand!"

Beſides the trees in her orchard, poor Widow Brown had in her ſmall garden one Apple-tree particularly fine; it was a Redſtreak, ſo tempting and ſo lovely, that Giles's family had watched it with longing eyes, till at laſt they reſolved on a plan for carrying off all this fine fruit in their bags. But it was a nice point to manage. The Tree ſtood directly under her chamber-window, ſo that there was ſome danger that ſhe might ſpy them at the work. They therefore determined to wait till the next Sunday morning, when they knew ſhe would not fail to be at church. Sunday came, and during ſervice Giles attended. It was a lone houſe, as I ſaid before, and the reſt of the pariſh were ſafe at church. In a trice the tree was cleared, the bags were filled, the aſſes were whipt, the thieves were off, the coal was clear, and all was ſafe and quiet by the time the ſermon was over.

Unluckily, however, it happened, that this tree was ſo beautiful, and the fruit ſo fine, that the people, as they uſed to paſs to and from church, were very apt to ſtop and admire Widow Brown's Redſtreak; and ſome of the farmers rather envied her that in that ſcarce ſeaſon, when *they* hardly expected to make a pye out of a large orchard, ſhe was likely to make cider from a ſingle tree. I am afraid, indeed, if I muſt ſpeak out, ſhe herſelf rather

ſet her heart too much upon this tree, and had felt as much pride as gratitude to a good providence for it; but this failing of her's was no excuſe for Giles. The covetouſneſs of this thief had for once got the better of his caution; the tree was too completely ſtripped, though the youngeſt boy Dick did beg hard that his father would leave the poor old woman enough for a few dumplings, and when Giles ordered Dick in his turn to ſhake the tree, the boy did it ſo gently that hardly any apples fell, for which he got a good ſhake of the ſtick with which the old man was beating down the apples.

The neighbours on their return from church ſtopped as uſual, but it was—not, alas! to admire the apples, for apples there were none left, but to lament the robbery, and conſole the widow: mean time the Redſtreaks were ſafely lodged in Giles's hovel under a few bundles of hay which he had contrived to pull from the farmers mow the night before, for the uſe of his jack aſſes. Such a ſtir, however, began to be made about the widow's apple-tree, that Giles, who knew how much his character laid him open to ſuſpicion, as ſoon as he ſaw the people ſafe in church again in the afternoon, ordered his boys to carry each a hatful of the apples and thruſt them in at a little caſement window which happened to be open in the houſe of Samuel Price, a very honeſt carpenter in that pariſh, who was at church with his whole family. Giles's plan, by this contrivance, was to lay the theft on Price's ſons in caſe the thing ſhould come to be further enquired into. Here Dick put in a word, and begged and prayed his father not to force them to carry the apples to Price's. But all that he got by his begging was

ſuch a knock as had nearly laid him on the earth. "What, you cowardly raſcal," ſaid Giles, "you will go and peach I ſuppoſe, and get your father ſent to goal."

Poor widow Brown, though her trouble had made her ſtill weaker than ſhe was, went to church again in the afternoon; indeed ſhe rightly thought that trouble was a new reaſon why ſhe ought to go. During the ſervice ſhe tried with all her might not to think of her Redſtreaks, and whenever they would come into her head ſhe took up her prayer book directly, and ſo ſhe forgot them a little, and indeed ſhe found herſelf much eaſier when ſhe came out of the church than when ſhe went in. Now it happened oddly enough, that on that Sunday, of all the Sundays in the year, ſhe ſhould call in to reſt a little at Samuel Price's, to tell over again the lamentable ſtory of the apples, and to conſult with him how the thief might be brought to juſtice. But, O reader! gueſs if you can, for I am ſure I cannot tell you, what was her ſurpriſe, when on going into Samuel Price's kitchen ſhe ſaw her own Redſtreaks lying in the window! The apples were of a ſort too remarkable for colour, ſhape, and ſize to be miſtaken. There was not ſuch another tree in the pariſh. Widow Brown immediately ſcreamed out, "'laſs-a-day! as ſure as can be here are my Redſtreaks; I could ſwear to them in any court." Samuel Price, who believed his ſons to be as honeſt as himſelf, was ſhocked and troubled at the ſight. He knew he had no Redſtreaks of his own; he knew there were no apples in the window when he went to church. He did verily believe them to be the widow's. But how they came there he could not poſſibly gueſs. He called

for Tom, the only one of his ſons who now lived at home. Tom was at the Sunday ſchool, which he had never once miſſed ſince Mr. Wilſon the Miniſter had ſet up one in the pariſh. Was ſuch a boy likely to do ſuch a deed?

A crowd was by this time got about Price's door, among which was Giles and his boys, who had already taken care to ſpread the news that Tom Price was the thief. Moſt people were unwilling to believe it. His character was very good, but appearances were ſtrongly againſt him. Mr. Wilſon, who had ſtaid to chriſten a child, now came in. He was much concerned that Tom Price, the beſt boy in his ſchool, ſhould ſtand accuſed of ſuch a crime. He ſent for the boy, examined, and croſs examined him. No marks of guilt appeared. But ſtill though he pleaded *not guilty*, there lay the Redſtreaks in his father's window. All the idle fellows in the place, who were likely to have committed ſuch a theft themſelves, fell with great vengeance on poor Tom. The wicked ſeldom give any quarter. "This is one of your ſanctified ones!" cried they. "This was all the good that Sunday ſchools did! For their parts they never ſaw any good come by religion. Sunday was the only day for a little paſtime, and if poor boys muſt be ſhut up with their godly books when they ought to be out taking a little pleaſure, it was no wonder they made themſelves amends by ſuch tricks." Another ſaid, he ſhould like to ſee parſon Wilſon's righteous one well whipped. A third hoped he would be clapped in the ſtocks for a young hypocrite as he was, while old Giles, who thought to avoid ſuſpicion by being more violent than the reſt, declared, "that he hoped the young dog would be tranſported for life."

Mr. Wilſon was too wiſe and too juſt to proceed againſt Tom without full proof. He declared the crime was a very heavy one, and he feared that heavy muſt be the puniſhment. Tom, who knew his own innocence, earneſtly prayed to God that it might be made to appear as clear as the noon-day, and very fervent were his ſecret devotions on that night.

Black Giles paſſed his night in a very different manner. He ſet off as ſoon as it was dark with his ſons and their jack-aſſes laden with their ſtolen goods. As ſuch a cry was raiſed about the apples he did not think it ſafe to keep them longer at home, but reſolved to go and ſell them at the next town; borrowing without leave a lame colt out of the moor to aſſiſt in carrying off his booty.

Giles and his eldeſt ſons had rare ſport all the way in thinking, that while they were enjoying the profit of their plunder, Tom Price would be whipped round the market place at leaſt, if not ſent beyond ſea. But the younger boy Dick, who had naturally a tender heart, though hardened by his long familiarity with ſin, could not help crying when he thought that Tom Price might perhaps be tranſported for a crime which he himſelf had helped to commit. He had had no compunction about the robbery, for he had not been inſtructed in the great principles of truth and juſtice. Nor would he therefore, perhaps, have had much remorſe about accuſing an innocent boy. But though utterly devoid of principle he had ſome remains of natural feeling and of gratitude. Tom Price had often given him a bit of his own bread and cheeſe; and once, when Dick was like to be drowned, Tom had jumped into the pond with his cloaths on, and ſaved his life when he was juſt ſinking: the

remembrance of all this made his heart heavy. He ſaid nothing: as he trotted bare foot after the aſſes, he heard his father and brothers laugh at having outwitted the godly ones; and he grieved to think how poor Tom would ſuffer for his wickedneſs, yet fear kept him ſilent; they called him ſulky dog, and laſhed the aſſes till they bled.

In the mean time Tom Price kept up his ſpirits as well as he could. He worked hard all day, and prayed heartily night and morning. "It is true," ſaid he to himſelf, "I am not guilty of this ſin; but let this accuſation ſet me on examining myſelf, and truly repenting of all my other ſins, for I find enough to repent of, though I thank God I did not ſteal thoſe apples."

At length Sunday came. Tom went to ſchool as uſual. As ſoon as he walked in there was a deal of whiſpering and laughing among the worſt of the boys; and he over heard them ſay, "Who would have thought it? This is maſter's favourite! This is Parſon Wilſon's ſober Tommy! We ſhan't have Tommy thrown in our teeth again if we go to get a bird's neſt, or gather a few nuts of a Sunday." "Your demure ones are always hypocrites," ſays another. "The ſtill ſow ſucks all the milk," ſays a third.

Giles's family had always kept clear of the ſchool. Dick indeed had ſometimes wiſhed to go, not that he had much ſenſe of ſin, or deſire after goodneſs, but he thought if he could once read, he might riſe in the world, and not be forced to drive aſſes all his life. Through this whole Saturday night he could not ſleep. He longed to know what would be done to Tom. He began to wiſh to go to ſchool, but he had not courage; ſin is very

cowardly; ſo on the Sunday morning he went and ſat himſelf down under the church wall. Mr Wilſon paſſed by. It was not his way to reject the moſt wicked, till he had tried every means to bring them over, and even then he pitied and prayed for them. He had indeed long left off talking to Giles's ſons; but ſeeing Dick ſitting by himſelf he once more ſpoke to him, deſired him to leave off his vagabond life, and go with him into the ſchool. The boy hung down his head, but made no anſwer. He did not however either riſe up and run away, or look ſulky, as he uſed to do. The Miniſter deſired him once more. "Sir," ſaid the boy, "I can't go; I am ſo big I am aſhamed." "The bigger you are the leſs time you have to loſe." "But, Sir, I can't read." "Then it is high time you ſhould learn." "I ſhould be aſhamed to begin to learn my letters." "The ſhame is not in beginning to learn them, but in being contented never to know them." "But, Sir, I am ſo ragged!" God looks at the heart and not at the coat. "But, Sir, I have no ſhoes and ſtockings." "So much the worſe. I remember who gave you both," (here Dick coloured.) "It is bad to want ſhoes and ſtockings, but ſtill if you can drive your aſſes a dozen miles without them, you may certainly walk to ſchool without them." "But, Sir, the good boys will hate me, and won't ſpeak to me." "Good boys hate nobody, and as to not ſpeaking to you, to be ſure they will not keep you company while you go on in your preſent evil courſes; but as ſoon as they ſee you wiſh to reform, they will help you, and pity you, and teach you, and ſo come along." Here Mr. Wilſon took this dirty boy by the hand, and gently pulled him forward, kindly talking to him all the way.

How the whole ſchool ſtared to ſee Dick Giles come in! No one however dared to ſay what he thought. The buſineſs went on, and Dick ſlunk into a corner, partly to hide his rags and partly to hide his ſin, for laſt Sunday's tranſaction ſat heavy at his heart, not becauſe he had ſtolen the apples, but becauſe Tom Price had been accuſed. This I ſay, made him ſlink behind. Poor boy! he little thought there was ONE ſaw him who ſees all things, and from whoſe eye no hole nor corner can hide the ſinner.

It was the cuſtom in that ſchool for the maſter, who was a good and wiſe man, to mark down in his pocket book all the events of the week, that he might turn them to ſome account in his Sunday evening inſtructions, ſuch as any uſeful ſtory in the newſpaper, any account of boys being drowned as they were out in a pleaſure-boat on Sundays; any ſudden death in the pariſh, or any other remarkable viſitation of Providence, inſomuch, that many young people in the place, who did not belong to the ſchool, and many parents alſo, uſed to drop in for an hour on a Sunday evening, when they were ſure to hear ſomething profitable. The Miniſter greatly approved this practice, and often called in himſelf, which was a great ſupport to the maſter, and encouragement to the people.

The maſter had taken a deep concern in the ſtory of widow Brown's apple-tree. He could not believe Tom Price was guilty, nor dared he pronounce him innocent; but he reſolved to turn the inſtructions of the preſent evening to this ſubject. He began thus: "My dear boys, however light ſome of you may make of robbing an orchard, yet I have often told you there is no ſuch thing as

a *little* ſin, if it be wilful or habitual. I wiſh now to explain to you alſo that there is hardly ſuch a thing as a *ſingle*, ſolitary ſin. You know I teach you not merely to repeat the commandments as an exerciſe for your memory, but as a rule for your conduct. If you were to come here only to learn to read and ſpell on a Sunday, I ſhould think that was not employing God's day for God's work; but I teach you to read that you may by this means come ſo to underſtand the Bible and the Catechiſm, as to make every text in the one, and every queſtion and anſwer in the other, to be ſo fixed in your hearts, that they may bring forth the fruits of good living.

Maſter. How many commandments are there?

Boy. Ten.

Maſter. How many did that boy break who ſtole widow Brown's apples?

Boy. Only one, Maſter. The eighth.

Maſter. What is the eighth?

Boy. Thou ſhalt not ſteal.

Maſter. And you are very ſure that this was the only one he broke? Now ſuppoſe I could prove to you that he probably broke not leſs than ſix out of thoſe ten commandments, which the great Lord of heaven himſelf ſtooped down from his eternal glory to deliver to men; would you not then think it a terrible thing to ſteal, whether apples or guineas?

Boy. Yes, Maſter.

Maſter. I will put the caſe. Some wicked boy has robbed widow Brown's orchard. (Here the eyes of every one were turned on poor Tom Price, except thoſe of Dick Giles, who fixed his on the ground.) I accuſe no one, continued the maſter,

Tom Price is a good boy, and was not miſſing at the time of the robbery; theſe are two reaſons why I preſume he is innocent; but whoever it was, you allow that by ſtealing theſe apples he broke the eighth commandment.

Boy. Yes, maſter.

Maſter. On what day were theſe apples ſtolen?

Boy. On Sunday.

Maſter. What is the fourth commandment?

Boy. Thou ſhalt keep holy the Sabbath Day.

Maſter. Does that perſon keep holy the Sabbath Day who loiters in an orchard on Sunday, when he ſhould be at church, and ſteals apples when he ought to be ſaying his prayers?

Boy. No, maſter.

Maſter. What command does he break?

Boy. The fourth.

Maſter. Suppoſe this boy had parents who had ſent him to church, and that he had diſobeyed them by not going, would that be keeping the fifth commandment?

Boy. No, maſter; for the fifth commandment ſays, Thou ſhalt *honor* thy father and thy mother.

This was the only part of the caſe in which poor Dick Giles's heart did not ſmite him; for he knew that he had diſobeyed no father; for his father, alas! was ſtill wickeder than himſelf, and had brought him to commit the ſin. But what a wretched comfort was this! The maſter went on.

Maſter. Suppoſe this boy earneſtly coveted this fruit, though it belonged to another perſon, would that be right?

Boy. No, maſter; for the tenth commandment ſays, *Thou ſhalt not covet.*

Maſter. Very well. Here are four of God's

poſitive commands already broken. Now do you think thieves ever ſcruple to uſe wicked words?

Boy. I am afraid not, maſter.

Here Dick Giles was not ſo hardened but that he remembered how many curſes had paſſed between him and his father while they were filling the bags, and he was afraid to look up. The maſter went on.

"I will now go one ſtep further. If the thief, to all his other ſins has added that of accuſing the innocent to ſave himſelf, if he ſhould break the ninth commandment, by *bearing falſe witneſs againſt a harmleſs neighbour*, SIX COMMANDMENTS ARE BROKEN FOR AN APPLE! But if it be otherwiſe, if Tom Price ſhould be found guilty, 'tis not his good character ſhall ſave him. I ſhall ſhed tears over him, but puniſh him I muſt."—"No, that you ſhan't," roared out Dick Giles, who ſprung from his hiding place, fell on his knees, and burſt out a crying, "Tom Price is as good a boy as ever lived; it was father and I ſtole the apples!"

It would have done your heart good to have ſeen the joy of the maſter, the modeſt bluſhes of Tom Price, and the ſatisfaction of every honeſt boy in the ſchool. All ſhook hands with Tom, and even Dick got ſome portion of pity. I wiſh I had room to give my readers the moving exhortation which the maſter gave. But while Mr. Wilſon left the guilty boy to the management of the maſter, he thought it became him, as a Miniſter and a Magiſtrate, to go to the extent of the law in puniſhing the father. Early on the Monday morning he ſent to apprehend Giles; in the mean time Mr. Wilſon was ſent for to a gardener's houſe two miles diſtant, to attend a man who was dying. This was a duty to

which all others gave way in his mind. He ſet out directly, but what was his ſurpriſe on his arrival to ſee, on a littlebed on the floor, poaching Giles lying in all the agonies of death! Jack Weſton, the ſame poor young man againſt whom Giles had informed for killing a hare, was kneeling by him, offering him ſome broth, and talking to him in the kindeſt manner. Mr. Wilſon begged to know the meaning of all this, and Jack Weſton ſpoke as follows.

"At four this morning, as I was going out to mow, paſſing under the high wall of this garden I heard a moſt diſmal moaning. The nearer I came the more diſmal it grew. At laſt, who ſhould I ſee but poor Giles groaning, and ſtruggling under a quantity of bricks and ſtones, but not able to ſtir. The day before he had marked a fine large net on this old wall, and reſolved to ſteal it, for he thought it might do as well to catch partridges as to preſerve cherries; ſo, Sir, ſtanding on the very top of this wall, and tugging with all his might to looſen the net from the hooks which faſtened it, down came Giles, net, wall and all, for the wall was gone to decay. It was very high indeed, and poor Giles not only broke his thigh, but has got a terrible blow on his brain, and is bruiſed all over like a mummy. On ſeeing me, Sir, poor Giles cried out, 'oh Jack! I did try to ruin thee by lodging that information, and now thou wilt be revenged by letting me lie here and periſh.' God forbid, Giles, cried I: thou ſhalt ſee what ſort of revenge a Chriſtian takes. So, Sir, I ſent off the gardener's boy to fetch a ſurgeon, while I ſcampered home, and brought on my back this bit of a hammock, which is indeed my own bed, and put Giles upon it, we then lifted him up, bed and all, as tenderly as if he had been a gentleman, and brought him in here. My wife has juſt brought

him a drop of nice broth, and now, Sir, as I have done what I could for his poor perishing body, it was I who took the liberty to send to you to come to try to help his poor soul, for the Doctor says he can't live."

Mr. Wilson could not help saying to himself, "Such an action as this is worth a whole volume of comments on that precept of our blessed Master, 'Do good to them that hate you.'" Giles's dying groans confirmed the sad account Weston had just given. The poor wretch could neither pray himself, nor attend to the Minister. He could only cry out, "Oh, Sir, what will become of me? I don't know how to repent. Oh my poor wicked children! Sir, I have bred them all up in sin and ignorance. Have mercy on them, Sir; let me not meet them in the place of torment to which I am going." He languished a few days, and died in great misery.

Except the Minister and Jack Weston, no one came to see poor Giles, besides Tommy Price, who had been so sadly wronged by him. Tom often brought him his own rice milk or apple dumpling, and Giles, ignorant and depraved as he was, often cried out, that he thought now there must be some truth in religion, since it taught even a boy to *deny himself*, and to *forgive an injury*.—Mr. Wilson the next Sunday made a moving discourse on the danger of what are called "petty offences." This, together with the awful death of Giles, produced such an effect, that no Poacher has been able to shew his head in that parish ever since. Z.

THE END.

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FOR THE

NEW YEAR.



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SOME NEW THOUGHTS

FOR THE

NEW YEAR.

SHEWING

How Mr. Thrifty the great Mercer ſucceeded in his Trade, by always examining his Books ſoon after Chriſtmas, and how Mr. Careleſs, by neglecting this rule, let all his affairs run to ruin before he was aware of it.

After which ſome Chriſtian help is offered to all thoſe perſons, high or low, who have a mind to examine into the account of their own lives during the laſt year.

SOME NEW THOUGHTS, &c.

WHEN Mr. Thrifty (who keeps that great Mercer's ſhop in London, which has been getting on ſo famouſly of late) was once aſked to dine two days after Chriſtmas by his neighbour Careleſs (who I have heard by the-by has been ſince made Brankrupt) Thrifty anſwered, that it was quite impoſſible to dine out then, for that he was ſettling his Chriſtmas accounts, "which," added he, "muſt not be neglected for the world, for I "ſhould never know where I was; I ſhould not "underſtand whether I was going forward or "backward, getting rich, or growing ever ſo poor, "if I was to neglect caſting up, and balancing, "and examining into every thing at Chriſtmas."— "Why to be ſure," anſwered Careleſs, "you have "a large buſineſs Mr. Thrifty, and a large buſi- "neſs muſt be looked after."—"'Tis by my look- "ing after it that it has become ſo large," returned Thrifty with a look of great ſhrewdneſs, "and if "I were not to look after it ſtill, it would ſoon "grow little again I warrant you."

I am perſuaded that my Readers and I ſhall one and all of us allow, that this was a very right obſervation of Mr. Thrifty's, and yet I doubt whether we ſhall equally agree in the following remark, though it has nearly the ſame foundation; namely, that if we hope to be ſaved from ruin in the next world, and to ſucceed in our everlaſting intereſts, it is neceſſary that we ſhould uſe the

very ſame kind of diligence in examining the ſtate of our ſouls, which Mr. Thrifty uſed in examining the ſtate of his worldly buſineſs.

There is alſo a manner of deceiving ourſelves in our religious concerns, which is very like that in which they who fail in buſineſs are apt to be deceived. No man means entirely and at all times to neglect his ſoul; no, he merely puts off his ſelf-examination, or he is idle and ſlovenly about it. Mr. Careleſs uſed always to be of opinion, that a regular yearly balancing of his books was not neceſſary. He thought he could form a pretty fair general gueſs at the ſtate of his affairs, without taking all the trouble that Mr. Thrifty took in going particularly into them. It proved, however, when Mr. Careleſs broke, that the few goods he had to ſhew had been moſt ſtrangely over-valued, and on the other hand, that the debts he owed amounted to about five times the ſum he expected. Now I am perſuaded, that thoſe of my Readers who never examine their hearts, will, on the day of judgment, find themſelves as much miſtaken in reſpect to the worth of their ſuppoſed virtues as well as the number of their ſins (which are like ſo many debts due to God) as ever Mr. Careleſs was, and the only way of recovering from their danger, will be to do immediately what the friends of Mr. Careleſs adviſed him to do the Chriſtmas before he broke—I mean to look their affairs fully in the face, to take inſtant meaſures for getting at a true and juſt eſtimate of them, and then to adopt ſome wiſe and prudent plan for their effectual relief.

I will add one other obſervation. This Mr. Careleſs, as I have heard, did not break through

any violent miſconduct: he never was guilty of any ſcandalous and immediately ruinous tranſaction like ſome others, but then he was inattentive to his buſineſs, and by this mere inattention he was year after year dropping down, without being aware of it, into ſure and certain ruin: he never could be perſuaded to look carefully into his affairs, which was owing at firſt to idleneſs, and latterly to this additional cauſe, that a certain kind of fearfulneſs and falſe ſhame had got about him, inſomuch, that when ſome friends of his who perceived his ignorance of book-keeping, offered on the Chriſtmas before he broke to lend him ſome aſſiſtance, he abſolutely declined it, which was conſidered always as one of the moſt unpardonable parts of his whole conduct.

I propoſe now, after the example of theſe friends of Mr. Careleſs, to hold out to my Readers ſome aſſiſtance in entering into that ſelf-examination which I am here preſſing upon them, and if they think proper to neglect the help that is offered them, I can only ſay, that I think they really ſo much reſemble Mr. Careleſs, that they ought to come forward and take his part, and to defend his character from thoſe ſevere cenſures which I am told that his neglect of a like offer has every where brought upon him.

But let me firſt add a few more words to prove that the kind of compariſon which I have ſpoken of is really a juſt one; for many people ſeem by no means to be convinced, that a man may be ruined in his ſoul by mere neglect, in the ſame manner as he may in his trading buſineſs. I will venture to obſerve on this head, that neglect is apt to bring on ruin not in a mercer's ſhop only,

but even in every thing. Name me now, if you can any trade or profeſſion in life which can thrive without diligence? Has not God ſo made the world as to ſhew that man muſt be diligent, and that it is at his peril to be neglectful? There is no buſineſs that will do itſelf; moreover, if a man be ever ſo diligent in one thing, but quite neglectful of another, he is ſure to feel the conſequence even of this partial careleſſneſs. If a farmer was to look well to his laborers in the field, but not to mind his marketing, or if trader Thrifty was to be always bringing up his books in the counting-houſe but was never to go forward into the ſhop and wait upon his cuſtomers, do you think he would not ſuffer by it? So if a man minds this world only, and never thinks of the next, the buſineſs of the next world will certainly not be done, as he will find hereafter to his coſt. Some men, if any one ſhould inquire into the ſtate of their ſouls, and ſhould aſk "for a reaſon of the hope that is in them," would merely anſwer in general that God is merciful, and that Chriſt died for them, and add the like general reaſons, which any man in Chriſtendom may give as well as they, and if you were to preſs them further they could only ſay, I know not much about the matter, I hope well, I truſt God with my ſoul: I ſhall fare as well as other men do: I thank God I never made any doubt of my Salvation." Now what do all ſuch kind of ſayings diſcover, but a wilful neglect of their Salvation. It is as if a ſhip-maſter ſhould let his veſſel alone and ſay, "I will venture it among "the rocks, and waves, and winds: I will truſt "God with it: It will fare as well as other veſ-

" ſels." I ſay what horrible abuſe of God's mercy is this! he commands us to give diligence to make our calling and election ſure, and in this way of diligence to truſt him.

It may be further added, that in general we find in all our affairs in this life, that whatever is moſt important requires the higheſt degree of care and diligence: ought we not therefore to fear leſt negligence ſhould prove the moſt fatal of all in the concerns of the immortal ſoul, which are certainly the greateſt of our concerns? What care is neceſſary to keep alive our body: it muſt be daily fed, and clothed, and cheriſhed, and provided for in a vaſt variety of ways; and it is not neceſſary to lay violent hands upon it in order to deſtroy it. If due care be not taken of it, it periſhes of courſe. So is it with a man's ſoul, it is certainly periſhing if it's intereſts are neglected and forgotten by him, and it may be as effectually deſtroyed without any great ſin, as the body may without any great blow.

Once more I beg leave to add, that it is no proof our ſouls are ſafe that we feel at preſent no harm or inconvenience from our neglect of them. Mr. Careleſs felt no inconvenience from *his* neglect at the time when aſked Thrifty to dinner. His bankruptcy came upon him quite like a thunder-clap: his things indeed were in confuſion before, but the ſame idleneſs which kept him from examining them, kept him from knowing beforehand the miſery that awaited him. I apprehend, therefore, that the cheerfulneſs of which ſome thoughtleſs and irreligious people make their boaſt is no proof of their ſafety, but is merely like the gaiety of Mr. Careleſs on the day when

he was making merry with his company, inſtead of caſting up his books, and minding the main chance, as it is called.

But I muſt obſerve further, that there is one great error which a vaſt number of people fall into, and by which they are apt to be made very eaſy under the moſt complete neglect of their ſouls. The miſtake I mean is the following one: they are diligent as they call it, at their duty: thus, for inſtance, they dig hard, if digging is their buſineſs, they write and caſt accounts and keep ſhop diligently if they are clerks or ſhopkeers, or they do their exerciſe briſkly and follow orders readily if they are ſoldiers or ſailors, and having done this their daily work they think they have done all that can be required of them. Religion they poſſibly allow to be a good thing, but this, ſay they, is Religion: nay, to do their work well is the beſt ſort of Religion, and they deſire to know no other. Let us now combat this error which has a very fair appearance, and which has alſo ſome mixture of truth with it.

Preſuming, my Readers, to believe the Bible, I will here, in the firſt place, quote Scripture on the ſubject. If to labor merely in our calling is one and the ſame thing as to labor for our ſouls, how comes our Savior to have uſed for inſtance ſuch expreſſions as the following? "*Labor not for the "meat that periſheth but for the meat which endur-"eth to everlaſting life.*" I grant our Savior does not hereby mean that we ought not in any ſenſe to labor for the "meat that periſheth," but he certainly muſt mean that we ought not to labor for this only, nor even for this chiefly; he muſt alſo

mean that there is a duty called by him "labor-"ing for everlaſting life," which is a diſtinct thing from laboring to ſupport our bodies; for if theſe two things were not diſtinct, he would not have mentioned them ſo diſtinctly. Again our Saviour ſpeaks of a man who had been "filling his garners and laying up goods for many years," who evidently therefore was a very diligent man in his buſineſs, and yet this is the very man who is pointed out as one whoſe ſoul had been neglected: for it is ſaid, "*Thou fool, this night ſhall thy ſoul be required of thee.*" I will add another remarkable ſaying of our Saviour on the ſame ſubject. He deſcribes the general invitation to attend to the Goſpel by comparing it to "a Marriage Supper," to which, ſaid he, when men were aſked to come, "*they all with one conſent began to make excuſe,* "*for one went to his farm, another to his mer-*"*chandize. One ſaid I have bought a yoke of oxen* "*and I muſt needs go and prove them, and another* "*ſaid I have married a wife, and therefore I can-*"*not come.*" Nothing can prove more plainly than this parable the point we are now urging; for it ſhews that attention to our worldly buſineſs, ſo far from being the ſame thing as attention to Religion, is often the main hindrance to it. I am going to my farm, ſaid the men in Chriſt's time, and therefore I cannot attend to the Goſpel. I am going to my farm, ſay theſe men now, but they have the face even to pretend that this is the ſame thing as attending to the Goſpel, than which nothing can be more contrary to our Saviour's declaration. Our Saviour ends his parable by aſſuring all the people who put him off by any ſuch excuſes, that "*none of thoſe men that were*

"*bidden*" *ſhall taſte of his Supper;*" which is as if he had ſaid, "You who give no attention to "the Goſpel ſhall have no ſhare in the benefits "of it. You have been invited indeed, but ſince "you do not come you ſhall never taſte of it's "ſalvation."

And indeed it ſeems quite agreeable to reaſon to ſuppoſe, that God, who has made man to conſiſt both of body and mind, is not likely to be ſatisfied with his mere bodily labour, but that he muſt require the affections of the mind to be given to Him alſo. If mere diligence in our calling is all in all, I ſee not why a man may not be allowed even to deny the being of God: for an Atheiſt may very poſſibly be led to mind his buſineſs tolerably well from mere worldly motives, and juſt in like manner ſome perſons who call themſelves Chriſtians, may be induced to go on regularly with their work, all the while forgetting God as much as if they were downright Atheiſts.

Having thus proved, as I truſt, the neceſſity of attending to the intereſts of the ſoul, and having alſo ſhewn that it is not ſufficient to carry on our worldly buſineſs merely on worldly principles, I ſhall proceed to the main point which is before us, namely, to offer the Reader ſome help towards a ſerious examination of his conduct during the laſt year, and I truſt that what will be further ſaid will throw much additional light on the general ſubject.

Firſt then I deſire the Reader ſeriouſly to aſk himſelf, *what has been the ordinary ground and motive of his actions during the laſt year.* You profeſs, I doubt not, to believe in God, and you expect hereafter to be judged by Him, but have you in

the laſt year made it the leading motive of all your actions to endeavour to pleaſe him? It is in vain to think that you have pleaſed Him if you have not intended to pleaſe Him. How is it that we judge in caſes that ariſe between a man and his fellow creatures? I believe a wife, for inſtance, would not much thank her huſband for doing her a kindneſs, if ſhe thought he never intended her a kindneſs, and had her not at all in his thoughts when he did it. Her huſband's affection is the thing ſhe chiefly wants, and the kind action is only ſo far pleaſing to her, as it is a ſymptom of this affection in the mind. Now all this is extremely reaſonable: there is ſome nicety I grant in the diſtinction, but it is a nicety we all very well underſtand in our own caſe, and we have no right therefore to ſay that we cannot underſtand it when God is concerned. "*My ſon*," (ſaith God to us in the ſcripture) "*give me thine heart.*" And again, "*Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy* "*heart, and all thy ſoul, and all thy ſtrength, this is* "*the firſt and great commandment.*" Diſregarding this claim, we toil, we dig, we labor for our daily bread without almoſt thinking of God in it, and at the year's end we expect him to accept this bodily ſervice (though performed with a mere view to our own worldly benefit) inſtead of the affections he has required of us.

Now as this is a very great and awful ſubject, and as it is one on which every thing elſe that we ſhall add will be made to reſt, let us endeavour to lead the Reader to dwell very ſeriouſly upon it. God is that Being in whoſe character is to be found every poſſible perfection: He is moſt great, and glorious, and holy, and excellent, and boun-

tiful and benevolent; and he is alſo full of compaſſion and tender mercy. Has any fellow-creature a claim to our regard? God has a ſtill clearer and more undoubted claim; and if we refuſe to pay regard to God, we may on much the ſame ground refuſe to honor our father, to love our neareſt relations, and to render thanks to all our earthly benefactors. They that never think of God may on a like principle excuſe themſelves from ever thinking of them alſo: for is He not our Benefactor? Is He not our Father? Is it not He that ſends us thoſe very friends who are ſuch comforts to us, and who beſtows upon us all our bleſſings? Endeavour now to count all His mercies to you during the paſt year. Number firſt all the bleſſings that have come to you by the means of friends, and all your various family comforts, theſe all have proceeded originally from God. Think next of the ſucceſs which you may have had in your calling. It is not your own hand that has gotten you the guineas which perhaps you have been lately numbering. It is the Lord. Think next of the health you have had, and the degree of freedom from bodily pain. It is God alſo that defends us "from the noiſome peſtilence, "from the arrow that flieth by night, and from "the peſtilence that walketh at noon-day." Again, think of the dangers of other kinds which you may in the laſt year have eſcaped, whether from ſecret enemies or open violence: The dangers to your perſon, to your property, and to your reputation. Why is it that you are alive and well, and in ſo much ſecurity at the year's end. It is becauſe the Lord hath been with you by night and by day, to watch over you, and guard and protect you, and

keep you from evil. To theſe mercies, if you add your own more particular and ſpecial mercies, and if you add moreover all the infinite bleſſings of the Goſpel, ſuch as the promiſe of the forgiveneſs of ſins, through Jeſus Chriſt, and the hope of everlaſting life, ſurely you muſt own that the Lord's goodneſs is vaſt and unſpeakable, and that his mercies are over all his works, and that they are more in number than the hairs of your head, and as the ſands on the ſea-ſhore innumerable. Do you not now therefore begin to ſee the nature of your obligation to him, and the reaſonableneſs of endeavouring to pleaſe a Being who is thus great and good alſo? What becomes then of that obſervation, ſo plauſible to an irreligious mind, namely, that if we have but done our work regularly we have fulfilled our duty, even though God has not been thought of in it? Surely it is an obſervation full of baſeneſs and ingratitude. I believe no man who loves his family and friends forbears to think of them now and then while his hand is at it's labour, and why are not our thoughts to aſcend in like manner to God, as the great father of mercies, while the day's buſineſs is going forward, and why may not the deſire to pleaſe Him well in all things form the very motive and ſpur to all our induſtry? Has this then been the ground and motive of your diligence during the laſt year? This is the firſt queſtion that is propoſed to you.

When this duty of regarding God in all things is well ſettled and underſtood (a duty which by-the-by is of all duties the ſtrongeſt and cleareſt) then it becomes eaſy to prove a number of further points, which are apt otherwiſe to be neglected; as for inſtance, *the obligation to worſhip God in public and in*

ſecret. If we feel that regard to God which has been ſpoken of we ſhall be naturally, as it were, diſpoſed to pray to him. If we feel the obligations that have been mentioned, we ſhall be ready to kneel down and thank him, and if we are ſenſible that it is He who not only ſupplies our wants but alſo forgives us our ſins, and likewiſe that it is by Him alone, as the Scripture tells us, that we are enabled to think a good thought, and to fulfil any one duty aright, it follows then that we ſhall be continually enlarging our petitions to Him, and that we ſhall call upon Him daily for all theſe important and indiſpenſible bleſſings. Have you then been thus leading a life of dependence on God, and truly devout prayer to Him, both in the public congregation, in your family, and in ſecret during the laſt year?

When this duty to God is well underſtood, then the ſin of *neglecting the Sabbath* begins to ſeem very plain alſo. This is that day which has been mercifully ſet apart for religious uſes, it therefore is the day for more particular and earneſt prayer in private and in public, and alſo for more regular ſelf-examination than can always take place on other days; and it may be remarked, that as on every Sunday we ought to call ourſelves to account for our behaviour during the week, ſo at the year's end it may be proper to take ourſelves to taſk for all our conduct on the Sabbaths; for if they have been neglected it is more than probable that our whole duty has been neglected by us.

We will next ſpeak of *reading the Scriptures.* The diſuſe of this practice ariſes from the ſame cauſe which we have before referred to, namely,

the want of a due regard to God. Many of thoſe who are moſt negligent in this point, nevertheleſs acknowledge the Bible to be the word of God. It is plain therefore that the negligence of theſe perſons muſt ariſe from their feeling no deſire to know what is the will of their Heavenly Father; for if they felt a deſire to know his will, they certainly would take all means of knowing it. If a ſervant had got a letter directed to him which he believed to be from his maſter, and was zealous to do his maſter's will, do you think he would not be eager to open and read the letter? And if we are earneſt in like manner to know and do the will of God, ſhall we not be eager to open and read the ſcriptures? I believe it is the excuſe of ſome that the ſcriptures are difficult to be underſtood, and that their meaning in many places is doubtful; to which I anſwer, that ſo is the meaning of all books more or leſs to ſome kind of perſons. The objection proves only at the moſt, that you ſhould read for the preſent thoſe parts of them which are more eaſy, and which have the moſt manifeſt tendency to do you good. In fact however it is the want of a deep concern about the ſalvation of our ſouls, (which is the chief ſubject the Bible treats of) that cauſes it to appear ſo difficult, as well as inſipid and unimproving as it does to ſome people.

We have ſpoken hitherto only of religious duties. We will now ſay ſomething of the ordinary duties of life, and if we deſcribe them truly, it will immediately appear that even theſe are not likely to have been fulfilled in any reſpect as they ought, unleſs there has been a religious principle for the foundation.

First, how have you performed the *duties of your own calling* in the laſt year? Here it may perhaps be anſwered by ſome people, "We have "no calling, for we are able through the money "which we have ſaved, or which our fathers have "ſaved for us, to live without work. We have "therefore had nothing to do; we are indepen-"dent perſons." What, then, are you independent on God? It is the buſineſs of Religion to put an end to this fancied right to independence, and to ſubject every thought, word, and action, to the will of a ſuperior, to the will I mean of a ſtrict and holy God. What a bleſſing to ſociety is Religion when conſidered in this view! It turns all thoſe perſons who are otherwiſe the drones of the community, into ſome of the moſt ſervice-able people in it. O, how many troubles and mi-ſeries are there in this land, which, if a few more of our independent ladies and gentlemen would be ſo good as to turn Chriſtians, (I mean zealous Chriſtians!) would preſently be relieved. What a great number of poor cottagers are there who drag on life both in wickedneſs and miſery for the want of being overlooked, and inſtructed, and adviſed, and now and then aſſiſted by their ſuperiors who dwell near them? Here perhaps a whole pariſh is neglected through want of a chriſtian pariſh of-ficer; there the accounts of an hoſpital need exa-mining, or a workhouſe is given up to vice and ruin; here a uſeful club wants a Treaſurer or Patron, or a declining charity ſchool is without an Inſpector, or a new ſchool ought to be ſet up; here again a private quarrel is raging which the interference of a ſuperior, if he ſhould alſo be a Chriſtian, might preſently heal. What in-

numberable opportunities alſo has an independent perſon of diſtributing religious books, or conveying ſerious advice to thoſe whom Providence has placed under his influence. Now theſe are the employments which conſtitute the calling of independent people. Chriſtianity brings them to a ſtrict ſenſe of their reſponſibility in theſe and many other like points, and at the ſame time enlarges their hearts in love to all their fellow creatures.

Well then, have you followed this your Chriſtian calling, and followed it diligently during the laſt year? Oh! no, you are one of thoſe perhaps who have ſpent the whole year in ſome trifling employment, merely to gratify your own taſte, or to pleaſe your own vanity. Theſe are the things which have formed your chief calling, and while the vices of the poor have been dreadfully increaſing in your pariſh, and the groans of the miſerable have been almoſt reaching your door, you have been ſpending your little independent income on yourſelf, and fancying that all was well.

But let us next addreſs the more laboring part of the community, and if they will allow us to examine them cloſely, I believe it will equally appear, that a chriſtian principle is neceſſary in their caſe, in order to carry them through their buſineſs with real faithfulneſs and integrity. Firſt, have none of you been on the whole very idle during the laſt year? Are there none who have ſlackened in their work becauſe they thought the Pariſh muſt relieve them whenever their idleneſs ſhould have brought them to want? Are there none who have choſen rather to burthen ſome

charitable friend than to buckle heartily to their work? And has every one of you been as diligent juſt after he had got a week's wages in hand as before? Now Chriſtianity will have led you to work at all times; not on Saturday only; but on Monday alſo; making conſcience of habitual diligence; nay, you will have been ready (as the apoſtle exhorts) "to work with your hands in "the thing that is good, that you may have to "give to him that needeth." And how have you employed both your time and thoughts when the regular hours of work have been over? "Which of you," ſays Chriſt, "having a ſervant ploughing or feeding cattle will ſay unto "him by-and-by, when he is come from the "field, Go and ſit thou down to meat; and "will not rather ſay to him, Make ready where-"with *I* may ſup, and gird thyſelf and ſerve *me*." —Thus does our Saviour teach us that we are all (rich indeed as well as poor) like ſo many ſervants, who, when we have done ſerving our maſter in the field, muſt then go and ſerve him in the houſe. The Chriſtian laborer therefore is one who has no ſooner done ſerving Chriſt by his ordinary calling abroad, then he proceeds next to ſerve the ſame maſter by his chriſtian conduct at home, by uſeful converſation with his children, by reading a portion of ſcripture to them, and by uniting with them in prayer to the great Father of Mercies for a bleſſing on all the family before they lie down to reſt.

Again aſk yourſelf whether you may not have been more or leſs an *eye-ſervant?* If you are a common gardening man have you not worked harder when the head gardener was in the garden than when he was out of it? and if a clerk or ap-

prentice, have you not made more ſpeed when your employer has happened to come into the ſhop or counting houſe? If a footman have you been as faithful and diligent, have you riſen as early, worked as ſteadily, gone your errands as nimbly, and turned your hand to any thing wanted of you as readily as if your maſter had ſtood by watching you? Now if you are a Chriſtian ſervant you will have done every thing under the impreſſion, that One who is far greater than your earthly maſter has been always at hand obſerving you? "Servants," ſays the Apoſtle, "obey your maſters, not with eye ſervice as men pleaſers, but as the ſervants of Chriſt, doing the will of God from the heart."

The idleneſs and eye-ſervice which have been ſpoken of, neceſſarily imply alſo ſome injuſtice to your employer: You have agreed with him to give him ſo much work for ſo much pay, but if you have ſecretly waſted in idleneſs, or turned to your own uſe a part of that time which you engaged to give your maſter, you have then robbed him of his due, you have as much wronged your maſter, as your maſter would have wronged you if he had ſecretly taken back a part of the wages he had profeſſed to give you, or had knowingly miſcounted the money in his own favor while he was paying you.

Again, there are many kinds of diſhoneſty which are practiſed almoſt without reflection, and with a very quiet conſcience, becauſe cuſtom is ſuppoſed to authorize them; the new year therefore ſeems a very proper time for examining into theſe points. It may in general be ſuſpected that all profits or *privileges*, as they are called, which are carefully concealed, have ſomething diſhoneſt

in them, for if they are quite honeſt, why ſhould they not be public? The difficulty of breaking through theſe cuſtoms is often much increaſed by a certain falſe ſhame, which makes people afraid of doing it, leſt they ſhould thereupon be charged with pretending to be better than their neighbours. Religion however tends to cure this falſe ſhame, for when a deep concern about the ſalvation of the ſoul ariſes, a man is carried above all thoſe little feelings which ſo often interfere with his duty, and being obliged to turn over a new leaf in many great points, he takes the opportunity of rectifying a thouſand ſmaller inadvertencies, which many men of the world, though accounted moral, never think of doing, becauſe they have no motive ſtrong enough to put them upon a kind of change.

We ſhall now name a few more ſubjects for ſelf-examination, which we ſhall not do with much particularity; ſince the Reader's own mind may enlarge upon them.

How have you behaved through the laſt year in reſpect to relative duties? It may not be amiſs at this time of the year to recollect the names of our relations and connections one by one, and then to aſk ourſelves who is there of theſe whom I have either hurt by my miſconduct, or neglected, through idleneſs or ſecret diſlike, who is there of them whom I have put off by a little outward complaiſance, when I ought to have been affectionate and kind? Again, who is there of them with whom I have too much agreed, not daring to ſhew any Chriſtian ſingularity in their preſence, and conforming both to them and to the world, through fear of their ill will? The duty ſubſiſting between near connections, ſuch as huſbands and wives, or parents

and children, ought to form at this time of year a very great ſubject of ſelf-examination, and that which our Chriſtian duty dictates will be found to contribute exceedingly to increaſe our private happineſs.

Have you alſo in the laſt year been temperate, ſober, and chaſte, as the Scriptures require? Have you not allowed yourſelf to live in any of thoſe vices of which the ſcripture ſays that "they which "do ſuch things ſhall not inherit the kingdom of "God." Again, have you been combating with all your evil tempers in the laſt year, and what has been your ſucceſs in the conflict? Every man has ſome particular infirmity. Some are apt to be ſtubborn and ſelf willed, others weak and yielding. Some are bold and forward, others too fearful and aſhamed. Some are ſleepy and inactive, others are too buſy and prone to meddle even in what does not concern them. Some are too ſilent and others as much too talkative. Some have affections that are continually betraying them into inconveniencies if not dangers, and ſome have an ungracious and diſagreeable harſhneſs with which they ought to contend. Some alſo have much natural pride, or a ſtrong turn to vanity.—Now if you are uſed to ſearch out your faults, you will have long ſince known in ſome meaſure which of theſe may be yours, and you will be glad to be reminded at the year's end that you ought to inquire how far you have gained ground on that ſin which has moſt eaſily beſet you.

We will only mention farther, have you been obſervant of the hand of Providence in all the events that have come acroſs you in the laſt year? Have you referred your ſickneſs or your health

your loſſes in trade, or your ſucceſſes, as well as all the deaths in your family and among your friends, together with every other incident of the year, to a Divine Providence, which has ordered all things that have befallen you. And have you conſidered the affronts and injuries of men, the hardſhips you have ſuffered, the national calamities alſo of which you may have borne your part, in the ſame religious light, namely, as the means by which God has been pleaſed to try you. And have you been therefore reſigned and patient under ſufferings, as well as thankful for your mercies.

And laſtly, while you are now recollecting all the Eſcapes and Deliverances you have experienced, as well as the affecting Deaths and Changes which you have perhaps witneſſed during the laſt twelvemonth in your family, are you led thereby to meditate on the uncertainty of your own future life, and on the coming of that awful day, when "we muſt all appear before the judgment "ſeat of Chriſt to give account of the things done "in the body," and when both you and "all "that are in their graves ſhall come forth, they "that have done good to the reſurrection of life, "and they that have done evil to the reſurrection "of damnation."

To this ſubject of ſelf-examination which is now cloſed, one important remark ſhall be added. Perhaps ſome Reader will have been ready to reply to ſome of the ſtrict queſtions which have been put to him, "Why at this rate who can be ſaved? "If all this be neceſſary for ſalvation I muſt "deſpair and give up the point." We would requeſt every ſuch deſponding Reader to turn this Tract to the following uſe: Let him avail himſelf

of it in the firſt place in order to alarm his fears, and to do away that falſe notion of innocence, which men who never examine themſelves are apt to truſt to as the ground of their ſalvation, and when what he has read has thus convinced him of his exceeding guilt, let it then ſend his thoughts to that Savior of the world "whom GOD hath ſet forth "to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, "to declare his righteouſneſs for the remiſſion of "ſins that are paſt, through the forbearance of "GOD." Let him proceed to think deeply and often on that inſtructive ſubject of "his being juſtified freely by GOD's grace, through the redemption that is in Jeſus Chriſt:" a ſubject the powerful force of which in turning the whole heart to GOD, the Reader has perhaps not yet taken into his calculation. Encouraged by the pardon of which this doctrine aſſures him if he is penitent, and accepting moſt heartily and thankfully it's free and undeſerved ſalvation, let him then account himſelf to be "not his own, but "bought with a price," and let him "live no longer to himſelf, but to him that hath "died for him." A heart warmed with gratitude to Chriſt will ſtand in the place of a thouſand arguments; it will make that labor pleaſant which otherwiſe ſeems intolerable: and it will cauſe all thoſe duties, which we ſeemed to deſcribe with ſo much ſtrictneſs, to appear now no more than a juſt and reaſonable ſervice.

An Hymn for the New Year.

O GOD our help in ages paſt,
Our hope in years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

To thee we pay our yearly vow
Of humble thanks and praiſe;
To thee we freely offer now
The remnant of our days.

Lord if our ſins are counted o'er
They ſtrike us with ſupriſe,
Not all the ſands upon the ſhore
To equal numbers riſe.

Teach us to feel our guilty ſtate,
To view the path we've trod,
Teach us to ſue at mercy's gate
Before we meet our God.

Teach us to walk with ready feet
In thy moſt holy ways,
To count our Saviour's ſervice ſweet,
And give him all the praiſe.

Thus when the ſun at thy command
Shall ceaſe his yearly round,
When at thy bar the world ſhall ſtand
And the laſt trumpet ſound.

Then while the awful ſentence rings
In ſleepy ſinners' ears;
To us our God redemption brings
And endleſs are our years.

THE END.

Sunday Reading.

THE

TOUCHSTONE;

OR, THE

WAY to know a TRUE CHRISTIAN.

BEING

A Description of the Character of our bleſſed SAVIOR, with an Inquiry whether we are like Him. To which is added, An Appeal firſt to INFIDELS, and then to Perſons who call themſelves by the Name of CHRISTIANS.



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THE

TOUCHSTONE, &c.

IN this Chriſtian Country, or at leaſt among the more Chriſtian part of it, the duty of imitating him by whoſe name we call ourſelves is a point which muſt be allowed to be clear. I think it muſt alſo be admitted by all who conſider themſelves as Chriſtians, that in proportion as a man differs from his Savior, and turns away from the conſideration of his Character and Conduct, in the ſame proportion does he depart from true goodneſs, and betray the unſoundneſs of his whole Chriſtian profeſſion.

We ſhall proceed, without further preface, to ſpeak of a few of thoſe tempers and diſpoſitions which moſt remarkably diſtinguiſhed our bleſſed Lord, and they ſhall be the following.

Firſt. He was remarkable for his *condeſcenſion and humility*, and for his indifference to worldly praiſe. He ſought not honor from men: he never aimed at earthly diſtinction or ſuperiority, but ſubmitted willingly to be conſidered as one of the meaneſt of the people. No lofty high minded thoughts, no aſpiring deſires were harboured in his breaſt. He made himſelf "of no reputation," and appeared as the ſervant of all. It was moſt wonderful condeſcenſion in Chriſt, who is ſpoken of in Scripture as "coming down from heaven," and as having partaken in "the glory of the Father before the world was," even to viſit this world at all. It was ſtill greater condeſcenſion to viſit us in the character of a man like ourſelves,

but the condeſcenſion is increaſed to a ſtill more aſtoniſhing pitch, by appearing among us even as the pooreſt and moſt deſpiſed of mankind. He was deſtitute of ſuch common conveniences as even the loweſt have. "The foxes have "holes, and the birds of the air have neſts, "but the Son of Man had not where to lay "his head." We find him condeſcending to waſh his diſciples' feet, and alſo warning them not to conſider themſelves as true Believers in him if they "ſought honor one of another:" at another time we find him admoniſhing them to be "poor in ſpirit," and at another "not to chuſe "the higheſt place," but willingly and contentedly to take the loweſt till they ſhould be called up higher, aſſuring them that it was a maxim in his kingdom, "that every one that exalteth himſelf "ſhall be abaſed, but he that humbleth himſelf "ſhall be exalted."

Secondly. Our Savior was alſo endued with the greateſt *meekneſs and patience*. No haſtineſs of ſpirit; no raſh anger or reſentment was found in him. His ſoul was meek and gentle as a lamb: all the trials, affronts, and injuries which he met with were ſubmitted to by him patiently, without the leaſt murmuring or repining. "He "gave his back to the ſmiters, and his cheeks "to them that plucked off the hair." "He "hid not his face from ſhame and ſpitting."— "He was oppreſſed, and he was afflicted, yet he "opened not his mouth." "He was brought "as a lamb to the ſlaughter, and as a ſheep "before his ſhearers is dumb, ſo he opened not "his mouth." St. Peter tells us, that "when

" he was reviled he reviled not again, when he " ſuffered he threatened not, but committed him- " ſelf to him that judgeth righteouſly," and his own admonition to his followers is, " Take my " yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am " meek and lowly in heart, and ye ſhall find reſt " for your ſouls." When his enemies treated him with the greateſt unkindneſs and cruelty he returned them good for evil, and ſought to promote their happineſs and ſalvation. So far was his mind from harbouring any malice or revenge, that he prayed even for his murderers, and recommended them to the Divine Mercy, ſaying, " Father forgive them, for they know not what " they do."

Thirdly. The mind of Chriſt was alſo filled with the tendereſt *compaſſion and love.* This was manifeſted throughout his whole conduct, by the kind attention he ſhewed both to the bodies and ſouls of men. He went about doing good," relieving the helpleſs, healing the diſeaſed, and comforting the afflicted. He alſo inſtructed the ignorant, and " gave light to them that ſat in darkneſs and in the ſhadow of death." The poor guilty ſinner found him a friend indeed. We never read of any ſinner turning from his ſins, and calling upon Chriſt, without receiving an anſwer of peace, ſo that our Savior ſhewed by his conduct that he came, as he himſelf expreſſes it, " to ſeek and to " ſave that which was loſt." He is repreſented in Scripture as one who was always labouring to promote the Salvation of thoſe around him; and when men would not hearken to his words, but determined ſtill to go on in their ſins, his ſoul pitied them, and he was " grieved for their hardneſs of

" heart." How fully does his pathetic Lamentation over devoted Jeruſalem ſpeak the compaſſionate affection of his mind! " O Jeruſalem! " Jeruſalem! thou that killeſt the Prophets, and " ſtoneſt them that are ſent unto thee; how often " would I have gathered thy children together, " even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her " wing, and ye would not."

But his love was ſhewn moſt eminently in his laying down his life for us: as he ſpeaks, " Greater " Love hath no man than this, that a man lay " down his life for his friends." This great inſtance of love he ſhewed, yet this was not all: He laid down his life for his *enemies*. St. Paul ſays, " When we were yet without ſtrength," (or when we had fallen ſo as to be utterly helpleſs and ruined) " in due time Chriſt died for the " ungodly. For ſcarcely for a righteous man " would one die, yet peradventure for a good " man ſome would even dare to die. But God " commendeth his love towards us, in that while " we were yet ſinners Chriſt died for us." Herein is love beyond example. We read of ſome who have been induced to die for their country or their friends, but where have we heard or read of any one, except Jeſus Chriſt, who has willingly died for his enemies; for thoſe who offended and cruelly injured him.

Fourthly. Chriſt was remarkable for the moſt perfect *obedience and reſignation to the will of God.*

" I came down from heaven, he ſaith, not to " do mine own will. but the will of him that ſent " me. And I muſt work the work of him that " ſent me while it is day, the night cometh when

"no man can work." At twelve years old we find him diligently employed in purſuing the great object for which God ſent him into the world, reaſoning with and queſtioning the Jewiſh Doctors in the Temple. When his mother inquired of him concerning the reaſon of his conduct, his anſwer was, "Wiſt ye not that I muſt be about my "father's buſineſs:" He was more intent on obeying God than on receiving his daily food. "I "have meat to eat," ſaid he, "which the world "knows not of," and immediately after he adds, "my meat is to do the will of God, and to finiſh "the work which he hath given me to do." And as he was active in performing, ſo was he alſo patient in ſuffering whatever God required. All the ſevere trials and afflictions which Chriſt endured, were endured without reluctance or repining, becauſe he knew that they came upon him by Divine appointment. Even when his laſt bitter ſufferings drew near, and his human Nature ſhuddered at the proſpect of them, hear with what obedient reſignation he prayed: "Now is my ſoul troubled, "and what ſhall I ſay, Father, ſave me from this "hour; but for this cauſe came I unto this hour. "Father, glorify thy name.—Father, if thou be "willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheleſs, "not my will but thine be done."

If there were room to enlarge on this ſubject, we might proceed to ſpeak of our Savior's ſpotleſs purity, of his unſhaken faith and truſt in God, of his noble courage in the cauſe of truth, and alſo of his ardent devotion, as well as many other ſhining exellencies in his character; but it is the leſs neceſſary, becauſe they are partly implied in the tempers already treated of.

And now let me put a very ſimple queſtion to the reader. Who are they that are the true Diſciples of this Jeſus Chriſt? The anſwer is eaſy. The true Diſciples are thoſe undoubtedly who moſt nearly reſemble that character of Chriſt which has been ſpoken of. Thoſe are not the true Chriſtians who merely call themſelves ſuch. Again, thoſe are not the true Chriſtrians, who, though they believe and affirm the Bible to be true, yet never read it, and know nothing of what is contained in it. Again, thoſe are not the true Chriſtians who though they may read the Bible, and though they can prove by argument that it is no impoſture, are nevertheleſs no better for all this knowledge. Again, they are not the true Chriſtians who have had Chriſtian baptiſm, who attend at Chriſtian worſhip, and receive every month the Chriſtian Sacrament, and who are orthodox even in their Creed, and can ſee the errors into which other men fall on theſe ſubjects; for a man may ſtill want the main thing which Chriſtianity conſiſts in, I mean he may want a reſemblance to Chriſt in his turn of Character, and temper, and ſpirit. But in order to bring this whole ſubject more diſtinctly home to the Reader, let us again briefly touch on the ſeveral tempers that were ſpoken of.

Firſt, then your Savior was remarkable for his condeſcenſion, humility, and indifference to worldy praiſe. Are you diſtinguiſhed by the ſame diſpoſitions? Are you willing to drop down from your rank in life, as Chriſt did from his celeſtial dignity? Are you contented alſo with a low eſtate as he was? And is your heart deadened like his to the deſire of worldly praiſe and reputation? Is this, I ſay, your character? Or, on the contrary, are

you one of thoſe Chriſtians who make a point of not ſtooping to any employment that is judged beneath them, and who are continually aiming at high acquaintance, whoſe great anxiety is alſo to fare plentifully in this world, and who, in ſhort, are in full chace of wealth as well as reputation, honor, and preferment? This is one teſt by which you are to judge whether you are a Chriſtian.

Secondly. We ſpoke of the meekneſs and patience of Chriſt. When he was "reviled, he reviled not again." His ſoul, as we obſerved, was meek and gentle as a lamb. Is this alſo your character? Has your natural temper, if it is haſty, been brought under, ſo that affronts and injuries do not much ruffle you? Are you not made violent in your ſpirit by the violence of thoſe who are oppoſed to you? How do you feel, for inſtance, towards men of an oppoſite nation, or of a contrary party to you in politics, or of another ſect, in religion? Chriſt died for his enemies; how do you feel towards all your enemies? Do you bear the evils of life alſo as Chriſt did, without murmuring and complaining, ſubmitting cheerfully to a hard and humble lot if it be the will of your heavenly Father?

Thirdly. Chriſt was full of tender compaſſion and love, both to the bodies and ſouls of men. How ſtands the likeneſs in theſe particulars? For inſtance, what part of your time and money do you give to the relief of men's bodily diſtreſſes? Is your character that of a father to the fatherleſs, a viſitor of the ſick, a benefactor to the poor, and a comforter of the afflicted? Do you, like your Savior, "go about doing good?" How do you act alſo towards thoſe who are of bad character in

the world, and who have treſpaſſed, as ſome judge, paſt all forgiveneſs? Does your benevolence embrace even theſe outcaſts alſo? It was one of the reproaches caſt on Chriſt by the Phariſees, that he ſtooped too low in this reſpect, and that he ſeemed to take the part of wicked and undeſerving people. "Behold!" ſaid they "a friend to Publicans and Sinners," and again, "this woman is a Sinner." Are you in like manner a friend to the moſt diſcreditable kind of Sinners? Is the idea of their unworthineſs no argument with you for declining an opportunity of doing them good? Do you take their part and not deſpair of them, notwithſtanding the ſneers of ſome unchriſtian people? Or, on the contrary, does the dread of ſuffering in your own reputation continually check you in the juſt exerciſe of your beneficence?

But the love of Chriſt had reſpect chiefly to the ſouls of men. Are you chiefly concerned about their ſouls alſo? Do you do what in you lieth to promote men's eternal intereſts? Do you labour to enlighten, to inſtruct, to invite, and to warn men with all earneſtneſs as Chriſt did? And do you weep over the caſe of impenitent Sinners, as your Savior wept over Jeruſalem? Or, on the contrary, are you one of thoſe who make light of men's ſpiritual intereſts, who ſeem almoſt to forget that their fellow-creatures have immortal ſouls, and who at the utmoſt can only be prevailed on to ſhew a little humanity to their bodies?

Fourthly. Chriſt was remarkable for his obedience and reſignation to the will of God. He evidently lived only for the purpoſe of doing the will of his heavenly Father. Is this the propoſed end of your living? Do you conſider all your employ-

ments in this life as the fulfilling of a work which God hath given you to do, and do you labour to know his will in order to your thus fulfilling it? Or, on the contrary, are you one of those who never think of God's will, but go their own way and say, they have a right to please themselves provided they commit no great crime against their neighbour. And again, when crosses or troubles come upon you do you bear them with resignation, considering them to be sent by God, or are you impatient until they are removed, reversing on such occasions the language of your Savior and saying, "Not thy will, O Lord! but mine be done."

On the subject of our Savior's holiness and purity, his unshaken faith and trust in God, his boldness in the cause of truth, and his ardent devotion, as well as his other excellencies, we will not attempt to enter here. Let it be remembered, however, that it is the part of a true Christian to trace out the whole character of his Savior, and to imitate him in every one of those points in which the Scriptures set him forth as our example.

And now let us make an appeal in a few words to two or three different descriptions of people. And first to the downright Infidel. You are one who disbelieve in Christ; but you are one that has duly weighed and considered his character? What is the fault you find in it? When the unbelieving Jews once took up stones to cast at Jesus, he answered them by saying, "Many good works have "I shewed you from my Father, and for which of "these good works do you stone me?" And so it may be said to you now. Many excellencies in Christ's character have been set before you, and for which of these is it that you disbelieve in him?

urely you cannot deny that there is ſomething ery excellent, and unimpeachable, ſomething very ure and holy, ſomething alſo very original, ſome- ing in ſhort that looks very like divine in the haracter that has been ſpoken of, nor can there e any doubt of the tendency of the diſpoſitions hich have been deſcribed to promote the peace nd happineſs of mankind. When therefore one an ſcoffs, when another gravely diſbelieves, when third doubts about Chriſtianity; when difficulties ſe up in the minds of ſome, and when profane nd blaſpheming books are ſpread abroad to over- row the faith of others, to all this hoſt of un- elievers we beg leave in this place ſimply to ply, by oppoſing to them the character of Jeſus hriſt, a character which thoſe who are the moſt iolent in running down Chriſtianity, will be found believe in general, to take very little trouble in onſidering.

When thoſe unbelieving Jews of old who were bent on crucifying Chriſt were aſked, "Why, what evil hath he done?" the grand difficulty as, to get them to give their attention fairly to e character of the priſoner; the multitude of em, when this very reaſonable queſtion was aſked, re ſaid to have returned to their general abuſe, and have "only cried out the more let him be cru- cified; but when Pilate, though diſpoſed to ſide ith the Jews, was obliged by his office to exa- ine and croſs-examine this Jeſus, "Verily," ſaid ilate, "I find no fault in him."—Our preſent dif- culty is much the ſame; for if we could but per- ade our modern Infidels and Blaſphemers to be- ow for once a little time in examining, point by oint, the character of this Jeſus of Nazareth as

Pilate did, methinks they would be glad to wash their hands alſo, like Pilate, of the blame of being his more forward enemies: they would turn over at leaſt the heavier part of the guilt to the rabble of more uninformed perſons ſaying, like Pilate after the examination, "Take ye him and crucify him."

But let us next addreſs the merely nominal and falſe Chriſtians. Now, theſe are the perſons who, though ſome of them lament perhaps the preſent growth of infidelity, have been the principal cauſes of it. Not a few of theſe Chriſtians ſo called are, it is to be feared, men even of immoral character, and theſe muſt be named among the beſt friends of infidelity, for the corrupt life of one who calls himſelf a Chriſtian, is certainly the greateſt of all encouragements to the unbelievers. But let us not confine our obſervations to immoral Chriſtians only. You are certainly a promoter of Infidelity if you do but fail of having that peculiar temper and turn of mind which has been deſcribed. I will ſuppoſe now that you are a decent moral perſon—But muſt we not own that ſo alſo are many of the Infidels—honourable—ſo are the Infidels—humane, perhaps haudſome in your conduct, and very reſpectable—but ſo alſo are many of the Infidels. If this then be all, you have nothing in your character but what is common both to you and them, and an Infidel at this rate is juſt as good as a Chriſtian; and if as good he muſt be as ſafe alſo—ſurely then there is no need of Chriſtianity: and if there is no need of it there ariſes a ſtrong ſuſpicion alſo that there is no truth in it; for to ſuppoſe Chriſtianity to be true, and ſent of God, as it profeſſes to be, while nevertheleſs there is no need of it, and while the fol-

lowers of it are no better than the Unbelievers, is to ſuppoſe that God acts foolishly and in vain, which ſuppoſition is itſelf a kind of Infidelity, and is an approach even to Atheiſm. It follows, therefore, that in order to defend the truth of Chriſtianity, it is neceſſary to exclude out of the pale of the true Chriſtian Church every ſuch merely decent Chriſtian as I have been ſpeaking of, ſaying to him (as all ſerious Chriſtians indeed are uſed to do) that you have no ſhare in the privileges of the Goſpel any more than the Unbelievers, and if "he that believeth not ſhall be condemned," then you it is to be feared are involved in the ſame condemnation.

We cannot help obſerving, that Chriſtians of this merely decent claſs, eſpecially if poſſeſſed of a little orthodoxy alſo, are not ſeldom the perſons who cry out moſt violently againſt Infidelity, and who perhaps come forward in defence of the national faith, as if theſe were the beſt Champions by whom the truths of Chriſt can be defended; whereas I think I have ſhewn, that they are ſome of the very perſons who have betrayed the cauſe, and have ſurrendered up the ark of our moſt holy faith into the hands of the modern Philiſtines.

Let us next addreſs another claſs of perſons, I mean thoſe who are very remarkable for their attachment to certain Chriſtian Doctrines, and are very zealous for what they call the Goſpel. Some of theſe perhaps carry their zeal for doctrines ſo far, that they feel but little intereſt in any thing that can be ſaid concerning the example of Chriſt, and are ready to turn away from what they call ſo merely moral a leſſon. They deſire to hear of nothing elſe than the "blood and

" righteouſneſs of Chriſt," and his atonement, and grace, and interceſſion. But has not the ſame Scripture which ſpeaks on theſe ſubjects ſaid alſo, " Let the ſame *mind* be in you which was alſo " in Chriſt Jeſus, and that Chriſt hath ſet us an " example that we ſhould tread in his ſteps;" and again, " that he that ſaith he abideth in him " ought himſelf ſo to walk even as he walked;" and again, " that if any man have not the Spirit " of Chriſt," (which certainly muſt include the temper of Chriſt) " he is none of his." A plain ſcriptural declaration of the Character of Chriſt, and an appeal to thoſe texts which aſſert the neceſſity of being like him in our own character and conduct, may be of admirable uſe in pulling down the vain confidence of the Enthuſiaſt, in rectifying many errors of the Bigot, in expoſing the ſinful paſſions of ſome who pretend that they are magnifying Chriſt, in proving in ſhort the faith of all, and in calming many political as well as religious controverſies of the Chriſtian Church.

But once more. There are ſome who think indeed that they copy after Chriſt, and that they copy him the more becauſe they make light of doctrines and beſtow their whole attention upon practice. But what is their practice? Are they cloſe and real imitators of all theſe holy tempers of Jeſus? I fear thoſe who neglect or pervert the doctrinal parts of Scripture in order to ſuit their own creed, are prone equally to forget or lower what is practical in Scripture in order to ſuit their own practice: many take, for inſtance, only a part of Chriſt's example inſtead of the whole of it, and even what they take they lower and deprive of all the ſpirit that is in it before

they can agree to it: thus they may poſſibly imitate Chriſt's benevolence to the bodies of men, but even this is done only in ſome ſmall dergee, for they cannot be ſaid to "go about doing good," as Chriſt did, making their benevolence their buſineſs, and quitting their home, like him, in ſearch of wretched people; and as to Chriſt's benevolence to the *ſouls* of men they hardly think of it, and are altogether oppoſite to him in that particular: thus many alſo may conſider a certain degree of reſignation to Providence in a time of calamity to be a branch of Chriſtian duty, and may fancy they follow Chriſt's example in this reſpect, while in fact perhaps they are much more influenced by an idea of it's being neceſſary to ſubmit to their fate; and as to that other temper of Chriſt which we coupled with willingneſs to ſuffer, I mean a willingneſs alſo to *do* the whole will of our heavenly Father, here they moſt lamentably fail: for do they look upon the doing of God's will, as Chriſt did, to be more neceſſary, as it were, than their daily meat, and do they count their time, their money, and their labor loſt except as it is devoted to God's ſervice, and employed for his glory? In truth, the whole example of Chriſt, when rightly underſtood, can neither be imitated nor approved by the common kind of worldly men; and indeed we all ſeem naturally to fall into diſpoſitions the moſt contrary to thoſe which characteriſed our Savior; for are men *naturally* humble, and lowly, and indifferent, as he was to worldly praiſe? Are they *naturally* prone to forgive injuries, and to love even their enemies, ſhewing their chief compaſſion alſo to the ſouls of thoſe whom they love? Are men *naturally* diſ-

posed to renounce their own will, and to look only to the will of God? and are men *naturally* submissive, and resigned, and devoted altogether to the Lord's service? The corruption of our nature then is one of the lessons which we learn by thus appealing to the example of Christ as the Touchstone of real goodness, and when through the knowledge of this corruption we are humbled under the sense of guilt, and are become anxious to find mercy, then, and not till then, we turn to our Savior's Cross, and begin heartily to plead "the Propitiation" of that Son of God who "bare "our sins in his own body on the tree," having "given his own life to be a ransom for us."

The distance at which we find ourselves from the great Standard of Perfection, and the difficulty which we soon begin to feel when we endeavour to copy after it, cannot fail to teach us another lesson in Christianity of the first importance: we are now taught, I mean, to "bow our "knees" before the God of all grace, imploring him "to help our infirmities," and to pour down upon us a portion of that spirit which was "given without measure" unto Christ; and thus do the several parts of Christianity reflect mutual light on each other. He then is the true Christian who, believing the doctrines of Christ, is also animated thereby to follow all the precepts of his master, who heartily approves and zealously copies after the bright example that is set before him, and who, by the help of Divine Grace, attains in his humble measure to some true resemblance of his Savior.

THE END.

39

SUNDAY READING.

ONESIMUS;

OR, THE

RUN-AWAY SERVANT CONVERTED.

A TRUE STORY.

SHEWING

What a wonderful Improvement in his Condition ONESIMUS experienced after he became a Chriſtian.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

An affectionate Addreſs to all thoſe unhappy Perſons, both Men and Women, who, like ONESIMUS, have left their Home and have got into any bad Way of living, and who have alſo a Mind to hear how they may get out.



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ONESIMUS, &c.

ONESIMUS was a ſervant (or ſlave) in the houſe of one Philemon. This Philemon ſeems to have been remarkable for being a good Chriſtian, for the Apoſtle Paul very particularly mentions his "Love and Faith towards the Lord Jeſus, and towards all Saints." It is plain then that Oneſimus muſt have had great advantages by living in the houſe of ſuch a maſter; and one would think that he muſt have been a good Chriſtian alſo. No, he was far otherwiſe. He was quite inſenſible of his advantages. Although there is ſaid to have been a "a Church," that is, a collection of worſhipping Chriſtians, in Philemon's houſe, yet Oneſimus ſeems to have been not at all the better for it. He received no doubt the inſtructions, he attended regularly at the family prayers, he alſo beheld daily the bright example of Philemon, and yet his heart continued to be hardened. I ſhould think it probable that Oneſimus was very blind and ignorant reſpecting Religion, and alſo very careleſs about it, ſo that all the Spiritual Inſtruction he received would go in at one ear, as the ſaying is, and go out at the other. In the mean time, temptations of various kinds would probably come upon him, and thus he would advance from bad to worſe, for one ſin commonly leads on to another, and at length his heart being dreadfully hardened, he would be ready for almoſt any wickedneſs. It ſeems by St. Paul's account, that he became an unfaithful ſervant, and actually robbed his maſter, and that he then ran away (perhaps taking his booty with him) to the great City of Rome, where

would be eaſy for Oneſimus to conceal himſelf, juſt as it is eaſy for a man who has played the villain ſome where at a diſtance in this country, to lie hid in London now.

If the preſent ſtory were to ſtop here, where then, it might be ſaid, is the uſe of having all theſe family prayers and this "Church in the houſe?" Why the very ſervants you inſtruct will ſtill cheat you juſt as much as if they were not inſtructed, and it is as well therefore to leave them to go their own way, without trying to make them religious."—I will not ſtop to reply to this obſervation here, becauſe, as we go on with the ſtory, the anſwer will be plain enough.

What I have next to remark of Oneſimus, is, that when he got to Rome, he went to hear the Apoſtle Paul preach. We are not told the reaſon of his firſt attending on the Apoſtle. It is not improbable, however, that ſome qualm of conſcience might put him upon this viſit. Methinks I ſee him for a few days or weeks rioting in vice, ſpending freely the handful of plunder which he had carried off, and as his pocket grows low, becoming low in ſpirits alſo. At length his laſt ſhilling is gone. Alas! he has no Chriſtian maſter to ſupport him, no friend to pity him—and now having firſt doubted poſſibly whether to plunge into ſome new crime in order to relieve his growing diſtreſſes, he bethinks himſelf of what he had once ſo careleſsly heard in Philemon's houſe, and ſays within his heart "well, there can be no comfort, no hope, no chance of deliverance for me now, but from the Goſpel.." I think it is alſo poſſible that he might have occaſionally overheard the name of Paul mentioned while he

was waiting at Philemon's table, and when pricked in his conſcience at Rome. Paul therefore is the man to whom he would naturally fly for relief.

Let no maſter then deſpair of being an inſtrument of good to his ſervants, even though for a time he ſhould ſee no fruit of his labors. I am perſuaded there has been many a footman, or ſtable boy, or other ſervant, both male and female, who has continued thoughtleſs and profane during the whole time of reſidence in a religious maſter's houſe, and who nevertheleſs has been ſtruck to the heart afterwards, and has profited materially in the end, by ſome hint which appeared to have no effect at the time of receiving it.

But we are next to ſpeak of a new ſcene which preſents itſelf. Oneſimus is converted to Chriſtianity under Paul's miniſtry. The ſinner is convicted of his ſin. Through God's mercy the Runaway is arreſted in his mad and wicked courſe. The poor guilty wretch of courſe confeſſes to Paul his guilt, and through the infinite grace of God in Chriſt he obtains pardon, and the hope of eternal life.

Here then is a ſtriking proof of the rich proviſion of mercy which there is in the Goſpel. A run-away ſlave and a thief may become a partaker of it: God can grant even to the vileſt and moſt miſerable ſinner repentance unto life; and it is proper therefore, that all ſhould pray to God for a heart to repent, and that no one ſhould deſpair.

It is plain from many ſigns that the repentance of Oneſimus was ſincere. In the firſt place I think we may take Paul's word that it was ſo, for Paul would not have ſpoken ſo decidedly as he did, if he had not firſt enquired into the caſe. No; I

will warrant you Paul examined Oneſimus very cloſely, for Paul's charity did not conſiſt in believing in a good natured way that every one was a Chriſtian who ſaid that he was ſo: on the contrary, Paul's Charity led him to be careful and jealous leſt he ſhould comfort his flock with a falſe hope, or ſhould flatter the perſon of any one. It made him therefore exceedingly particular in examining the ſtate of men's ſouls: and hence it comes to paſs that the words of Paul have ſo much weight whenever he pronounces any one to be a Chriſtian.

But the ſincerity of Oneſimus's repentance is ſtill further proved by a circumſtance which is diſtinctly mentioned; I mean by his readineſs to take Paul's advice when he bids him go back again to his injured maſter. Now a falſe penitent would differ from Oneſimus in this particular. A falſe penitent would make a thouſand objections to ſuch a meaſure. "What," he would ſay, "muſt I go back to my maſter whom I have wronged? I dare not ſhow my face before him, nor before my fellow ſervants. I ſhall ſink into the earth when I ſee them. Beſides, where is the neceſſity for returning? I am willing to repent indeed, but may I not repent at Rome? Surely I may be allowed to remain here in my preſent obſcurity, for the diſgrace of ſeeing my maſter and all my old friends again is more than I can bear, but I will bear any thing elſe; I will live hard and work honeſtly, and I will be very ſorry for my ſin, and I will continue to attend Paul's preaching. Surely this will ſuffice."—"But go back again in the firſt place to your maſter," ſays Paul. Go and own to him what you have done; away with all this pride and evil ſhame which

is about you. Submit to the disgrace you have brought on yourself, and try to repair the evil you have done as well as you can, by working hard for Philemon in the time to come endeavour to earn *for* him as much money as you have stolen *from* him, and be not afraid of Philemon's wrath, for I will give you a letter to him. This is the proof I require of your sincerity."

How wise and judicious was this advice of Paul to Onesimus! "Whom," says he in the letter "I have sent again," that is, whom I have sent back again in order that he may confess his whole fault to you, and return into your service. The confession of the sin against Philemon was better in this case than any general confession of faith, or than any plausible tale of Onesimus's conversion; and so it may be observed in other cases, that a readiness to go back at all hazards, and to acknowledge our crime to the person we have offended, and to repair it as well as we are able, is the first proof of sincerity that should be required; whereas an unwillingness to return implies much remaining pride of heart, a very sinful sort of shame, a disregard to strict honesty, and a fear of consequences that is inconsistent with that faith and trust in God which accompany true repentance.

Onesimus as I have said, consented to return; and let us not suppose that he is now to be pitied on that account, or that any great miseries were in consequence about to fall upon his head. No, let us congratulate him rather on his right resolution, for I will warrant you that after the first affecting scene was over, he would be much the happier for it, and let us remember also, that we are to consider him now as a Christian, who has got among Chris-

tian people, and that he departs bearing in his hand that letter of St. Paul to Philemon which I have ſpoken of, and which forms one of the ſhort Books or Epiſtles of the New Teſtament. How kind, how affectionate, how condeſcending does every part of this Epiſtle appear when it is carefully examined! It is a ſpecimen of the Chriſtian ſpirit, and we ſhall therefore now turn from Oneſimus's character to the contemplation of that of Paul, which we have here a fine opportunity of conſidering.

Paul was now grown extremely old, and he had ſuffered much in the cauſe of the Goſpel. He was at this very time a priſoner, and it was while in priſon and in bonds that he had preached ſo effectually to Oneſimus. It is likewiſe remarkable that not only Oneſimus the ſlave, but that Philemon the maſter alſo, to whom the letter was addreſſed, had been converted through Paul's miniſtry. Thus therefore this venerable Saint was able to write with the authority that belonged to him both as an Apoſtle, as an old man, and as Philemon's father in Chriſt, as the father in like manner of Oneſimus, and as a chief ſufferer, who was ſoon alſo to prove a noble Martyr, in the cauſe of their common Saviour.

What then is the ground which he may be ſuppoſed to take in order to perſuade Philemon to ſpare the poor converted ſlave that is ſent back to him? The ground he takes is this: He forbears, he ſays, from that exerciſe of his authority which ſuch a one as he might uſe; he hints, in a moſt affecting manner, how Philemon himſelf had owed the life of his very ſoul to the apoſtle, and he then entreats Philemon, for love's ſake, to comply with the earneſt requeſt that is made to him, briefly in-

timating alſo the worldly profit which Philemon would derive from having now a Chriſtian ſervant inſtead of an unbelieving one. But let us quote the apoſtle's own words—" wherefore," ſays he, " though I might be bold in Chriſt to enjoin thee that which is convenient, yet, for love's ſake, I rather beſeech thee, being ſuch a one as Paul the aged, and now alſo a Priſoner of Jeſus Chriſt; I beſeech thee for my ſon Oneſimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds, which in times paſt was to thee unprofitable, but is now profitable to thee and to me, whom I have ſent again, thou therefore receive him that is mine own Bowels." And then he adds, " Thou therefore receive him not now as a ſervant, but above a ſervant, a brother beloved, eſpecially to me, but how much more unto thee both in the fleſh and in the Lord."

What an aſtoniſhing difference does Chriſtianity make in men! What a kind of ſpirit do we here trace! How ſtrange alſo muſt all this love and condeſcenſion ſeem to ſome people! A man of the world, whoſe ſervant had robbed him and run away, would never believe Chriſtianity could convert the man, and would diſdain to receive ſuch a kind of letter as I have deſcribed. I am perſuaded alſo my readers will agree, that a worldly correſpondent, though naturally ever ſo humane, would be very far from writing ſuch a kind of letter as this; and certainly an unrepenting and worldly minded ſlave would ill deſerve to have it written.—But how affectionately does the apoſtle ſtill proceed—" If," ſays Paul, " thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as myſelf. If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account. I Paul have written it

with mine own hand, I will repay it. Albeit, I do not ſay to thee how thou oweſt to me thine own ſelf beſides."

And now let it be remarked, what a happy influence had Chriſtianity on the whole condition of this poor wretched Run-away. He was ſinking, no doubt, into the loweſt infamy as well as poverty and woe when he firſt waited on Paul: he was living, I dare ſay, among the dregs of the people at Rome; and if he had remained unconverted, if either he had not gone to Paul, or if having gone to him he had again hardened his heart, and returned to his former wickedneſs, he would probably have ended his days on the Crucifix or Gibbet, or at leaſt he would have ſoon periſhed through want, unknown and unregarded, for he would have been ſwept away among the thouſands whom the vice and wickedneſs of every great City are continually ſending to an untimely grave: A guilty conſcience alſo would have haunted him in his laſt hours, and after death he muſt have ſtood before an offended God, and at laſt he muſt have had his portion in that place where "there is weeping, and wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth."

How happy then I ſay, how tranſporting was the change! The pride of his heart being firſt ſubdued through that bleſſed Goſpel which was made known to him, he returns to his maſter. This was a great ſtep. He returns to ſlavery indeed, but to a ſlavery no doubt that was extremely mild, and that ſcarcely deſerved the name; for he is immediately received even as a Brother into the family from whence he had fled as a Culprit, and the ſame Epiſtle of Paul which introduced him to Philemon,

would now recommend him no doubt to many members of the Church at Coluſſus, with whom he would become united in the bonds of Chriſtian love. Nay, if we believe the report of hiſtory, his good conduct as a ſlave ſoon afterwards gained him his liberty, and he even roſe, as ſome have ſuppoſed (though of this there may be a certain degree of doubt) to the ſituation of a Miniſter or Teacher of the infant Chriſtian Church.

But whatever his condition may have been during the remainder of his days on earth, (and it is indeed comparatively of little moment) of this at leaſt we are ſure, that his everlaſting happineſs was ſecured, and that he is now numbered among the company of thoſe "who have waſhed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" whoſe offences in this life are pardoned through the merits of Chriſt, and who are "ſtanding before the throne of God." There the great apoſtle Paul, and his excellent friend Philemon, and there alſo the converted ſlave Oneſimus, unite with one voice in that triumphant ſong, (God grant that each of us may one day join in it,) "Unto Him that hath loved us, and waſhed us from our ſins in his own blood, and hath made us Kings and Prieſts unto God and his Father, unto Him be Glory and Dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

An Application *of the above Story to the Caſe of thoſe unhappy Men and Women, who, like* Oneſimus, *have left their Home. and have got into a bad Way of Life.*

THE ſtory, which we have related, may be uſeful to perſons of every claſs, but there is a very particular application of it which may be made to thoſe who, in ſome meaſure, reſemble the run-away and unconverted Oneſimus.

I mean now, therefore, to addreſs myſelf to thoſe who, through ſome falſe ſtep in life, and perhaps by adding one piece of miſconduct to another, have fallen into any very diſtreſsful and diſgraceful circumſtances. I addreſs myſelf more eſpecially to thoſe unhappy women, who, like Oneſimus, have run away from their proper home, where once perhaps they may have heard ſomething of the Goſpel, though they did not attend to it, and who are now ruined in their character, who are alſo plunged by their growing neceſſities into a life of open and allowed ſin, and are periſhing both as to body and ſoul, either in our great towns, or among the dregs of the people of our metropolis.

I would entreat ſuch perſons to conſider a little the caſe of this poor Oneſimus, at the time he was plunged, as I have ſuppoſed him to have been, in the debaucheries of Rome, and when he muſt be viewed as a run-away, and even a thief and a vagabond. Methinks he reſembled, in a few leading particulars, what ſome of you may be at preſent. Now it happened that Oneſimus went one day to hear Paul preach. What if you were for once in your lives, to do the ſame? I mean, what if you were to go and hear the preaching of ſome faithful

and zealous Miniſter of Chriſt, ſome follower of Paul the Apoſtle? I would adviſe you, if you think of doing it at all, to go on the very next Sabbath. Oneſimus, by hearing Paul preach, was delivered out of all his troubles, for he was effectually converted to Chriſtianity; and who knows whether if you purſue the ſame means, it may not pleaſe God to ſave you, both body and ſoul, in the ſame manner. Indeed, I can hardly imagine any other way than that which Oneſimus actually took, by which he could have been recovered; and, depend upon it, if ever you eſcape, and are reſtored to peace, to happineſs, and to ſociety, it muſt be by the ſame mighty power of the Goſpel. Would to God, that ſome unhappy creature, who reads this tale, and who has imitated Oneſimus in his wanderings, might imitate him alſo in his repentance. Would to God that ſome loſt ſheep might thus be brought back into the fold of Chriſt. Would to God, that ſome Prodigal Son, for inſtance, might be perſuaded, like the Prodigal in the Goſpel, to repent and return to his father's houſe; or that ſome woman, who is a ſinner, while ſhe is reading this tale, might find her eyes begin to ſtream with tears, like the Magdalen who wept ſo plentifully at the feet of our Saviour, and might, like her, attain to a comfortable and well-grounded hope, that "her ſins, which are many," are forgiven her.

"But what can we do," methinks I hear a whole multitude of ſuch perſons reply, "We long to be reſtored to all the comforts you ſpeak of; we are charmed at the very mention of ſuch happineſs, but we know not how to get poſſeſſion of it." I anſwer, do then, in all reſpects like Oneſimus. Take example, as far as your caſe will allow, from all the

various circumſtances which may be ſuppoſed to have belonged to his tale. Firſt of all, he attended Paul's preaching, after which, I ſuppoſe, he called on the Apoſtle, and told him his ſtory. The Apoſtle, indeed, was a poor man himſelf, and a priſoner alſo; ſo that a little good advice, (which, however, is a very valuable thing) was all that could be got from him; except, indeed, that Paul being acquainted with a number of good Chriſtians, among whom there might be ſome rich ones alſo, he was able to give Oneſimus a letter of Introduction, if he thought proper. The ſame thing, perhaps, may happen now. If you will call on ſome Miniſter of the Goſpel, after having for a while attended his preaching, provided he judges you to be truly penitent, he will be induced, perhaps, if poor himſelf, to give you a recommendation to ſome Chriſtian friend of his, to ſome capital houſe-keeper, like Philemon.

But, ſhall I tell you what will be his difficulty? A ſuſpicion will immediately ariſe about your ſincerity, and the removal of this ſuſpicion is the great thing which you muſt aim at. Oneſimus ſucceeded in removing this ſuſpicion from the mind of Paul; for, if he had not, I am ſure Paul would never have written ſuch a letter as he did to Philemon.

Let me, then, cloſe with a little advice as to this point, I mean as to the manner in which you muſt give proof of your ſincerity.

Firſt, when you confeſs your faults to any one of whom you aſk help, do not confeſs them by halves. I have known ſome perſons acknowledge a few things which they have done wrong, and which, indeed, they could not hide, while they

have been mightily reſerved upon other points. They have left out half their ſtory. They have thought, perhaps, to ſpare themſelves hereby, but, in fact, it has commonly proved, that what was concealed was afterwards diſcovered, and they have been rejected, not at all on account of any unwillingneſs to help them, though hitherto ever ſo wicked, but on account of it's continuing ſtill to be impoſſible to put any truſt in them. Oneſimus, I warrant you, confeſſed his whole ſin to Paul, and was not detected afterwards in any little reſervations or excuſes, or falſe colourings.

Again, draw nearer and nearer to Religion. Read the Scriptures. Avoid bad company. Attend diligently on the preaching of the Goſpel; and endeavour to make acquaintance with thoſe who attend alſo, and who, however poor, are religious. Oneſimus had become one among the little ſociety of the "Saints which were at Rome," at the time when Paul wrote ſo confidently of his ſincerity.

Again, put away your pride and falſe ſhame; very forlorn and wicked people are often very proud, and this pride works in a thouſand ways, ſo as to hinder their deliverance. Oneſimus ſubmitted to go back to his old maſter, notwithſtanding all the ſhame that attended his return; and you muſt ſhew ſomething of the ſame temper, if you expect any one who underſtands the human heart, ſo as all Chriſtians do, to put confidence in your ſincerity.

Again, put your truſt in God. Dare to fulfil your preſent duty; and do not reaſon too much about conſequences. God has all events, and he has likewiſe all hearts in his hand: and he can and will make a way for your eſcape, as he did for

that of Oneſimus, if you reſolve fully to fear him, and put your truſt in him.

Again, determine on a life of induſtry; for all idleneſs in you muſt be diſhoneſty. Oneſimus went and worked even as a ſlave. I hope you have no objection to go and work any where as a ſervant, and to accept even the loweſt ſervice. I hope too, you deſire to be a very diligent and profitable ſervant. "Oneſimus," as St. Paul obſerves, "had been once unprofitable, but was now "profitable." He became a moſt valuable hard-working man when he became a Chriſtian.

But, above all things, take care to be what you wiſh to appear; take care, I mean, to be a moſt ſincere and true penitent. It is a ſmall matter to ſeem ſincere in the ſight of your fellow-creatures, when you are not ſo in the ſight of God. The heart is deceitful. Enter, therefore, deeply into this matter. Conſider your own weakneſs in times paſt; fly from temptation; be often on your knees alſo confeſſing your ſins, and praying to God to ſtrengthen you by his Holy Spirit; pray to him, in ſhort, "to ſearch and to try you, to prove you, and examine your ways, to look well if there be any way of wickedneſs in you, and to lead you in the way everlaſting."

And now, are you ſtill out of ſpirits and deſponding? Do you ſtill think there is no friend to pity you, no help near you, and that no Miniſter, if you ſhould go to him, will take notice of your caſe? I will add another hint on this ſubject. When Oneſimus firſt went to Paul, I dare ſay he little expected to get ſuch a kind letter as he obtained. Shall I then explain to you what was the cauſe which made Paul condeſcend ſo readily to this

poor, repenting ſinner. It was this. Paul was once a great ſinner himſelf; he could remember a time, when (though he never was a thief or a runaway) yet he was a hinderer of the Goſpel, and even a perſecutor alſo. But Paul had obtained mercy, And now it became the happineſs of his life to tell of the grace of Jeſus Chriſt. "Unto "me," ſaid he, "who am leſs than the leaſt of all "Saints, is this grace given, that I ſhould preach "among the Gentiles the unſearchable riches of "Chriſt." He thought it the greateſt honor in the world to be allowed to publiſh among the vileſt Gentiles, the ſalvation of the bleſſed Jeſus. So is it alſo now. The very beſt men on earth, whether Chriſtian Miniſters or Chriſtian People, like Paul, owe all to mercy, and they long therefore to commend you to the ſame mercy, and to ſtretch out their hand for your relief.

Learn, then, to underſtand the true hindrance to your recovery. It is not that there are no Chriſtians who will help you. It is not there are no means of deliverance for you, for we have ſhewn you that "if there is a will there is a way." It is not that you are driven into ſin by an irreſiſtible fate, for God is above fate, and God drives no man into ſin. It is, in ſhort, your own fault, and your own fault alone. Eſcape, then, immediately. Give no ſleep to your eyes, nor ſlumber to your eyelids, till you have taken ſome ſtep towards your recovery. Remember, in ſhort, that if Oneſimus eſcaped, ſo may you; and that if you uſe not the ſame means, this very ſtory of Oneſimus will one day riſe up in judgement againſt you.

THE END.

SUNDAY READING.

THE

CONVERSION

OF

St. PAUL the APOSTLE.



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CONVERSION of St. PAUL, &c.

PAUL was one of the chief Apoſtles. The greater part of the Epiſtles of the New Teſtament were written by him, and it is therefore well worth the while of every Chriſtian, to beſtow ſome pains in conſidering both his character and his wonderful hiſtory.

In order properly to introduce the preſent ſubject of Paul's Converſion, it is neceſſary firſt to ſay ſomething of the ancient Prophecies concerning Chriſt, by which means we ſhall ſhew the good reaſon which Paul had for believing in him at the time when he appeared.

The Old Teſtament Prophecies of our Savior are many, for his appearance on earth was an event of vaſt importance, and it is no wonder, therefore, that early notice of it was given in the ſacred writings. In the beginning of the world, when our firſt parents had ſinned, the ſentence of death immediately paſſed upon them; but no ſooner was this curſe pronounced, than the merciful promiſe was alſo given, that "*the ſeed of the woman ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's head*;" a promiſe which related to Chriſt, though as yet dark and myſterious, and which was intended to excite, even from the firſt, man's humble faith and truſt. As the age of the world advanced, the promiſe grew brighter and brighter. It was ſaid to Abraham, "*In thy ſeed ſhall all the nations of the earth be bleſſed*;" and ſoon afterwards it was added, "*In* ISAAC *ſhall thy ſeed be bleſſed.*" From time to time the promiſe was renewed, "*there was to be a root*

of Jeſſe that was to reign over the Gentiles, and in him ſhould the Gentiles truſt;" and again, it was ſtill more diſtinctly ſaid, "*Behold a Virgin ſhall conceive, and ſhall bear a ſon, and ſhall call his name Emanuel,*" (or God with us.) And again, "*For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and his name ſhall be called Wonderful Counſellor, the Mighty God, the everlaſting Father, the Prince of Peace.*" In the 53d of Iſaiah, all the particulars of his coming are mentioned; "*He was to be deſpiſed and rejected of men; he was to bear our griefs, and carry our infirmities; he was to be brought as a lamb to the ſlaughter, and as a ſheep before the ſhearers is dumb, ſo he was not to open his mouth; and he was alſo to make his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death.*" And now the long expected Savior, "*the deſire of all nations,*" appears. Prophecy is fulfilled, for his birth and parentage agree with the declarations made concerning him by the Prophets. Miracles alſo are performed by him, and in the very manner which had been foretold—"*the blind receive their ſight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleanſed, the deaf hear, the dead are raiſed up, and the poor have the goſpel preached unto them.*" Every divine virtue appears alſo in his character, and divine truth drops from his lips. He now calls together his Apoſtles, to whom ſeventy Diſciples are added. An infant Church is formed, the ſeed of that great Chriſtian Church which was to follow. The proofs that Jeſus Chriſt was ſent down from God are encreaſed, and every day affords ſome freſh evidence in favor of Chriſtianity. It is the cauſe of God and it prevails. "*The world,*" ſay the Phariſees, "*are gone after him.*"

"*Hoſannah to the Son of David, Hoſannah in the higheſt.*" And now the twelve are ſent forth expreſsly to preach the goſpel, and to declare the coming of Chriſt.

But where is Paul the Apoſtle? Is not he alſo among the twelve? No, it is remarkable, that in reading through the four Evangeliſts, we do not ſo much as find any mention of his name. Surely, then, he muſt have been ignorant that Jeſus was born, and that the promiſed Savior was come. He muſt have dwelt in ſome diſtant corner of the land, in ſome village, to which the fame of Chriſt had happened not yet to reach.—No, he was of Tarſus, a neighbouring city of Galicia, and he dwelt even in Jeruſalem. But ſurely, then, Paul muſt have been ſome Heathen, who was unacquainted with the Old Teſtament Prophecies, ſome creature of Cæſar, engaged in mere affairs of ſtate, who could know nothing of the Jewiſh Meſſiah. No, he was a Jew, and even one of the Phariſees, who were the ſtricteſt ſect of the Jews; he was "*bred alſo at the feet of Gamaliel.*"—Perhaps, then, he was examining the Old Teſtament evidence, or he was obſerving the character and the actions of the Meſſiah, that he might know whether this was truly the Son of God.—But at length Chriſt is crucified, and now many additional Prophecies are fulfilled, for it was written, "*That Chriſt ſhould ſuffer.*" "*The ſoldiers alſo part his garments among them, and for his veſture they caſt lots.*" He riſes alſo from the grave, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled—"*He breaks the bonds of death aſunder, becauſe it was not poſſible for him to be holden of them.*" And now alſo we read that he ſhews himſelf to a variety of perſons; at one time, "*to Cephas, then to the twelve;*" and then his Re

ſurrection is made manifeſt, for he appears "*to five hundred brethren at once.*" Does Paul come forward now, and own he is convinced? Oh, no; the Apoſtles go forth, Paul alone excepted, and the Diſciples "*go forth,*" on every ſide, and "*with great power give they witneſs of the Reſurrection of Chriſt from the dead.*" Behold the Savior, having finiſhed his work, aſcending triumphantly into Heaven, while "*A cloud receives him out of their ſight.*" After this event, ſurely, every one muſt believe. After this event, Peter, even Peter who had denied his Lord, waxes bold in the very preſence of his murderers; unbelieving Thomas having long before been conſtrained to cry out, "*My Lord and my God.*" Now too the flock of Chriſtians begins to gather itſelf together, and at length "*The day of Pentecoſt is fully come;*" "*Three thouſand are added to the Church on one day of ſuch as ſhall be ſaved.*" The Gift of Tongues is beſtowed, and the Apoſtles, "*having tarried at Jeruſalem for the promiſe of the ſpirit, go forth on every ſide, having received power from on high, the Lord alſo confirming the word with ſigns following.*"

But where, I ſay again, is Paul of Tarſus? Is he not now joined to the Apoſtles? Is he not now a convert to the cauſe of Chriſt?—No; it is remarkable, on the contrary, that the firſt time when we read of him is on the event of Stephen's being ſtoned to death, for it is ſaid of Paul on that occaſion, that "*he kept the raiment of them that ſlew him.*" Are you not now aſtoniſhed at this wicked Paul, at this Jew, this Phariſee, this Hebrew of the Hebrews, this Doctor and Teacher in Iſrael, that he ſhould be ſeen holding the clothes of thoſe who were ſtoning Stephen, for Stephen was a Preacher

of Chriſt, a Preacher of Paul's own Meſſiah.—But let us next obſerve Paul beginning to "*breathe out ſlaughter againſt the Chriſtians*, and applying to the Chief Prieſts for *authority to bind the Chriſtians and put them to death.*" It uſually happens, whenever the Goſpel is made known, that a certain time is afforded for laying open the great evidences and doctrines of it, and if theſe are neglected, and the ordinary time is paſſed, I believe it often comes to paſs, that great hardneſs of heart follows, and that the unbeliever then is not an unbeliever only, but perhaps alſo a hinderer of the Goſpel, nay, a perſecutor even, and injurious. Paul had now had the full opportunity of thus examining the truth of Chriſtianity; he had been in the way of hearing much of Chriſt, and he might, if he pleaſed, have ſatisfied himſelf of the reality of his Reſurrection; nay, he had ſeen the Martyr Stephen die in this very faith, and had himſelf "*beheld his face ſhine like that of an angel;*" but Paul had ſmothered his convictions: pride and prejudice, and many angry paſſions, conceit of his own wiſdom, truſt in his own righteouſneſs, and confidence in his own religious opinions, together with bigotry to his Sect; theſe cauſes, or cauſes like theſe, diſguiſing themſelves under the ſacred name of Religion, hurried him even into the hotteſt perſecutions, "*for he verily thought that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jeſus of Nazareth, and he perſecuted the Believers in Chriſt even unto death, binding and delivering into priſon both men and women, puniſhing them alſo in every city, and giving his voice againſt them, and being exceedingly mad againſt them, he compelled them to blaſpheme.*" And now what ſhall we ſay? Can your patience

any longer bear with this unworthy Jew? Are you not ready to grow mad yourſelves at the madneſs of this horrible perſecutor?—" *But God's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts.*" Paul is ſtruck to the ground as he is going on one of theſe bloody errands to Damaſcus. But in what way is he ſtruck? Is it then in vengeance? Is it with a thunderbolt ſo as never to riſe again? Is he doomed never to lift up his eyes any more, except "*in hell, being in torments?*" No; the time which I am now to ſpeak of is the time when, as he thankfully expreſſes it in one of his Epiſtles, he is permitted "*to ſee Jeſus.*" "*Suddenly there appeared a light in the firmament above the brightneſs of the Sun, and a voice from heaven ſaying, Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me! And he ſaid, who art thou, Lord? And he ſaid, I am Jeſus, whom thou perſecuteſt. It is hard for thee to kick againſt the pricks. And he ſaid, Lord what ſhall I do? And the voice ſaid, ariſe, and ſtand upon thy feet, for I have appointed thee to be a choſen veſſel to go unto the People and to the Gentiles, to whom I now ſend thee, to open their eyes, and to bring them from darkneſs to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and to give them an inheritance among them that are ſanctified through faith that is in me.*"

We know from the Scriptures what were the conſequences of this wonderful Converſion of St. Paul. He was numbered from this time amomg the Apoſtles of Chriſt, and though in one ſenſe he conſidered himſelf as "*the leaſt*" of them all, and as not even "*meet to be called an Apoſtle, becauſe he had perſecuted the Church of God;*" yet he tells us, nevertheleſs, that in point of apoſtolic rank and

 authority,

authority, he was "*not a whit behind the chiefeſt of them;*" and he alſo "*labored more abundantly than they all,*" every where ſuffering the moſt cruel perſecution from his old friends the Jews, and every where "*preaching that faith which once he deſtroyed.*"

And now, what are we to learn from this extraordinary ſtory?—In the firſt place it appears to me, that we may gain from it a very ſtrong argument in favour of the general truth of Chriſtianity.

It is fair, I think, when any one quits his party, and goes over to the contrary ſide, to allow that he does it honeſtly, and on conviction, provided it is plain he has no reaſon to expect to gain any thing by the change. Now Paul had nothing to gain; on the contrary, he had much to loſe by becoming a Chriſtian; and it is therefore reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that he was very ſincere as to his converſion. In general, it muſt be a large bribe that muſt tempt a man to bear the reproach and mortification which follow him when he goes over from his party. But what was the bribe offered to Paul? What in the world could he gain by his converſion? Could he get by it either wealth or honor, or eaſe, or earthly ſatisfaction! No, he well knew that he was now likely rather to ſacrifice his wealth and all his worldly honor, that he was now about to bid adieu to eaſe and every earthly comfort and enjoyment, he well knew that all his beſt and deareſt friends were now about to turn againſt him, and that as he had once perſecuted others, ſo now he was about to ſuffer the moſt bitter perſecution in his turn. "*For this cauſe,*" ſays he, in one place, "*the Jews ſought to ſtone me!*" and no wonder, for who is there whom in general people are more ready to ſtone

than a deſerter from their own party. Were not all the other Apoſtles alſo at this time expoſed to a variety of ſufferings? Had not Chriſt himſelf been crucified? And had not Paul, therefore, every reaſon to expect the ſame "*great fight of afflictions*," whenever he ſhould profeſs himſelf converted into an Apoſtle. Accordingly we find him afterwards giving the following deſcription of himſelf:—"*He was ſtoned, he was beaten with rods, twice he ſuffered ſhipwreck; he was perſecuted from city to city—he was in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of his own countrymen, in perils by falſe brethren, in perils of the ſea, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderneſs, in wearineſs and painfulneſs, in watching often, in cold and nakedneſs.* Such was his treatment now he was become a Chriſtian; and let us juſt aſk alſo how did he bear it? "*Being defamed*, ſays he, *we entreat; being perſecuted, we ſuffer it.*" "*We are accounted the very filth of the earth, and the offſcouring of all things to this day.*"—"*But none of theſe things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myſelf, ſo that I may finiſh my courſe with joy, and the miniſtry which I have received of the Lord Jeſus, to teſtify the Goſpel of the grace of God.*" When we conſider further how every temper of Paul's mind was alſo changed, how the Lion was turned into a Lamb, and how he, who had been once a Perſecutor, became "*gentle and affectionate among his people, even as a Nurſe cheriſheth her children*;" ſurely, it muſt be owned, that we have in Paul a ſtriking evidence both of the truth and alſo of the excellency of Chriſtianity.

But I think we may gain from the ſame ſtory of St. Paul's Converſion, a conſiderable degree of in-

ſight into ſome of the chriſtian doctrines, I mean for inſtance, that we may learn ſomething of the ſovereignty and power of God, and of his long forbearance and forgiveneſs, and of the exceeding riches of his grace in Jeſus Chriſt. It is the opinion of ſome who have never attended to the peculiar doctrines of the Goſpel, that every man is ſaved by the merit of his own works, and by uſing merely his own natural power and ſtrength, and not by any act of pardon, or by any ſpecial help or grace of the Almighty. Now how remarkably does the ſtory of Paul's Converſion fly in the face of every ſuch ſuppoſition, for what had Paul done in order either to merit, or in any degree to procure that mercy which was ſhewn him? What had he done in order to induce God to ſtop him on his way to Damaſcus? The caſe is a very ſtriking one in this view. Paul was breathing ſlaughter at the very time when the voice from Heaven ſpoke to him "*Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me!*" Theſe words imply that he was at that moment perſecuting Chriſt. God in this caſe very evidently exerted his own ſovereign power, and beſtowed freely on Paul the moſt unmerited grace, in agreement indeed with thoſe other paſſages of Scripture. "*For I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compaſſion on whom I will have compaſſion —So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that ſheweth mercy.*" In like manner, God is ſaid to have "*ſaved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpoſe and grace.*" But we obſerved alſo, that the long forbearance and forgiveneſs of God are here remarkably manifeſt: Paul was intended to ſerve as an eminent and

moſt encouraging example to the Believers of all ages in this reſpect. "*For this cauſe,*" ſays he, "*I obtained mercy, that in me firſt Jeſus Chriſt might ſhew forth all long-ſuffering, for a pattern to them which ſhould hereafter believe on him to life everlaſting.*" It was by this deep ſenſe of his guilt, and by the remembrance of his own infinite obligations, that Paul was now qualified for his work. When he went about preaching to the Gentiles, if he had to encourage any poor deſpairing ſinner among them to repent, "*Unto me,*" he could now ſay, "*who was once a Perſecutor and injurious—Unto me, who am leſs than the leaſt of all Saints, is this grace given, that I ſhould preach among the Gentiles the unſearchable riches of Chriſt.*" "*For this is a faithful ſaying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave ſinners, of whom I am chief.*

But there is alſo a bad uſe which may poſſibly be made of this ſtory of Paul's Converſion. Weak men I believe have ſometimes taken occaſion from it to confirm themſelves in their errors and wicked men in their ſins. Some enthuſiaſts, for inſtance, have been diſpoſed to fancy that they alſo may be converted like Paul by a voice from Heaven, or at leaſt by ſome impreſſion that would nearly amount to the ſame thing. To ſuch perſons I reply, what then, do you imagine the caſe of Paul to be quite a common one? Paul himſelf did not ſo conſider it. He often ſtood aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſs of it. I am as one, ſaid he, "*born out of due time.*" He thus compares himſelf to a perſon whoſe birth had been quite out of the common courſe, and undoubtedly both in the lateneſs and in the manner of his Converſion, his caſe is a direct exception to

that of moſt Chriſtians who were either to come after him or had gone before him. In fact, the Converſion of Paul was neither more nor leſs than a miracle, and we might as well expect all the other kind of miracles which were wrought on the bodies of men in the time of Chriſt to be repeated in our days, as expect to ſee miracles again wrought in order to the Converſion of men's ſouls.

But wicked men, I alſo remarked, may perhaps take occaſion from this ſtory to encourage themſelves in their ſins. "True, ſay they, we cannot convert ourſelves; it belongs to God alone to convert us; and we will therefore ſit ſtill and wait, or in the other words, we will continue in ſin (for waiting is ſinning in the caſe of theſe people) until God ſhall ſtop us in our mad career, as he did Paul in his way to Damaſcus. Where, ſay they, is the uſe of diligence and labor, or of reading the Scriptures, or of any of the means of grace? God can ſave us without theſe. We live in hopes, that he will convert us ſome day or other as he did Paul, while we are not thinking of it; and though to be ſure we remain in the mean time in our ſins, and in the groſs neglect of the proper means of our ſalvation, yet we plead the great Apoſtle Paul for our example." You plead the Apoſtle Paul's example, do you? or rather you plead the example of Paul *before* he was an Apoſtle, and when he was yet unconverted. Well, then, if you plead his example at all, you may as well plead it to the full extent to which this plea can be carried. Now Paul not only ſinned in the common way, and neglected the proper means of his ſalvation as you do, but he did what was ſtill worſe; he was even "*a Blaſphemer of Chriſt, and a Perſecutor and injurious.*"

"Go then, I ſay, ſince you plead the example of Paul, and follow the example throughout. Go then, and blaſpheme Chriſt as he did. Go, perſecute the preſent followers of Jeſus. Go and hunt them out as he did in every city, and bind them, both men and women, and then put them to death." Oh, no; you are afraid of venturing any ſuch length in wickedneſs as this.—But remember, my deluded Reader, that your plea, if it will warrant you in any one treſpaſs againſt God, will warrant you even in this. Remember, that whoſoever at any time encourages himſelf even in the ſmalleſt ſin, either of omiſſion or commiſſion, by unconverted Paul's example, may on the very ſame principle encourage himſelf even in the greateſt. Be afraid, therefore, to tread on this dangerous ground. Let not ſuch kind of arguments as I have ſuppoſed you to uſe, be endured even for a moment, but conſider them as the moſt complete perverſions of the Goſpel, and as ſome of the worſt temptations of the Devil.

This leads me to addreſs to you another obſervation on the ſame ſubject. God was pleaſed to convert Paul, as I apprehend, not as your argument has ſuppoſed, *becauſe* he was a ſinner, but *although* he was a ſinner. Paul's ſin did not invite God's grace, it only did not hinder it: nay, if his ſin, which was great already, had riſen to be ſomewhat greater, we are not without reaſon for ſuppoſing that the ſame mercy would not have been extended to him. "*But I obtained mercy*," ſays Paul, "*becauſe I did it ignorantly and in unbelief.*" This obſervation of Paul ſeems to imply, that if the crimes he committed had alſo been committed knowingly and wilfully, ſuch would then have been the aggrava-

tion of them, that poſſibly they would not have been pardoned.

And now, Reader, you may trace in this reſpect, perhaps, an important diſtinction between his caſe and your's. Paul ſinned ignorantly, but you are for ſinning wilfully, for ſo your very argument ſuppoſes. Paul *obtained mercy becauſe he did it in* mere *ignorance and unbelief*;" you, perhaps, may *not* obtain mercy, becauſe as to the evil you do, you do it not ignorantly but with your eyes open; nay, let me add, that the very plea which you uſe of being encouraged in your ſloth or ſin, by the free grace and mercy of the Goſpel, is itſelf the greateſt aggravation of your guilt: the very excuſe you uſe renders your caſe dreadful, and who knows, whether if the ſame excuſe is perſiſted in, your caſe may not thereby be rendered deſperate!

To ſum up all in a few words, the fair account of the whole matter ſeems to be this. Paul was a great oppoſer of the Goſpel, and therefore a great ſinner. His ignorance and unbelief, which led him into this oppoſition, were undoubtedly criminal, for he might have known better if he would, nevertheleſs, they afforded ſome ſmall palliation of his guilt. God, on the whole, for the ſake of his own purpoſes, and not on account of any merit in Paul, for there is never any merit in man, was pleaſed to convert this Perſecutor by the power of his grace, and to convert him even by a miracle, for God, as it evidently appears by the ſucceeding part of Paul's hiſtory, had great ends to fulfil by means of this extraordinary convert. One of theſe ends was, that a ſtriking proof might thus be given of the truth of that new Religion which the world in general, and which the Jews eſpecially, were ſo

ill prepared to believe: and another end was, in order that a clear manifeſtation might be made of the ſovereignty and power of God, and of the exceeding riches of his grace, which nothing perhaps would ſhew forth more effectually than the Converſion of this unworthy Jew into an Apoſtle. Theſe, as has been already obſerved, ſeem to be ſome of the great points which the ſtory of Paul's Converſion is calculated to prove. It is calculated to prove (let it be carefully remembered) that God *ſometimes may*, and that he *always can*, convert even the moſt notorious ſinners, and even in the very midſt of their wickedneſs, but not that he *always*, no, nor even that he *often* will; ſtill leſs does it prove, that God will convert any one again by a miracle. God works ordinarily by means, and he himſelf has expreſsly appointed, in the caſe of Chriſtianity, what ſhall be his means. Theſe are the preaching of the Goſpel, (for which end this very Paul was ſent forth) the reading of the Scriptures, and the various other helps to ſalvation with which men, according to their ſeveral circumſtances, are favored. If we neglect theſe, I grant it is ſtill not impoſſible (as Paul's ſtory ſhews) that God may in ſome extraordinary way convert us; I inſiſt, however, that it is highly improbable that he will do ſo, and the more ſin we commit, the leſs likely ſhould we conſider our Converſion to be, juſt as we ſee that in the caſe of Paul, the addition of the ſin of wilfulneſs to his other crimes might have proved an aggravation that would have put him beyond the hope of mercy. We read of one dying thief who repented on the Croſs, and was certainly ſaved; but the Scriptures name no other inſtance of any thing

like a real and availing death-bed repentance. We are thus taught, that no dying ſinner ſhould harden his heart through deſpair, and yet that no living ſinner ſhould preſume on God's giving him grace to repent in his laſt hours. We read, in like manner, of only one Paul who was converted by means of a voice from Heaven, or while he was breathing ſlaughter againſt the Chriſtians; but, on the other hand, when the Apoſtles and Diſciples were regularly met together, and "*were all with one accord in one place*," at the time of Pentecoſt, we are told that the Numbers converted even in one day were *three thouſand*, for God was pleaſed to give his peculiar bleſſing on this firſt inſtance of the public Preaching of the Apoſtles by an extraordinary effuſion of his holy Spirit.

Whenever we apply ourſelves therefore to the ſtory of Paul's Converſion, let us bring with us an honeſt mind. We may, if we pleaſe, *wreſt this*, as well as other parts of Scripture, *to our own deſtruction*; but we may alſo draw from it, if we are ſo diſpoſed, the ſtrongeſt confirmation of our faith, and the greateſt encouragement to repent of our ſins, and to put confidence in our Savior's mercy.

THE END.

SUNDAY READING.

THE GENERAL RESURRECTION,

PART I.

Being a Deſcription, taken from Scripture, of ſome of the Events which will come to paſs at the End of the World:



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THE GENERAL RESURRECTION, &c.

EVER ſince ſin entered into the world and death by ſin, this earth has been a vaſt grave-yard, or burying-place for her children. In every age, and in every country, that ſentence has been executing, "*Duſt thou art, and unto duſt thou ſhalt return.*" Mankind at firſt conſiſted only of one pair, but how inconceivably numerous are now the ſons of Adam! One ſingle nation commonly contains many millions of men, and theſe millions form only one generation. How many, then, muſt be the millions that have appeared on the earth in the long run of near ſix thouſand years! Let imagination call up this vaſt army;—infants that have juſt lived to ſee the light, multitudes of the young and middle aged, and all the old and grey-headed alſo—Perſons of all countries and of ſucceſſive generations—let them all paſs in review before us, and how vaſt and aſtoniſhing is the multitude! If the poſterity of one man, Abraham, by one of his ſons, was according to the language of Divine Promiſe, "*as the ſtars of heaven and as the ſand by the ſea-ſhore, innumerable,*" who can compute the multitudes that have ſprung from all the different Patriarchs? Who can number the long line of children that have proceeded from Adam, and all the families of the earth that have ſprung from the loins of Noah! But what is now become of this vaſt and inconceivable hoſt? Alas! they are again turned into earth, their original element; they are all ſunk into the grave excepting only the preſent generation; and we all are going down, one after another, into that place appointed for all living. There has hardly, perhaps been one moment of time, during the ſpace

many thouſand years, in which one perſon or other has not been dropping into the grave; and in ſome ſeaſons, through the ſword of war, the devouring peſtilence, or rather viſitations of God, thouſands have been mowed down at once, and have formed one undiſtinguiſhed heap of dead. The greater part of mankind beyond compariſon, are now ſleeping under ground. There lies beauty, mouldering into duſt, a prey to the vileſt worms; there lies the mean and humble beggar; and there lies the head that once wore a crown. There lie the mighty giants, the Samſons, and the Cæſars of the world. There lie the wiſe and the learned, as weak and helpleſs as the fool. There lie ſome with whom we ourſelves have converſed, and who were once our dear friends, and our companions; and there lie our fathers and mothers; and there perhaps alſo lies a tender wife or huſband, a child, a ſiſter or a brother.

And ſhall they lie there always? Shall this body, that curious workmanſhip of God, "*ſo fearfully and wonderfully made*," continue always in theſe ruins, and ſhall it never be reſtored? This we know, that "*It is not a thing impoſſible with God to raiſe the dead.*" He that could firſt form our bodies out of nothing is juſt as able to form them anew, and to repair the waſtes of time and death. But what has he declared to be his intention in this caſe? for on this the matter turns; and it is a point which is fully revealed in the Scriptures. "*The hour is coming*," ſays that Sacred Book, "*When all that are in the grave ſhall hear the voice of the Son of man, and ſhall come forth; they that have done well, to the reſurrection of life; and they that have done evil, to*

the resurrection of damnation." "*Behold,*" says St. Paul, "*I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep,*" (that is, mankind will not all be sleeping in death when the day of the Resurrection comes, for there will be one generation remaining then alive upon earth;) "*but we shall all be changed; in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.*" "*For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air.*"

Let us now realise the majesty and terror of this tremendous day. When the multitudes of the dead are sleeping in the silent grave; when many perhaps of the living are thoughtless of this great event; when some men are running eagerly, as they are now, after riches and honors, and some after sensual pleasures; while they are eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; while some are asleep in the dead of night; while some are planning future mischief; and some are in the very act of sin: while the course of nature seems to go on as usual, so that unbelieving scoffers take occasion from thence to ask, "*Where is the Promise of his Coming? for since the Fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.*"—When, perhaps, a few only are serving God, and are looking for their Savior's appearance—while the multitude in short no more expect the approaching judgment than the people of Sodom did the destruction which befel them on that fine clear morning when Lot fled away; or

than the people of the old world expected the Deluge on the day when Noah entered the ark—then ſuddenly ſhall the Heavens open over the aſtoniſhed world, and "*the trumpet ſhall ſound and the dead ſhall be raiſed incorruptible;*" for in an inſtant the ſound ſhall reach all the manſions of the dead, and "*in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,*" the dead ſhall be raiſed, and the living ſhall be changed. This call will be as effectual in raiſing each of the ſons of men as ever that Call of Chriſt was, "*Lazarus, come forth.*" O, what a ſurpriſe will it be to the thoughtleſs world! Should this alarm burſt over our heads this moment, with what terror would it ſtrike many a one who reads this deſcription of it? How dreadful, then, will be the ſurpriſe and conſternation when this event ſhall actually come to paſs! Now, indeed, there are many who ſtop their ears: Now, though the voice of Mercy calls, though Reaſon pleads, and Conſcience warns, yet multitudes will not hear; but then there ſhall be no one among the millions of mankind that ſhall be able to diſobey the ſummons, for the living ſhall ſtart and be changed, and the dead riſe at the ſound.

But for what purpoſe ſhall they riſe? It is in order that they may come to judgment. "*For we muſt all appear before the Judgment-ſeat of Chriſt, and muſt give an account of the things done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil.*"—*And theſe ſhall go away into everlaſting puniſhment, and the righteous into life eternal.*"—"*And I ſaw* (ſays the Apoſtle) *the dead, ſmall and great, ſtand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of thoſe things which were written in the books according to their works; and the ſea gave up the dead that were in it, and death and*

hell (that is the place of departed ſpirits) *delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works;*"—*and whoſoever was not found written in the Book of Life was caſt into the lake of fire.*"—*And I ſaw* (continues the ſame Apoſtle) *a new heaven and a new earth, for the firſt heaven and the firſt earth were paſſed away. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, ſaying, Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and there ſhall be no more death, nor ſorrow, nor crying, for "the former things are paſſed away.—And He that ſat on the Throne ſaid, Behold I make all things new.*" In like manner, we are told in another place, that "*the heavens and the earth are but kept in ſtore until the day of deſtruction and perdition of ungodly men;*" and that when this "*great and terrible day of the Lord*" ſhall come, then "*the very elements ſhall melt with fervent heat—the earth alſo, and all the works thereof ſhall be burnt up*"—"*the heavens ſhall depart as a ſcroll*"—"*they all ſhall wax old as doth a garment, and as a veſture ſhall be changed;*" and there ſhall then be "*new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteouſneſs.*" Well might the Apoſtle ſay, "*Seeing then that all theſe things ſhall be diſſolved, what manner of perſons ought we to be in all holy converſation and godlineſs!*"

There are many things ſpoken of in Scripture that ſhall follow the grand ſcene of the Reſurrection, which remain to be deſcribed; but we ſhall ſpeak in this place only of one further point, and that is of the perſon who is to be our Judge. It will be Jeſus Chriſt, "*for the Father,*" (ſays the Scripture "*judgeth no man, for God hath committed all judg-*

ment to the Son, because he is the Son of Man." "*This same Jesus,*" (said the angels just after his Resurrection) "*which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.*" Once he was "*despised and rejected of men;*" "*he was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth;*" he was "*mocked, and buffeted, and spit upon;*" he was himself arraigned before the bar of Pontius Pilate, and he was hung upon the Cross, as if he was the vilest malefactor, the whole multitude having joined in crying, Crucify him, Crucify him.—But now, "*Behold he cometh in the clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him, and all nations of the earth shall wail because of him.*" *For the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;* now also he is "*come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe.*" Some men think that to forget or to disobey Christ is no great matter; they are good, as they call it, in their own way, and therefore they are satisfied. But such men should be reminded, that it is not at the bar of their own reason, nor even at the bar merely of their own consciences that they are to be tried, but that they are to be tried at the bar of Jesus Christ. "*The word that I have spoken to you,*" (said our Savior to the Pharisees) "*it shall judge you at the last day.*" Let us further enquire, then, what Christ hath spoken to us, and what the Scripture in general hath said respecting the manner of our trial on the day of judgment, for this is the

way in which alone we can truly know whether we shall be acquitted or condemned.

A N H Y M N.

On the Second Coming of Christ.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
He that was for sinners slain;
While the host of Saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train!

Every eye shall now behold him;
Every creature bend the knee.
They that mock'd him too and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree.

See, the Angels all adore him!
Hark, the trump proclaims the day!
All the nations stand before him,
Heaven and earth are fled away!

Come, thou Savior long expected,
Sit on thine eternal throne!
Thou that wast by man rejected,
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

END OF PART I.

To which will be added, Part II. or, The Day of Judgment; being a Continuation of the same Subject, wherein a Description will be given of the Manner in which the Scriptures shew that all the World shall be judged.

SUNDAY READING.

ON

CARRYING RELIGION

INTO THE

Common Buſineſs of Life.

A DIALOGUE between JAMES STOCK and WILL SIMPSON, the Shoemakers, as they ſat at Work.



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[*Entered at Stationers Hall.*]

A DIALOGUE, &c.

JAMES STOCK and his journeyman Will Simpſon, as I informed my Readers in the Second Part of the Two Shoemakers, had reſolved to work for Tommy Williams's ſchooling. This circumſtance brought them to be a good deal together when the reſt of the men were gone home. Now it happened that Mr. Stock had a mighty way of endeavouring to turn all common events to ſome uſe; and he thought it right on the preſent occaſion to make the only return in his power to Will Simpſon for his great kindneſs. "For," ſaid he, "if Will gives up ſo much of his time to help me to provide for this poor boy, it is the leaſt I can do to try to turn part of that time to the purpoſe of promoting Will's ſpiritual good." Now as the bent of Stock's own mind was religious, it was eaſy to him to lead their talk to ſomething profitable. He always took eſpecial care however, that the ſubject ſhould be introduced properly, cheerfully, and without conſtraint. As he

well knew that great good may be ſometimes done by a prudent attention in ſeizing proper opportunities, ſo he knew that the cauſe of piety had been ſometimes hurt by forcing ſerious ſubjects where there was clearly no diſpoſition to receive them. I ſay he had found out that two things were neceſſary to the promoting of Religion among is friends; a warm zeal to be always on the watch for occaſions, and a cool judgment to diſtinguiſh which was the right time and place to make uſe of them. To know *how* to do good is a great matter, but to know *when* to do it is no ſmall one.

Simpſon was an honeſt good-natured fellow; he was now become ſober, and rather religiouſly diſpoſed. But he was ignorant, he did not know much of the grounds of Religion, or of the corruption of his own nature; he was regular at Church, but was firſt drawn thither rather by his ſkill in pſalm-ſinging than by any great devotion. He had left off going to the Greyhound, and often read the Bible or ſome other good book on the Sunday evening. This he thought was quite enough; he thought the Bible was the prettieſt hiſtory book in the world, and that Religion was a very good thing for Sundays. But he did not much underſtand what buſineſs people had with on working days. He had left off drinking becauſe it had brought Williams to the grave, and his wife to dirt and rags; but not becauſe he himſelf had ſeen the evil of ſin. He now conſidered ſwearing and Sabbath breaking as ſcandalous and indecent, but he had not found out that both were to be left off becauſe they are highly offenſive to GOD, and grieve his Holy Spirit. As Simpſon was leſs ſelf-conceited

than moſt ignorant people are, Stock had always a good hope than when he ſhould come to be better acquainted with the word of GOD, and with the evil of his own heart, he would become one day a good Chriſtian. The great hindrance was that he fancied himſelf ſo already.

One evening Simpſon had been calling to Stock's mind how diſorderly the houſe and ſhop, where they were now ſitting quietly at work, had formerly been, and he went on thus:

Will. How comfortably we live now, maſter, to what we uſed to do in Williams's time! I uſed then never to be happy but when we were keeping it up all night, but now I am as merry as the day is long, I find I am twice as happy ſince I am grown good and ſober.

Stock. I am glad you are happy, Will, and I rejoice that you are ſober; but I would not have you take too much pride in your own goodneſs for fear it ſhould become a ſin, almoſt as great as ſome of thoſe you have left off. Beſides, I would not have you make quite ſo ſure that you *are* good.

Will. Not good maſter! why don't you find me regular and orderly at work?

Stock. Very much ſo, and accordingly I have a great reſpect for you.

Will. I pay every one his own, ſeldom miſs Church, have not been drunk ſince Williams died, have handſome cloaths for Sundays, and ſave a trifle every week.

Stock. Very true. And to all this you may add that you very generouſly work an hour, for poor Tommy's education, every evening without fee or reward.

Will. Well maſter, what can a man do more?

If all this is not being good, I don't know what is.

Stock. All theſe things are very right as far as they go, and you could not well be a Chriſtian without doing them. But I ſhall make you ſtare perhaps when I tell you, you may do all theſe things and many more, and yet be no Chriſtian.

Will. No Chriſtian! ſurely, maſter, I do hope that after all I have done, you will not be ſo unkind as to ſay I am no Chriſtian?

Stock. God forbid that I ſhould ſay ſo, Will. I hope better things of you. But come now, what do you think it is to be a Chriſtian?

Will. What! why to be chriſtened when one is a child, to learn the Catechiſm when one can read, to be confirmed when one is a youth, and to go to Church when one is a man.

Stock. Theſe are all very proper things, and quite neceſſary. They make a part of a Chriſtian's life. But for all that, a man may be exact in them all, and yet not be a Chriſtian.

Will. Not be a Chriſtian! ha! ha! ha! you are very comical, maſter.

Stock. No, indeed, I am very ſerious, Will. At this rate it would be a very eaſy thing to be a Chriſtian, and every man who went through certain forms would be a good man; and one man who obſerved theſe forms would be as good as another. Whereas, if we come to examine ourſelves by the word of God, I am afraid there are but few, comparatively whom our Saviour would allow to be real Chriſtians. What is your notion of a Chriſtian's practice?

Will. Why, he muſt not rob nor murder, nor

get drunk. He must avoid scandalous things, and do as other decent orderly people do.

Stock. It is easy enough to be what the world calls a Christian, but not to be what the Bible calls so.

Will. Why, master, we working men are not expected to be saints, and martyrs, and apostles, and ministers.

Stock. We are not. And yet Will, there are not two sorts of Christianity; we are called to practise the same Religion which they practised, and something of the same spirit is expected in us which we reverence in them. It was not saints and martyrs only to whom our Saviour said, that they must "crucify the world with it's affections and lusts." We are called to "be holy" in our measure and degree, "as he who hath called us is holy." It was not only saints and martyrs who were told that they must be "like-minded with Christ."—That "they must do all to the glory of God."—That they must renounce the spirit of the world, and deny themselves." It was not to apostles only that Christ said, "they must have their conversation in Heaven." It was not to a few holy men set apart for the altar that he said "they must set their affections on things above."—That they "must not be conformed to the world."—"No, it was to Fishermen, to Publicans, to Farmers, to Day-labourers, to poor Tradesmen that he spoke when he told them they must love not the world nor the things of the world"- That they must renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, grow in grace, lay up for themselves treasures in Heaven."

Will. All this might be very proper for them to be taught, because they had not been bred up

Chriſtians, but Heathens or Jews: and Chriſt wanted to make them his followers, that is, Chriſtians. But thank God we do not want to be taught all this, for we *are* Chriſtians, born in a Chriſtian country, of Chriſtian parents.

Stock. I ſuppoſe then you fancy that Chriſtianity comes to people in a Chriſtian country by nature?

Will. I think it comes by a good education or a good example. When a fellow who has got any ſenſe ſees a man cut off in his prime by drinking, I think he will begin to leave it off. When he ſees another man reſpected, like your maſter, for honeſty and ſobriety, and going to church, why he will grow honeſt and ſober and go to Church; that is, he will ſee it is his advantage to be a Chriſtian.

Stock. Will, what you ſay is the truth, but 'tis not the whole truth. You are right as far as you go, but you do not go far enough. The worldly advantages of piety, are, as you ſuppoſe, in general great. Credit, proſperity, and health, almoſt naturally attend on a religious life, both becauſe a religious life ſuppoſes a ſober and induſtrious life; and becauſe a man who lives in a courſe of duty puts himſelf in the way of God's bleſſing. But a true Chriſtian has a ſtill higher aim in view, and will follow Religion even under circumſtances, when it may hurt his credit and ruin his proſperity, if it ſhould ever happen to be the will of God that he ſhould be brought into ſuch a trying ſtate.

Will. Well, maſter, to ſpeak the truth, if I go to Church on Sundays, and follow my work in the week, I muſt ſay I think that is being good.

Stock. I agree with you, that he who does both

gives the beſt outward ſigns that he is good. But our going to Church, and even reading the Bible, are no proofs that we are as good as we need be, but rather that we do both theſe in order to make us better than we are. We do both on Sundays, as means, by God's bleſſing, to make us better all the week. We are to bring the fruits of that Chapter or of that Sermon into our daily life, and try to get our inmoſt heart, and ſecret thoughts, as well as our daily conduct, amended by them.

Will. Why, ſure maſter, you won't be ſo unreaſonable as to want a body to be religious always? I can't do that neither. I'm not ſuch a hypocrite as to pretend to it.

Stock. Yes, you can in every action of your life!

Will. What maſter, always to be thinking about Religion?

Stock. No, far from it Will; much leſs to be always talking about it. But you muſt be always acting under it's power and ſpirit.

Will. But ſurely 'tis pretty well if I do this when I go to Church; or while I am ſaying my prayers. Even you maſter, as ſtrict as you are, would not have me always on my knees, nor always at Church I ſuppoſe: for then how would your work be carried on, and how would our town be ſupplied with ſhoes?

Stock. very true, Will. 'Twould be no proof of our Religion to let our cuſtomers go bareſoot; but 'twould be a proof of our lazineſs, and we ſhould ſtarve as we ought to do. The buſineſs of the world muſt not only be carried on, but carried on with ſpirit and activity. We have the ſame authority for not being "ſlothful in buſineſs as we have for being fervent in ſpirit." Religion has

put Godlineſs and lazineſs as wide aſunder as any two things in the world; and what God has ſeparated, let no man pretend to join. Indeed, the ſpirit of religon can have no fellowſhip with ſloth, indolence, and ſelf-indulgence. But ſtill, a Chriſtian does not carry on his common trade quite like another man neither. For ſomething of the ſpirit which he labours to attain at Church, he carries with him into his worldly concerns. While there are ſome who ſet up for Sunday Chriſtians, who have no notion that they are bound to be Week-day Chriſtians too.

Will. Why, maſter, I do think, if God Almighty is contented with one day in ſeven, he won't thank you for throwing him the other ſix into the bargain. I thought he gave us them for our own uſe; and I am ſure nobody works harder all the week than you do.

Stock. God, it is true, ſets apart one day in ſeven for actual reſt from labour, and for more immediate devotion to his ſervice. But ſhew me that text, wherein he ſays, thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God on *Sundays*—Thou ſhalt keep my commandments on the *Sabbath Day*—To be carnally minded on *Sundays, is death*---Ceaſe to do evil, and learn to do well *one day in ſeven*---Grow in grace on the *Lord's Day*---Is there any ſuch text?

Will. No, to be ſure, there is not; for that would be encouraging ſin in all the other days.

Stock. Yes, juſt as you do when you make Religion a thing for the Church and not for the world. There is no one lawful calling in purſuing which we may not ſerve God acceptably. You and I may ſerve him while we are ſtitching this pair of Boots. Farmer Furrow, while he is plowing yonder field,

Betſy Weſt, over the way, whilſt ſhe is nurſing her ſick mother. Neighbour Incle in meaſuring out his tapes and ribbons. I ſay, all theſe may ſerve God juſt as acceptably in thoſe employments as at Church, I had almoſt ſaid more ſo.

Will. Aye, indeed--- how can that be? Now you're too much on t'other ſide.

Stock. Becauſe a man's trials in trade being often greater, they give him freſh means of glorifying God, and proving the ſincerity of his religion. A man, who mixes in buſineſs, is naturally brought into continual temptations and difficulties. Theſe will lead him, if he be a good man, to look more to God, than he perhaps would otherwiſe do. He ſees temptations on the right hand and on the left; he knows that there are ſnares all around him, this makes him watchful; he feels that the enemy within is too ready to betray him, this makes him humble himſelf; while a ſenſe of his own difficulties makes him tender to the failings of others.

Will. Then you would make one believe, after all, that trade and buſineſs muſt be ſinful in itſelf, ſince it brings a man into all theſe ſnares and ſcrapes.

Stock. No, no, Will; trade and buſineſs don't create evil paſſions---they were in the heart before ---Only now and then they ſeem to lie ſnug a little-- our concerns with the world bring them out into action a little more, and thus ſhew both others and ourſelves what we really are. But then, as the world offers more trials on the one hand, ſo on the other it holds out more duties. If we are called to battle oftener, we have more opportunities of victory. Every temptation reſiſted, is an enemy ſubdued; and he that ruleth his own ſpirit, is better than he that taketh a city.

Will. I don't quite underſtand you, maſter.

Stock. I will try to explain myſelf. There is no paſſion more called out by the tranſactions of trade than covetouſneſs. Now, 'tis impoſſible to withſtand ſuch a maſter ſin as that, without carrying a good deal of the ſpirit of religion into one's trade.

Will. Well, I own I don't yet ſee how I am to be religious when I'm hard at work, or buſy ſettling an account. I can't do two things at once; 'tis as if I were to pretend to make a ſhoe and cut out a boot at the ſame moment.

Stock. I tell you both muſt ſubſiſt together. Nay, the one muſt be the motive to the other. GOD commands us to be induſtrious, and if we love him, the deſire of pleaſing him ſhould be the main ſpring of our induſtry.

Will. I don't ſee how I can always be thinking about pleaſing GOD.

Stock. Suppoſe, now, a man had a wife and children whom he loved, and wiſhed to ſerve, would not he be often thinking about them while he was at work? and though he would not be *always* thinking about them, yet would not the very love he bore them be a conſtant ſpur to his induſtry? He would always be purſuing the ſame courſe from the ſame motive, though his words and even his thoughts muſt often be taken up in the common tranſactions of life.

Will. Well, I ſay firſt one, then the other; now for labour, now for religion.

Stock. I will ſhew that both muſt go together. I will ſuppoſe you were going to buy ſo many ſkins of our currier---that is quite a worldly tranſaction ---you can't ſee what a ſpirit of religion has to do with buying a few calves' ſkins. Now, I tell you

it has a great deal to do with it. Covetouſneſs, a deſire to make a good bargain, may riſe up in your heart. Selfiſhneſs, a ſpirit of monopoly, a wiſh to get all, in order to diſtreſs others; theſe are evil deſires, and muſt be ſubdued. Some opportunity of unfair gain offers, in which there may be much ſin, and yet little ſcandal. Here a Chriſtian will ſtop ſhort; he will recollect, that "he who maketh haſte to be rich ſhall hardly be innocent." Perhaps the ſin may be on the ſide of your dealer--*he* may want to over-reach *you*--this is provoking--you are tempted to violent anger, perhaps to ſwear--Here is a freſh demand on you for a ſpirit of patience and moderation, as there was before for a ſpirit of juſtice and ſelf-denial. If, by God's grace, you get the victory over theſe temptations, you are the better man for having been called out to them. Always provided, that the temptation be not of your own ſeeking. If you give way, and ſink under theſe temptations, don't go and ſay that trade and buſineſs have made you covetous, paſſionate, and profane. No, no; depend upon it, you were ſo before; you would have had all theſe evil ſeeds lurking in your heart, if you had been loitering about at home and doing nothing, with the additional ſin of idleneſs into the bargain. When you are buſy, the devil often tempts you; when you are idle, you tempt the devil. If buſineſs and the world call theſe evil tempers into action, buſineſs and the world call that Religion into action too which teaches us to reſiſt them. And in this you ſee the Week-day fruit of the Sunday's piety. 'Tis trade and buſineſs in the Week which call us to put our Sunday readings, praying, and Church-going into practice,

Will. Well, Maſter, you have a comical way, ſome how, of coming over one. I never ſhould have thought there would have been any religion wanted in buying and ſelling a few calves' ſkins. But, I begin to ſee there is a good deal in what you ſay.---And, whenever I am doing a common action, I will try to remember that it muſt be done "after a Godly ſort."

Stock. I hear the clock ſtrike nine---let us leave off our work. I will only obſerve farther, that one good end of our bringing Religion into our buſineſs is, to put us in mind not to undertake more buſineſs than we carry on conſiſtently with our Religion. I ſhall never commend that man's diligence, though it is often commended by the world, who is not diligent about the ſalvation of his ſoul. We are as much forbidden to be overcharged with the *cares* of life as with it's *pleaſures*. I only wiſh to prove to you, that a diſcreet Chriſtian may be wiſe for both worlds; that he may employ his hands without entangling his ſoul, and labour for the meat that periſheth without neglecting that which endureth unto eternal life; that he may be prudent for time, while he is wiſe for eternity. Z.

THE HYMN.

I.

O THAT the Lord wou'd guide my ways,
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my GOD wou'd give me grace
To know and do his will!

II.

Lord, ſend thy ſpirit down to write
Thy love upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act a liar's part.

III.

From vanity, Lord, turn mine eyes,
Let no corrupt deſign,
No covetous deſires ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine.

IV.

Order my footſteps by thy word,
And make my heart ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conſcience clear.

V.

My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray,
My feet too often ſlip;
I wou'd not, Lord, forget thy way,
Bring back thy wand'ring ſheep.

VI.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend againſt my GOD.

THE END.

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SUNDAY READING.

LOOK AT HOME;

OR, THE

ACCUSERS ACCUSED.

Being an Account of the Manner in which our Savior put to Silence the Scribes and Pharisees, when they brought to Him the Woman taken in Adultery.



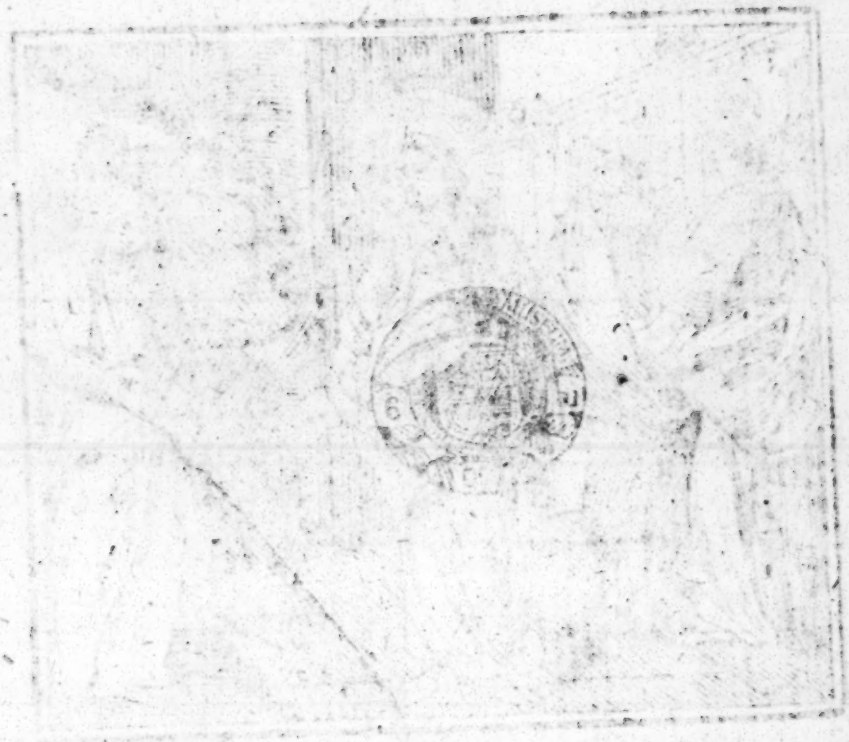
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LOOK AT HOME;

OR, THE

ACCUSERS ACCUSED.

A Great man uſed to ſay that he never ſaw a criminal dragged to execution without aſking himſelf, "Who knows whether this poor fellow may not, on the whole, be guilty of leſs ſin than I am?" This is a queſtion which it would be well if we would all of us put to ourſelves, when we ſee any of our fellow-creatures puniſhed; for I am perſuaded, that many of us have ſins, which, all things conſidered, deſerve the rod juſt as much as the ſins of thoſe people who endure chaſtiſement for them. I am ſorry to add, that in general, we are ſo far from putting to ourſelves any ſuch queſtion as I have ſpoken of, that we do what is directly the contrary. We contrive to praiſe, inſtead of taking occaſion to blame ourſelves, when we ſee an-

bther in fault. We immediately ſay, "Well, I "thank God, I never did any thing ſo bad as this. "I never in my life did what Mr. Such-a-one has "done. I am not ſo bad as he, however;" and then we fall foul on his whole character, and think to ſhew our goodneſs by the extreme ſeverity which we uſe in ſpeaking of him.

Never was this temper better expoſed, or the evil of it reproved, than in the caſe of which I am now going to ſpeak; I mean on the occaſion of the Scribes and Phariſees bringing before our Savior the woman taken in adultery.

We read, that "as Chriſt was teaching in the "temple, they brought to him this woman, and ſet "her in the midſt, ſaying to him, Maſter, this wo-"man was taken in adultery." Now, ſince adultery is certainly a moſt dreadful ſin, we might at firſt view be ready to praiſe theſe men, and alſo to ſay, "What holy and good people muſt theſe be! what "haters of ſin! what friends to God and religion! "they, to be ſure, muſt be quite pure and perfect!" Alas! how ſhould we be miſtaken if we were to judge thus of them! They were men, no doubt, who had taken ſome pains to waſh the outſide clean, and they were in good repute with their neighbours; nevertheleſs, as this ſtory will ſhew, they were all the while very wicked in their hearts: they brought this woman before Chriſt, and placed her in the midſt, from a very wrong motive: for they did it not for the ſake of glorifying God, not for the ſake of puniſhing ſin in this inſtance, in order to pre-

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vent it in others; and not therefore through any love to God, or charity to their neighbour; but, on the contrary, they acted from ſome of the baſeſt diſpoſitions, for they felt no compaſſion for the woman, and they wanted only to lay a trap for Chriſt, in order that they might have matter of accuſation againſt him.

How common is it for people, now-a-days, in ſome reſpects, to imitate theſe Scribes and Phariſees! What curioſity have ſome men, in the firſt place, to diſcover, and then to publiſh, all the faults and infirmities of their neighbours! Some there are, who ſpend half their lives in liſtening to, and repeating all the ſcandal that is paſſing. When they hear of a man that has been overtaken by a ſin, or of a woman that has loſt her reputation, one would think that they had heard of one of the beſt pieces of news that ever reached their ears; for how does converſation run on, and the ſpirits riſe, when the wit abound, when the fall of a fellow-creature is the topic of the company! The Scribes and Phariſees brought this woman forth, and ſet her in the midſt. Juſt ſo, methinks, would the perſons I am blaming ſet every offender whom they accuſe in the midſt of the company, if they were able, for they ſhew by their language that they delight to expoſe every one as much as poſſible. But why, I repeat it, is all this ill-nature? Are theſe accuſers ſpotleſs in their own lives? Are they better even than thoſe whom they accuſe?—No; I believe it has often happened, that the very man who has been moſt forward in condemning another, has been himſelf

ſelf guilty of the ſame fault, and liable to the very ſame condemnation. It is the moſt wicked part of the world that is commonly the moſt ſevere. Your harſh judges are often the very worſt of men.

The words uſed by the Scribes and Phariſees, when they brought this woman to Chriſt, were the following. Said they: "Moſes in the law command-"ed us, that ſuch ſhould be ſtoned, but what ſayeſt "thou?" The deſign evidently was to put a difficulty in the way of Chriſt, and, if poſſible, to ſet him and Moſes at variance; for if, on the one hand, Chriſt ſhould ſay that the woman ought to be releaſed, this would be contradicting Moſes, and Chriſt would then have been called a falſe Prophet: but if, on the other hand, Chriſt ſhould order her to be ſtoned, this they might think would diminiſh ſomething from the mercifulneſs of his character as a Savior, and would hurt his credit with the people; ſo that, in either caſe, the Scribes and Phariſees would be gratified. What a crafty queſtion, therefore, was this! Let us now ſee how very prudently our Savior anſwered it.

At firſt, he appeared as if he took no notice of what was ſaid to him (for when wicked men bring their accuſations againſt others merely to indulge their own malice, it is often beſt not to lend an ear to them) but our Savior, ſtooping down, wrote with his finger on the ground. The Scribes and Phariſees now thought they had puzzled him, and they therefore preſſed their queſtion again with great earneſtneſs. Ah! how little did they know of the true

true character of Chriſt, for he underſtood all their thoughts, through that divine power which belonged to him, and his ſilence, in fact, was only intended to draw theſe his enemies on into a difficulty, and to make his own anſwer the more remarkable. Our Savior, after ſome time, raiſed himſelf from the ground, and ſaid to them, "*He that is without ſin among you, let him firſt caſt a ſtone at her.*"

What a heart-ſearching anſwer was this—and, at the ſame time, what an unexpected one! They that had juſt now been accuſers, were hereby accuſed in their turn. It was as if our Savior had ſaid, "You have brought me a woman taken in adultery, and you ſeem to have been very eager in doing it, and you pretend that you merely want to know what ought to be done with her; I, however, ſee into your hearts, and becauſe I know that your motives are corrupt, I ſhall not anſwer you in the manner in which you expect: Moſes, as you obſerve, commanded the adulterer to be ſtoned: be it ſo; go then, if you pleaſe, and ſtone this woman; but take this hint with you, that it becomes thoſe who are the moſt forward in blaming others to be particularly free from blame themſelves. Let him therefore take the lead in puniſhing her, who, by being free from fault himſelf, has the beſt right to inflict the puniſhment; *Let him that is without ſin among you, caſt the firſt ſtone at her.*"—Having thus ſpoken, Chriſt returned to his employment of writing on the ground, leaving his reproof to work on the minds of the Scribes and Phariſees.

And now, behold the mighty force of a few words—"they which heard it being convicted by their own conſciences, went out one by one, beginning with the eldeſt, even unto the leaſt; and Jeſus was left alone, and the woman ſtanding in the midſt." What, are theſe godly perſons gone? all gone? And is the buſineſs on which they came left unfiniſhed? It is even ſo.—The criminal alone remains, and her accuſers are fled; nor have they fled without reaſon, for they had now begun to perceive that there was one ready to accuſe them in their turn, and that "all things were naked and open before him with whom they had to do."—Oh, if it had pleaſed our Savior to bring to light all the hidden circumſtances of their lives, and to publiſh on the ſpot every ſecret ſin they had committed, how would they have had to bluſh before all the people!—They thought it prudent, therefore, to make the beſt of their way out of the Temple, leaving our Savior either to condemn or acquit the woman as he might think proper.

Reader, whenſoever you ſeem tempted to be ſevere on any crime or failing of your neighbour, call to mind what paſſed between our Lord and theſe Phariſees; they were ſo buſy in bringing to light the ſin of another, that they had forgot that they had any ſins of their own—they reflected not that they were ſome of the moſt unfit men in the world to take up the office of accuſers, nor do they ſeem to have ever conſidered what was likely to become of themſelves hereafter, when God ſhould call them to judgment.—And this is a common evil: God has

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given to every man his work: each has an evil heart of his own, which he ought to look to: each, if not guilty of open crimes, has many a ſecret ſin that he ought to repent of: inſtead of which, every one is beſtowing his attention on his neighbour's faults, without giving any heed to his own. We are all naturally apt to entertain a very good opinion of ourſelves, but a ſtrict examination of our ways might chance to ſpoil that good opinion, and we are therefore very backward in entering upon the taſk. On the contrary, we are very ready to blame our neighbor, for, in proportion as we blacken his character, we cauſe our own to appear in a favourable light.

But how very fooliſh, as well as vain, is all this ſelf-deceit! We may hide our ſins, for a while, both from ourſelves and from others alſo; juſt as the Phariſees concealed their true character, till our Savior ſent them this rebuke. Soon, however, a day will come, when all that has been kept ſecret ſhall be brought to light; and even now, let me remark, that the ſame Divine Perſon, who, by a few words, confounded theſe hypocrites, has his eye upon us; "for the Lord knoweth our down ſitting and our up-riſing, and underſtandeth our thoughts long before; he is about our path, and about our bed, and eſpieth out all our ways," "from him the darkneſs cannot hide us, for the darkneſs is no darkneſs to him, but the night is as clear as the day." Before him lies the hiſtory of our whole lives, in which is noted every thing that we have ever ſaid, every thing that we have ever done, and

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every thing alſo that we have ever thought or imagined in our minds. And now, if the ſame Jeſus ſhould again appear in the Temple, and reprove us as he did the Phariſees, awakening in like manner our conſciences, and ſetting them to condemn us, who is there among us that could abide it? If he ſhould publiſh among the croud of our fellow creatures ſtanding round us, all the ſecret ſins of our lives, or ſhould draw them up in the form of an accuſation againſt us, and ſhould require us to ſtand by and hear the long indictment read, who is there, I ſay, who could ſtay to hear it to the end!—Who is there, who would not be glad to eſcape from his preſence, and leave him again alone in the Temple!

Nor let us forget that, although Chriſt walketh not on earth as he once did, and though he is not preſent to reprove us with an audible voice, as he did the Phariſees, yet he ſtill ſpeaks to us by our conſciences, and alſo by the ſtill voice of his Holy Spirit, which ſtriveth with us: and great is the power of conſcience, when once awakened, and ſet to work by the power of God's Holy Spirit; for then nothing can withſtand it; from the moment when it is truly alarmed, it begins to diſcover a man to himſelf, and it will then find him ſo much employment at home, that he will have little leiſure and leſs inclination to turn accuſer of his brethren. Go now into the chamber of him whom ſickneſs and ſorrow have brought low, and have filled with a deep ſenſe of ſin; ſee with what readineſs he confeſſes his iniquity, and with what earneſtneſs he

he prays for pardon; ſee how entirely he is taken up by the affairs of his own ſoul, and how he is labouring to make his peace with God. Tell him that ſome neighbour hath fallen into a dreadful ſin, and how, think you, will he be affected by it? Why, he will lament, pity, and pray for the perſon. But if you ſhould try after the manner of ſome profane people to raiſe a joke at the expence of the unhappy ſinner, hoping to divert the ſick perſon with the ſubject, methinks he would turn from you as from a man not fit for him to talk with, and he would probably beg you to go out of the room. To proceed one ſtep farther. Suppoſe the laſt day to be now come. Imagine that you ſee the Judge upon the Throne, the generations of mankind aſſembled before him, and the books opened, out of which we are all to be judged. Who, in that ſituation, would have any diſpoſition to revile, or laugh at the ſins of his neighbor, or would have any heart to be ſevere upon him! Who is there whoſe thoughts would not be employed entirely upon his own caſe? Who would not be anxious to obtain his own pardon; who, in ſhort, would not leave God to deal as he thought fit with others, hoping and praying that they alſo, if poſſible, might obtain mercy? To this temper, therefore, it is plain, that ſickneſs may ſoon bring us, and to this temper, may God grant, that we may all be brought before it is too late, ſince death and judgment will moſt aſſuredly bring us to it at laſt.

Our Savior having thus diſpatched the Phariſees, the woman alone remains: ſhe was detained

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in the Temple by the ſame cauſe which made the others depart—I mean conſciouſneſs of guilt. This kept her fixed to the ſpot even after her accuſers were gone, expecting now to hear her ſentence pronounced by Chriſt; who, at length, raiſing himſelf from the ground, on which he had been writing, ſays to the woman, "Where are thoſe thine accuſers? Hath no man condemned thee? She ſaid, no man, Lord. And Jeſus ſaid unto her, neither do I condemn thee; "*Go, and ſin no more.*"

Let us not be led by this laſt ſpeech of Chriſt, to ſuppoſe that he meant either to make light of the ſin, or to ſay any thing againſt the law of God. No, let us take occaſion rather in this place to remark how very dreadful a crime adultery is conſidered by our Creator, ſince he ordered it in the Old Teſtament to be puniſhed even with Death. This puniſhment, however, was not to be inflicted, except after regular proof; an accuſer and ſufficient witneſſes muſt come forward in every ſuch caſe; the proper Judge or Magiſtrate muſt alſo hear the cauſe, and muſt himſelf pronounce the ſentence. If all theſe neceſſary rules had been complied with, Chriſt would not have thought of ſtopping the due courſe of Law, for he was not uſed to meddle with the Civil Power, nor is there any inſtance of his ſhewing forth his mercy by ſaving a criminal out of the hands of public juſtice. In the preſent inſtance no kind of trial had been had; on the contrary, the accuſers and witneſſes were all fled; this woman therefore not being accuſed by thoſe whoſe office

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it was to accuſe her, was not accuſed by Chriſt neither, whoſe office it certainly was not. On another occaſion, when Chriſt was appealed to by one who ſeems to have been wronged in his property, he made anſwer, "Man who made me a Judge and a Divider." Our Savior came into the world not to ſettle diſputes about property, nor to meddle in caſes of common Criminal Juſtice; he left all ſuch things as theſe to be managed by the perſons whom the ſtate appointed for the purpoſe. He came to be a Savior, he came to pardon ſins committed againſt God, for which he made atonement by his Death, and in his life time he taught men how to obtain this ſalvation, namely, by repenting and believing in him, and reſolving to "*Sin no more.*"

In full agreement with theſe ends of his coming into the world, he, in the preſent caſe, leaves the Law of Moſes juſt as it was, neither condemning nor yet acquitting the woman; but as the Publiſher of the Goſpel of the Grace of God, and, as the Author of everlaſting Salvation, he comforts, with the hope of pardon, the wretched Perſon whom the malicious Phariſees had brought before him, and he directs her how to eſcape, not the mere puniſhment of the Law, but the more bitter pains of Eternal Death. "*Go, ſaid he, and ſin no more.*" It is as if he had ſaid, "Be not concerned about the accuſation before the magiſtrate, which has been brought againſt you, for your accuſers indeed are gone.—I have put them to flight by a ſingle ſentence ſpoken to their conſciences; and ſince the Phariſees do

not accuſe you, neither ſhall I turn proſecutor. Be concerned however about the ſin againſt God which you have committed, and if you would ever hope for mercy at his hands, be ſure that you do not return to your iniquity. Go then in Peace. Go in hope of Pardon and Salvation, for I am come into the world to be your Savior, but "*go and ſin no more.*"

A HYMN.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the ſhade of night;
And our moſt ſecret actions lie
All open to thy ſight.

There's not a ſin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we ſay,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Againſt the judgment day.

And muſt the crimes that I have done
Be read and publiſh'd there;
Be all expos'd before the Sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot aſham'd I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my ſins, before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

And ſince, if e'er I ſee thy face,
Thy mercy bids me live;
O, let me learn from this thy grace,
My neighbour to forgive.

Teach me, whene'er his wrath begins,
To pity, not to chide;
And all his multitude of ſins
With charity to hide.

Teach me, tho' wrong'd a thouſand times,
To make no anger known;
And when I hear of others crimes,
To think upon my own.

THE END.

On the 1st of June, 1795, was published,

The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, Part II.—The Beggarly Boy, a Parable,—and Wild Robert, a Ballad.

On the 1st of July,

Daniel in the Den of Lions.—The Good Mother's Legacy.—Patient Joe, a Ballad.

On the 1st of August,

Hints to all Ranks of People.—The Happy Waterman.—The Riot, a Ballad.—The Plowboy's Dream, a Ballad.

On the 1st of September,

Tom White, Part II.—Noah's Flood.—Dame Andrews, a Ballad.

On the 1st of October,

Harvest Home.—Two Farmers, Part I.—Honest Miller, a Ballad.

On the 1st of November,

The Parable of the Vineyard.—The Two Farmers, Part II. The Sorrows of Yamba, a Ballad.

On the 1st of December,

The Troubles of Life.—Sorrowful Sam.—Merry Christmas Carol.

On the 1st of January, 1796.

New Thoughts on the New Year.—The History of Mary Wood, the Housemaid.—Robert and Richard, a Ballad.

On the 1st of February,

The Touchstone; or, the Way to know a good Christian.—The Apprentice turned Master; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part II.—The Story of Sinful Sally. Told by herself, a Ballad,

On the 1st of March,

Onesimus; or, the Run away Servant converted.—Idle Jack Brown; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part III.—Shopkeeper, Part I.

On the 1st of April,

Conversion of St. Paul.—Jack Brown in Prison; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part IV.—Shopkeeper, Part II.

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

SUNDAY READING.

THE

GRAND ASSIZES;

OR,

General Goal Delivery.



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THE GRAND ASSIZES, &c.

THERE was in a certain country a great King, who was alſo a Judge. He was very merciful, but he was alſo very juſt; for he uſed to ſay, that juſtice was the foundation of all goodneſs. His ſubjects were apt enough, in a general way, to extol his merciful temper, and eſpecially thoſe ſubjects who were always committing crimes which made them liable to be puniſhed by his juſtice. This laſt quality they conſtantly kept out of ſight, till they had cheated themſelves into a notion that he was too good to puniſh at all.

Now it had happened a long time before, that this whole people had broken their allegiance, and had forfeited the King's favor, and had alſo fallen from a very proſperous ſtate in which he had placed them, having one and all become bankrupts; but when they were over head and ears in debt, and had nothing to pay, the King's ſon moſt generouſly took the whole burthen of their debts on himſelf; and, in ſhort, it was propoſed that all their affairs ſhould be ſettled, and their very crimes forgiven, (for they were criminals as well as debtors) provided only they would ſhew themſelves to be ſorry for what they had done themſelves, and be thankful for what was done for them. I ſhould however remark, that a book was alſo given them, in which a true and faithful account of their own rebellion was written; and of the manner of obtaining the King's pardon, together with a variety of directions for their conduct in the time to come; and in this book it was particularly mentioned, that after having lived a certain number of years in a part of the ſame King's country, and under his eye and juriſdiction, there ſhould be a Grand Aſſizes, when every one was to be publicly tried for his paſt behavior, and after this trial was over, certain heavy puniſhments were to be inflicted on thoſe who ſhould have ſtill perſiſted in their rebellion, and certain high premiums were to be beſtowed as a gracious reward upon the obedient.

It may be proper here to notice, that this King's Court differed in ſome reſpects from our Courts of Juſtice, being indeed a ſort of Court of Appeal,

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to which queſtions were carried after they had been imperfectly decided in the Common Courts. And although with us all criminals are tried, (and very properly in my opinion) by a Jury of their Peers, yet in this King's country the mode was very different; for ſince every one of the people had been in a certain ſenſe criminals, the King did not think it fair to make them judges alſo. It would, indeed, have been impoſſible to follow in all reſpects the cuſtoms which prevail with us, for the crimes with which men are charged in our Courts are mere "overt acts," as the Lawyers call them, that is, acts which regard the outward behavior; ſuch as the acts of ſtriking, maiming, ſtealing, and ſo forth. But in the King's Court it was not merely outward ſins, but ſins of the heart alſo which were to be puniſhed. Many a crime, therefore, which was never heard of in the Court of King's-bench, or at the Old Baily, was here to be brought to light, and was reſerved for this great day. Among theſe were Pride, and Oppreſſion, and Envy, and Malice, and Revenge, and Covetouſneſs, and ſecret Vanity of Mind, and Evil Thoughts of all ſorts, and all evil Wiſhes and Deſires. When Covetouſneſs, indeed, put men on committing Robbery, or when Malice drove them to an act of Murder, then the common Courts immediately judged the criminal, without waiting for theſe Great Aſſizes; nevertheleſs, ſince even a Thief and Murderer would now and then eſcape in the common Courts, for want of evidence, or through ſome fault or other of the Judge or Jury, the eſcape was of little moment to the poor criminal, for he was ſure to be tried again

by this great King; and even though the man ſhould have been puniſhed in ſome ſenſe before, yet he had now a farther puniſhment to fear, unleſs, indeed he was one of thoſe, who had obtained (by the means I before ſpoke of) this great King's pardon. The ſins of the heart, however, were by far the moſt numerous ſort of ſins, which were to come before this great Tribunal; and theſe were to be judged by this great King in perſon, and by none but himſelf; becauſe he poſſeſſed a certain power of getting at all ſecrets.

I once heard of a certain King of Sicily, who built a whiſpering gallery in the form of an ear, through which he could hear every word his rebellious ſubjects uttered, though ſpoken ever ſo low. But this ſecret of the King of Sicily was nothing to what this great King poſſeſſed; for He had the power of knowing every thought which was conceived in the mind, though it never broke out into words, or proceeded to actions.

Now you may be ready to think, perhaps, that theſe people were worſe off than any others, becauſe they were to be examined ſo cloſely, and judged ſo ſtrictly. Far from it: the King was too juſt to expect bricks without giving them ſtraw; he gave them, therefore, every help that they needed. He gave them a book of directions, as I before obſerved; and becauſe they were naturally ſhort-ſighted, he ſupplied them with a glaſs for reading it, and thus the moſt dim-ſighted might ſee if they did not wilfully ſhut their eyes; but though the

King

King *invited* them to open their eyes, he did not *compel* them; and many remained ſtone blind all their lives with the book in their hand, becauſe they would not uſe the glaſs, nor take the proper means for reading and underſtanding all that was written for them. The humble and ſincere learnt in time to ſee even that part of the book which was leaſt plainly written; and it was obſerved that the ability to underſtand it depended more on the heart than the head; an evil diſpoſition blinded the ſight, while humility operated like an eye-ſalve.

Now it happened that thoſe who had been ſo lucky as to eſcape the puniſhment of the lower Courts, took it into their heads that they were all very good ſort of people, and of courſe very ſafe from any danger at this *Great Aſſize*. This grand intended trial, indeed, had been talked of ſo much, and put off ſo long, (for it had ſeemed long at leaſt to theſe ſhort-ſighted people) that many perſuaded themſelves it would never take place at all; and far the greater part were living away therefore without ever thinking about it; they went on juſt as if nothing at all had been done for their benefit; and as if they had no King to pleaſe, no King's ſon to be thankful to, no book to guide themſelves by, and as if the Aſſizes were never to come about.

But with this King "a thouſand years were as one day, for he was not ſlack concerning his promiſes, as ſome men count ſlackneſs." So at length the ſolemn period approached. Still, however, the people did not prepare for the ſolemnity, or

rather, they prepared for it much as ſome of the people in our towns are apt to prepare for the Aſſize times; I mean by balls and feaſtings, and they ſaw their own trial come on, with as little concern as is felt by the people in our ſtreets, when they ſee the Judge's proceſſion enter the town, who indeed comfort themſelves that it is only thoſe in the priſons who are guilty.

But when at laſt the day came, and every man found that he was to be judged for himſelf, and that ſome how or other, all his ſecrets were brought out, and that there was now no eſcape, things began to take a more ſerious turn. Some of the worſt of the criminals were got together debating in an outer Court of the Grand Hall, and there they paſſed their time, not in compunction with tears, not in comparing their lives with what was required in that book which had been given them, but in comparing themſelves with ſuch as had been ſtill more notorious offenders.

One who had grown wealthy by rapine and oppreſſion, but had contrived to keep within the letter of the law, inſulted a poor fellow as a thief, becauſe he had ſtolen a loaf of bread. "You were far wickeder than I was, ſaid a Citizen to his Apprentice, for you drank and ſwore at the alehouſe every Sunday night." "Yes," ſaid the poor fellow, "but it was your fault that I did ſo, for you took no care of my ſoul, but ſpent all your Sabbaths in jaunting abroad or in rioting at home; I might have learnt, but there was no one to teach me;

me; I might have followed a good example, but I ſaw only bad ones. I ſinned againſt leſs light than you did." A drunken journeyman, who had ſpent all his wages on gin, took comfort that he had not ſpent a great eſtate in Bribery at Elections, as the Lord of his Manor had done, while a perjured Elector boaſted that he was no drunkard, like the journeyman.

I have not room to deſcribe the awful pomp of the Court, nor the terrible ſounding of the trumpet which attended the Judge's entrance, nor the ſitting of the Judge, nor the opening the books, nor the crouding of the millions, who ſtood before him. I ſhall paſs over the multitudes who were tried and condemned to dungeons and chains, and fire, and to perpetual baniſhment from the preſence of the King, which always ſeemed to be the ſaddeſt part of the ſentence. I ſhall only notice further, a few who brought ſome plea of merit, and claimed a right to be rewarded by the King, and even deceived themſelves ſo far as to think that his own book of laws would be their juſtification.

A thoughtleſs Spendthrift advanced without any contrition, and ſaid, "that he had lived handſomely, and had hated the covetous whom God abhorreth, and that he truſted in that paſſage of the book which ſaid, that 'Covetouſneſs was Idolatry;' and that he therefore hoped for a favorable ſentence." Now it proved that this man had not only avoided Covetouſneſs, but that he had even left his wife and children in want through his exceſſive prodigality.

prodigality. The Judge therefore immediately pointed to that place in the Book where it is written, "he that provideth not for his houſehold, is worſe than an infidel." "He that liveth in pleaſure is dead while he liveth;" "thou," ſaid he, "in thy life-time, re-"ceivedeſt thy good things, and now thou muſt be tormented."—Then a Miſer, whom hunger and hoarding had worn to ſkin and bone, crept forward, and praiſed the ſentence paſſed on this extravagant youth, "and ſurely," ſaid he, "ſince he is condemned, I am the man that may make ſome plea to favor—I was never idle or drunk, I kept my body in ſubjection. I have been ſo ſelf-denying that I am certainly a Saint: I have loved neither father nor mother, nor wife, nor children to exceſs, in all this I have obeyed the book of the law."—Then the Judge ſaid, "but where are thy works of mercy and thy labors of love? ſee that family which periſhed in thy ſight laſt hard winter, while thy barns were overflowing; that poor family were my repreſentatives, yet they were hungry, and thou gaveſt them no meat." "Go to now, thou rich man, weep and howl for the miſeries that are come upon you. Your gold and your ſilver is cankered, and the ruſt of them ſhall be a witneſs againſt you, and ſhall eat your fleſh as it were fire."—Then came up one with a moſt ſelf-ſufficient air. He walked up boldly, having in one hand the plan of an Hoſpital which he had built, and in the other the drawing of a ſtatue, which was erecting for him in the country that he had juſt left, and on his forehead appeared, in Gold Letters, the Liſt of all the Public Charities to which he had ſubſcribed. He ſeemed to take great

great pleaſure in the condemnation of the Miſer, and ſaid, "Lord, where ſaw *I* thee hungry and fed thee not, or in priſon and viſited thee not? I have viſited the fatherleſs and widow in their affliction." —Here the Judge cut him ſhort, by ſaying, "True, thou didſt viſit the fatherleſs, but didſt thou fulfil eqdally that other part of my command "to keep thyſelf unſpotted from the world." No, thou wert conformed to the world in many of it's ſinful cuſtoms, "thou didſt follow a multitude to do evil;" "thou didſt love the world and the things of the world;" and the motive to all thy charities was not a regard to me but to thy own credit with thy fellow men. Thou haſt done every thing for the ſake of reputation, and now thou art vainly truſting in thy works, inſtead of putting all thy truſt in my Son, who has offered himſelf to be a ſurety for thee. Where has been that humility and gratitude to him which was required of thee. No, thou wouldſt be thine own ſurety: thou haſt truſted in thyſelf: thou haſt made thy boaſt of thine own goodneſs; thou haſt ſought after and thou haſt enjoyed the praiſe of men, and verily I ſay unto thee, "thou haſt had thy reward."

A poor diſeaſed blind cripple, from the very Hoſpital which this great man had built, then fell proſtrate on his face, crying out, "Lord be merciful to me a ſinner!" on which the Judge, to the ſurprize of all, ſaid, "Well done, good and faithful ſervant." The poor man replied, "Lord, I have done nothing!—"But thou haſt *ſuffered* *well*" ſaid the Judge; "thou haſt been an example

of

of patience and meekneſs, and though thou hadſt but few talents, yet thou haſt well improved thoſe few; thou hadſt time, this thou didſt ſpend in the humble duties of thy ſtation, and alſo in earneſt prayer, even for that proud Founder of thine Hoſpital, who never prayed for himſelf; thou waſt indeed blind and lame, but it is no where ſaid, my Son give me thy feet, or thine eyes, but *give me thy heart*; and even the faculties I did grant thee, were employed to my glory; with thine ears thou didſt liſten to my word, with thy tongue thou didſt ſhew forth my praiſe, Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—There were ſeveral who came forward, and boaſted of ſome ſingle and particular virtue, in which they had been ſuppoſed to excel. One talked of his generoſity, another of his courage, and a third of his fortitude; but it proved, on a cloſe examination, that ſome of thoſe ſuppoſed virtues were merely the effect of a particular conſtitution of body: that others proceeded from a falſe motive, and that not a few of them were actual vices, ſince they were carried to exceſs; and under the pretence of fulfilling one duty, ſome other duty was loſt ſight of; in ſhort, theſe partial virtues were none of them done in obedience to the will of the King, but merely to pleaſe the perſon's own humour, and they would not, therefore, ſtand this day's trial, for "he that had kept the whole law, and yet had wilfully and habitually offended in any one point, was declared guilty of breaking the whole.

At this moment a ſort of thick ſcales fell from the eyes of the multitude. They could now no longer

longer take comfort by meaſuring their neighbours' conduct againſt their own. Each at once ſaw himſelf in his true light, and found, alas! when it was too late, that he ſhould have made the book which had been given him his rule of practice before, ſince it now proved to be the rule by which he was to be judged. Nay, every one now thought himſelf even worſe than his neighbour, becauſe, while he only *ſaw* and *heard* of the guilt of others, he *felt* his own in all its aggravated horrors.

To complete their confuſion, they were compelled to acknowledge the juſtice of the Judge who condemned them; and alſo to approve the favorable ſentence by which thouſands of other criminals had not only their lives ſaved, but were made happy and glorious beyond all imagination, and all this was in conſequence of their ſincere repentance, and their humble acceptance of the pardon offered to them by the King's Son. One thing was remarkable, that whilſt moſt of thoſe who were condemned, never expected condemnation, but even claimed a reward for their ſuppoſed innocence or goodneſs, all who were really rewarded and forgiven were ſenſible that they owed every thing to a mere act of grace, and they cried out with one voice, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praiſe!!!

Z.

THE END.

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EXPLANATION, &c.

THE Sacrament of Baptiſm, like that of the Lord's Supper, was appointed by Jeſus Chriſt himſelf, and, no doubt, for the wiſeſt purpoſes. It is a means whereby we may acquire no ſmall inſight into the nature of the whole Chriſtian Religion. Unhappily, however, there is a remarkable degree of careleſſneſs and ignorance about this ſubject prevailing among us, inſomuch, that if ſome pains are not taken to repreſent this important matter aright to our countrymen in general, and to all parents in particular, we ſeem in danger of loſing all the benefit which was intended to be conveyed to us by this inſtitution of Chriſt. It is true, the form of Baptiſm is ſtill continued among us. Parents appear, almoſt with one conſent, to bring their children to be baptized; but for what purpoſe do they bring them? Is it becauſe they really wiſh to pledge their children, and to pledge themſelves afreſh, to fight under the banners of Chriſt? Oh, no; for there are many who hardly once think of Chriſt in the matter. I appeal to the common obſervation of my Readers, whether the day of baptizing a child is not by many parents made to be little elſe than a day of extraordinary feaſting, a day of vanity and oſtentation, a day at leaſt of mere worldly joy, on which, when the Clergyman has done his office, not a word is to be heard of that "Kingdom of Heaven" whereof the child is now ſaid to be a "partaker," not

of thoſe holy ends for the ſake of which Baptiſm was appointed by Jeſus Chriſt.

Godfathers and godmothers alſo have learnt, as well as parents, to be very inconſiderate about this ſacred ordinance. They promiſe, indeed, in the face of God and of the Church, "to renounce," in the child's name, "this wicked world, with all the ſinful luſts of the fleſh," and they alſo are underſtood expreſsly to undertake that the child ſhall be taught not only "the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments," but alſo "all other things which a Chriſtian ought to know and believe for his ſoul's health;" and yet the moſt of them have no ſooner made this vow than they think they have done with it; they reflect not whether the parent be a perſon who is likely to pay that attention to the child's ſoul for which they have been engaging, nor do they ever afterwards beſtow a ſingle thought on it's religious education themſelves.

Some there are, indeed, who do not act quite ſo abſurdly about Baptiſm, nor think quite ſo lightly of it as many others, and yet are far from turning it to a truly religious uſe: they are aware, in part, of the profanation of it which is ſo common, but they have not the courage to differ from the general cuſtom. They dare not refuſe, for inſtance, to ſtand Godfather or Godmother whenſoever ſome one expects or requeſts it of them. To do ſo is a bad cuſtom, they allow, but ſince it is a cuſtom they muſt comply with it. Ah, how little do they reflect, that in that very vow which in the child's name they are about to take, there is contained a promiſe "to renounce the world;" in which promiſe the Renunciation of it's ſinful cuſtoms is no doubt included; and I therefore aſk ſuch perſons, whether

the cuſtom of undertaking lightly the duty of God-fathers and Godmothers, is not one of thoſe ſinful cuſtoms which the very ceremony of Baptiſm pledges them to renounce.

In ſhort, then it muſt be acknowledged, that Baptiſm is on all ſides neglected and profaned, and that it is become now little elſe than a convenient ceremony, by which people beſtow a name upon their children.

But is this all that was intended by it? It ſurely needs no argument to prove, that it was never meant by the Founder of it to ſerve merely as a national cermony by which we were to regiſter ages, or to give names to our children. It cannot be, that a Sacrament ordained by him who died for us, enjoined upon his Diſciples nearly in his laſt words, and emphatically urged upon us in thoſe remarkable expreſſions, "He that believeth and is baptized ſhall be ſaved,"—I ſay, it cannot be that a Sacrament thus ſolemnly appointed can deſerve to be lightly treated. Depend upon it, it cannot be made light of without affronting Him who is the founder of it. It cannot be made light of without making light of Chriſt; without making light of Him who is the Hope of fallen man, and the only Saviour of our ſouls.

Let us then proceed reverently to enquire what is the true meaning and nature of it.

And here I would firſt remark, that long before Baptiſm was appointed there prevailed among the Jews the ceremony of circumciſion, which had nearly the ſame uſe and deſign. Abraham was the firſt perſon on whom circumciſion was enjoined. Abraham was called by the Divine goodneſs from a ſtate of ignorance and idolatry, he was bleſſed alſo

with many great and glorious promiſes; he was made the Father of the faithful, and was himſelf adopted into the family of God; in token whereof circumciſion was required of him as a ſign, the ſame thing being required alſo of his children. the Jews, who became the peculiar people of God: not that the mere ſign or ceremony could bring any one into God's favor, for the apoſtles tell the Jews, that if they did not alſo "keep the Law verily their circumciſion was made uncircumciſion." And again it is ſaid, "for in Chriſt Jeſus neither circumciſion availeth any thing nor uncircumciſion, but a new creature." The being "a new creature" was therefore the great point: and circumciſion ſeems to have been intended to repreſent to men in thoſe early ages, that new and holy ſtate into which they muſt be brought in order to their being introduced into the favor of God, uncircumciſion repreſenting on the other hand that ſinful condition in which we are born, and in which we all naturally are, according to that expreſſion of the apoſtle, "And you who were *dead in your ſins*, and in the *uncircumciſion* of your fleſh, yet now hath he reconciled."

Having thus made it appear what circumciſion meant of old, let us next ſhew from the ſame word of God what Baptiſm ſignifies now.

When Nicodemus came to Jeſus by night in order to enquire (as it ſeems) into the nature of that new Religion of which he had heard, Jeſus ſays to him, "Verily, verily, I ſay unto you, except a man be born again he cannot ſee the kingdom of God." Nicodemus, not underſtanding what was ſpoken, our Saviour declares again, "Except a

man be born of *Water* and of the *Spirit* he cannot ſee the kingdom of God." What is it to be born of water and of the Spirit? The anſwer I think will be found eaſy, eſpecially if we take advantage of the information given us in other parts of Scripture. Water, we there find, is the ſign ordered to be uſed in Baptiſm on account of it's cleanſing whatever is dirty or defiled: the Holy Spirit however is the thing ſignified by the Water; for as it is the buſineſs of water to cleanſe the defilement of the body, ſo it is the office of the Holy Spirit to cleanſe the corruption of the heart of man. The meaning, therefore, of our Saviour's ſpeech to Nicodemus ſeems to be as follows, "Except a man be renewed, or born again, and not by the outward Baptiſm of water only, but alſo by the effectual inward Baptiſm, or Purification, of the Holy Spirit—"Except a man be" thus "born, both of Water and of the Spirit" he cannot ſee (that is, he cannot rightly underſtand, nor is he qualified to enter into) the kingdom of God. "Bleſſed," ſays our Savior, "are the pure in heart, for they ſhall ſee God." It is our hearts then, and not our bodies only, that muſt be baptized and purified. We are naturally corrupt, indiſpoſed to ſerve God, and to obey his Will and Commandments. "We are all," ſays Scripture, "gone out of the way." "Behold," ſays David, "I was born in ſin and ſhapen in iniquity, and in ſin did my mother conceive me." "And you," ſays the apoſtle, "hath he quickened who were dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, wherein in times paſt ye walked according to the courſe of this world—and were by nature the children of wrath even as others." We are therefore exhorted not to be conformed to this preſent world, but

to be transformed in the renewing of our minds." And the Scripture accordingly ſpeaks of true Chriſtians as "being cleanſed by the waſhing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghoſt," and of their being "waſhed, and cleanſed, and juſtified in the name of the Lord Jeſus, and by the Spirit of our God." The neceſſity then of his death unto Sin and new Birth unto Righteouſneſs is plain and evident; for how can an unholy creature obtain the favor of a holy God, and become fitted for a holy heaven, without undergoing this change; ſo juſt, ſo rational is that ſaying of our Savior, "Ye muſt be born again."

There are many other paſſages of Scripture which equally ſhew that to be a Chriſtian is to undergo a great change in the natural diſpoſition of our minds, and alſo that Baptiſm is intended to ſet forth to us this change. "As many of you," ſays St. Paul, "as have been *baptized* into Chriſt have put on Chriſt;" that is, ye have put on the ſame diſpoſitions that were in your Savior, ſuch as his humility, meekneſs, love to God and man, devotion, heavenly mindedneſs; and again, "for we are buried by *Baptiſm* into his death, that, like as Chriſt was raiſed from the dead by the glory of the Father, even ſo we alſo ſhould walk *in newneſs of life*." When Paul himſelf firſt became a Chriſtian, Ananias ſaid to him, "Ariſe and be baptized, and *waſh away thy ſins*." Ananias does not merely ſay "Ariſe and be baptized." No, theſe words are introductory to the words that follow. And ſo is it in our caſe. "Waſh away thy ſins," is an addition which we alſo muſt make to our form of Baptiſm. Nay, I will venture to remark, that Bap-

tiſm without this is not only uſeleſs, but it is even worſe than uſeleſs. It does but aggravate our guilt; juſt as in the caſe of any other promiſe, he who promiſes but does not perform, not only makes his promiſe void, but is even in a worſe caſe than if he had never made any promiſe at all.

The bleſſings of the Goſpel, it is true are, on that part of God, conveyed over to us in Baptiſm, but they are conveyed over to us only on the ſuppoſition, that we alſo on our ſide repent earneſtly of our ſins, have faith in Chriſt, become regenerate, or born again, and walk in newneſs of life. If all theſe things are left undone, and are forgotten by us, our Baptiſm is then like an agreement as yet unfulfilled. It is like a contract, or bargain, which has been made but which one of the parties has afterwards rendered void, through his having neglected to fulfil ſomething that he promiſed in the very body of the deed. The other party is therefore let looſe of courſe. For let not the Reader ſuppoſe that there is any charm in Baptiſm, and that on the ſaying over of certain words by a regular prieſt the gates of Heaven fly open to him, his heart being now renewed and made regenerate of courſe. Let not any one, I ſay, preſume to ſtake his ſalvation on the truth of ſo abſurd a ſuppoſition as this. A perſon is admitted, I grant, at the time of Baptiſm into the Church of Chriſt, but it is only into the viſible Church; for an outward form can only admit into the outward church; and it is alſo in the way of charity ſuppoſed (according to the form now in uſe in the church of England) that the baptiſed perſon both does and will fulfil his part, ſo as to avail himſelf of the Chriſtian Privileges held out to him.

Let us then beware of this as well as every other error, and as the Jews were continually warned by Chriſt and his apoſtles not to truſt in the form of circumciſion, but to remember the thing ſignified, ſo let us take warning not to truſt in the form of Baptiſm, but to remember what Baptiſm ſignifies; for "he is not a Jew," ſays the apoſtle, "who is one outwardly;" and in like manner he is not a Chriſtian who is one outwardly, "neither is Circumciſion" (nor Baptiſm neither) "that which is outward in the fleſh, but it is that of the heart and of the ſpirit, and not in the letter, whoſe praiſe is not of man but of God."

It is proper that ſomething ſhould here be added, concerning the particular expreſſions which our Savior uſed when he appointed this ordnance of Baptiſm. When he had now finiſhed his work, when he had died for our ſins on the Croſs, and had alſo riſen again, and was about to aſcend into Heaven, "Go ye," ſaid he to his diſciples, "into all the world, and preach the Goſpel to every creature!" "Go ye," and baptize them in the name of the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY GHOST."

In the ſame ſacred names of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt (or Spirit) all Chriſtians are now baptized. Let us therefore cloſe the preſent ſubject, by endeavouring to explain, in an eaſy and familiar manner, what it is that a true Chriſtian, who is baptized, may be ſuppoſed to mean by each of theſe three ſtriking expreſſions.

To be baptized into theſe three ſacred names, may be conſidered then as ſaying, in the firſt place, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, who made and who now governs the world, and orders all things by his continual providence. It is to ſay, I

believe in that God of whom the Scriptures ſpeak, and not in thoſe falſe Gods which vain men have imagined to themſelves, whether they be Gods of wood and ſtone, or Gods whom their own reaſon hath ſet up in oppoſition to the one true and only God of the Scriptures.—It is to ſay, ſecondly—I believe alſo in Jeſus Chriſt, who is the Son of God, and who for us men and our ſalvation came down from Heaven, who was crucified, dead and buried, and who on the third day roſe again from the dead and aſcended into Heaven. I renounce, therefore, the vain hope of being my own Savior; I own my guilt and unworthineſs. I truſt in the merits of my Savior's death, and in his power, to ſave that immortal ſoul which I have committed to him.—It is to ſay, thirdly—I believe alſo in the Holy Ghoſt. I believe in the miracles which he wrought in the days of the Apoſtles, whereby he teſtified of Jeſus Chriſt. I believe in him alſo as my Sanctifier: I depend on his help for that change in my corrupt nature of which I feel the need, and while I am ſtriving earneſtly againſt my ſins, I implore the grace of this Holy Spirit, without which I know that I can do nothing. It is to ſay alſo, that I believe in him as my Comforter. I draw my beſt conſolations not from the world, nor from the ordinary ſatisfactions of this life, ſtill leſs from the indulgence of my pride or of my paſſions; but my higheſt comfort ſprings from thoſe Holy Doctrines of the Goſpel which the Divine Spirit has, I truſt, impreſſed on my heart; and from that humble perſuaſion which he hath given me, that, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt, God even now admits me into his favor, and will hereafter receive me into his glory.

Such is the true meaning of our being baptized

into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt. It is to renounce the Devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the ſinful luſts of the fleſh, ſo as no longer to follow nor be led by them. It is to chuſe inſtead of theſe, and as it were in defiance of them, and in direct oppoſition to them, that Father, Son, and Holy Spirit which have been ſpoken of. It is to profeſs to live all our days in this faith, perſevering in it through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, in ſpite of all the revolutions which may happen in the faith of our own country or in that of ſurrounding nations. It is to determine to hold faſt this faith into whatſoever new place we go, and among whatſoever company we may chance to dwell, amidſt the ſcoff of infidels, amidſt the gainſaying of heretics, amidſt all the diſcouragements or perſecutions that may riſe up againſt it in the world, amidſt the evil example of degenerate and corrupt Chriſtians, and amidſt the united enmity and oppoſition of all wicked men. And laſtly, to take on ourſelves the Chriſtian name in Baptiſm is to profeſs that in this faith having lived, in this faith we truſt we ſhall not be afraid to die, ſince we are well perſuaded that we ſhall not be aſhamed of having confeſſed this faith on the great judgment day.

HAVING ſpoken hitherto of Baptiſm in general, I now mean to make the following

Addreſs to thoſe Parents who are about to bring a Child to be baptized.

A general queſtion might indeed be aſked—"But why ſhould infants be baptized at all? Why ſhould they be made to promiſe that which, on account

of their tender age, they cannot perform." To this objection the Church of England gives the following anſwer.—" Becauſe the children promiſe, by means of their ſureties, which promiſe, when they come to age, they themſelves are bound to perform."—Now, I cannot help here remarking, that although the Godfathers and Godmothers may be the perſons in this place alluded to, yet Parents alſo muſt of neceſſity be conſidered as ſureties, and even as principal ſureties for the religious education of their children; for, not to mention the duty that ariſes from the very relationſhip between parent and child, is it not the parents who bring the child to be baptized? Does it not depend on the parents' will whether the child ſhall be baptized or not? The Baptiſm of the child being then the parents' act, the parents certainly muſt be conſidered as approving of the Baptiſmal vow, and as approving it both with reſpect to their children and themſelves alſo.

You then that are parents, and that are about to bring a child to be baptized, aſk yourſelves ſuch queſtions as the following.—Firſt, am I ſerious in what I am doing? Baptiſm you have juſt ſeen is a ſolemn thing. It is not that light matter which ſome people make of it. Indeed, the manner in which parents are uſed to bring their children to be baptized, may ſerve as a teſt or proof by which we may try the reality of their whole religion. They who treat Chriſtian Baptiſm lightly, we may depend upon it, are altogether light and giddy people; nor is this all: to be light and giddy in a caſe of this ſort, is to be profane and wicked alſo.

There is ſomething indeed particularly aggravated in the guilt of thoſe parents who come in a

trifling ſpirit to attend their child's Baptiſm. When the mother has juſt eſcaped from the pains and perils of child-birth; when the father has had the life of his beloved wife preſerved to him, and when they both are made the happy parents of a living infant, then is the time for coming and offering up to God, who is the deliverer, and in the name of Chriſt, who is their Saviour, their delicate and tender offspring. Is this then the time for light and giddy mirth? or for luxury, and vanity, and oſtentation? or for giving way to the evil cuſtoms of an unthinking world? and, above all, is this a time for profaning one of the moſt ſacred ordinances of Chriſt? No; it is the time rather for the parents to think of their ſins, and to examine into all the errors of their own paſt life. And as the right education of their new-born infant will now become the object of their thought, it ought certainly to occur to them, and to impreſs itſelf very ſtrongly on their mind, that an immortal Being is now committed to their care, a Being whoſe ſoul is likely to be ſaved or loſt, according as it receives from them a good or a bad education, influence, and example. To have brought an immortal Being into the world is, to every conſiderate mind, in itſelf no light matter; and for the parents to be the means not of ſaving, but of damning the child to which they have given birth, is a thought too horrible to be borne. Many, therefore, who neglect their own ſouls cannot endure the idea of neglecting the ſouls of their children, and they are for doing ſomething at leaſt towards, what they call, the right education of their offspring: but let all parents remember that if they are light and profane, inſtead of being ſerious and devout in preſenting their child

to God in Baptiſm, the child is then introduced into life by an act which amounts to a ſolemn mockery of God. And, alas, is there not then too much reaſon to fear leſt (to borrow ſome words of the Church of England Service) "*the child ſhould lead the remainder of his life*, but too truly, *according to this beginning*."

But now to be more particular. Firſt, then, *before the time of Baptiſm comes*, be ſure that you offer up to God in ſecret the moſt fervent prayers on the behalf of your infant. What is Baptiſm? It is a Sacrament appointed by Chriſt, in order to remind us that the natural hearts both of parents and children need to be baptized or cleanſed by God's Holy Spirit; and how is this gift of the Holy Spirit to be obtained? By Prayer: For God hath ſaid, "He will give his Holy Spirit to them that aſk it." As then by Prayer you are to ſeek this gift for yourſelf, ſo are you to ſeek it for your children alſo. Pray then, I ſay, that God will give to your child "that thing which by nature he cannot have;" that He will endow him not only with kind and amiable tempers, but alſo with the ſtill greater gift of his heavenly grace. Pray that he may not only be reſpectable, ſo as to do credit to his family, in the eyes of men, but that he may have the fear of God alſo in his heart. Pray that he may be eſtabliſhed in the faith of Chriſt, and that he may be one of thoſe who ſhall one day fight manfully under Chriſt's banners againſt Sin, the World, and the Devil, and who ſhall not be aſhamed to confeſs the faith of Chriſt crucified in the midſt of a proud, a careleſs, and a wicked world.

Let me remark next, in reſpect to Godfathers and Godmothers, that it will be your endeavour if you

are at all impreſſed with the important nature of Baptiſm, to chuſe them from among the moſt religious perſons of your acquaintance, and not merely from among thoſe who may be moſt likely to help forward your child in his worldly intereſt; for, in a caſe of this ſort, you muſt caſt aſide the principle of worldly policy, and you may alſo have to act againſt the rules of civility, and common cuſtom. It is probable, indeed, if you have hitherto been a thoughtleſs, irreligious perſon, that your religious friends, if you have any, will be very ſhy of ſtanding Godfathers or Godmothers to your children. In order, then, to take away their objections, explain to them how ſeriouſly you now intend to bring up your offspring. Aſſure them, that you account Baptiſm a very ſolemn thing, that you wiſh them to undertake for the religious education of your child on ſerious principles, and alſo that you ſhall be glad to take advice from them from time to time on this ſubject.

In the next place, *on the day of Baptiſm*, be careful to avoid all extravagant feaſting and ſhew, as well as levity. Do not prepare a vaſt expenſive dinner, but a decent and moderate meal, and beware of inviting a croud of irreligious people to be your gueſts. Do not dreſs out the little infant in expenſive finery, but remember that you are about to dedicate him to one, who, when he gave a feaſt to his followers, was pleaſed to offer them nothing but a few fiſhes and barley bread, who had not himſelf a houſe where to lay his head, and who, when he was nearly of the age of your child, was laid even in a manger.

And *when the day of Baptiſm is over*, begin immediately to prepare for the good education of

your child, by taking all thoſe ſteps which now become you. If there is any thing in your character and conduct which will reflect blame on you in the eyes of your offspring, and thus leſſen their reverence for you, endeavour to correct all ſuch things now. Are there any wrong habits which you are living in, be ſure to change them now. Have you any friends, whoſe principles are ſuch as to make them dangerous companions for your child, part then from all ſuch friends now, and begin immediately to form ſuch connections, and to eſtabliſh ſuch religious cuſtoms in your family, as may be of ſerious uſe to your children.

Above all, laſtly, take this occaſion of examining whether you have ever yet fulfilled your own vow in Baptiſm; for, if you have not, it is in vain to expect that you will do your duty religiouſly by your children. Examine, then, whether the great end of Baptiſm has been fulfilled in you; whether you have ever repented of your ſins, have turned to God, have learnt to deny the ſinful inclinations of your heart, have refuſed to follow the evil cuſtoms of the world, and have become holy, as your profeſſion of Chriſtianity requires you to be. Examine, in ſhort, whether you have got a Chriſtian name only, or a Chriſtian nature alſo. If you cannot anſwer theſe queſtions ſatisfactorily, do not run away from the ſubject altogether, but rather take the opportunity which the affecting circumſtance of a child's birth affords you of conſidering over all your own ways, and let the ſeaſon of your child's being born into a new world, be the ſeaſon of your own death unto ſin, and new birth unto righteouſneſs.

THE END.

Sunday Reading.

PRAYERS

TO BE

Uſed by a Child or Young Perſon—By a Grown Perſon—By the Maſter or Miſtreſs of a Sunday School—And by the Maſter or Miſtreſs of a Family.



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ADDRESS

TO

INDIVIDUALS on the Subject of the following PRAYERS.

THERE are many perſons, it is to be feared, who do not accuſtom themſelves to pray at all, than which there cannot be a greater proof of irreligion. Some of theſe may plead perhaps that they have never been taught to pray, or at leaſt that they have no ſuitable prayer provided for them. To ſuch perſons an opportunity is now given of beginning what they cannot but allow to be a good cuſtom, for who can deny that is a good cuſtom, or rather indeed, that it is a bounden duty to call day by day on the God who made them.

There are other perſons who oblige themſelves daily to ſay over the Lord's Prayer only, and perhaps alſo the Belief. This is often done in a very formal and ſuperſtitious manner. The Lord's Prayer is undoubtedly a moſt excellent pattern for our daily prayers, but it does not appear to have been given by Chriſt as the only form of Prayer

that was to be uſed; and it is worthy of remark, that when he uttered it, he took occaſion to warn his Diſciples againſt the vain repetitions uſed in prayer by the Phariſees. It is to be feared that even the Lord's Prayer has become a vain repetition in theſe days, not through any fault in the Prayer itſelf, but through the unthinking, and, perhaps, over frequent way in which ſome people uſe it. Poſſibly a new form may ſupply ſome new thoughts, and may ſerve to awaken the ſort of people I am ſpeaking of to a ſenſe of the true meaning and uſe both of the Lord's Prayer and of Prayer in general.

ADDRESS to PARENTS.

It is hoped that there can be little occaſion to inform Parents that they ought to teach their children to pray. A ſhort prayer, fit for perſons of twelve or fourteen years of age, is here ſupplied. The ſame prayer may ſerve both for morning and evening, and the memory, therefore, will be little burthened by learning it by heart. Before children entirely leave their father's houſe, it is deſirable that, inſtead of the Child's Prayer, they ſhould learn by heart the Morning and Evening Prayer for a Grown Perſon, which follows.

To *HEADS* of *FAMILIES.*

If all Maſters and Miſtreſſes of Families would aſk each of their ſervants what is their cuſtom in reſpect to daily Prayer, and would ſupply them, if there ſeems occaſion, with the Morning and Evening Prayer for a grown Perſon, which they will find

in this Tract, it is plain, I think, that much benefit might arise, through the blessings of God, both to masters and servants: for a servant's duty to his master is one of the things which these Prayers will teach.

ADDRESS to *MASTERS* and *MISTRESSES* of *SCHOOLS.*

You are desired to take notice, that the Prayer for a Sunday School is intended to be used only on a Sunday. The Prayer for an individual may, by merely changing the word *I* into *we*, and the word *me* into *us*, be made to suit a Daily School, and indeed it may be made to suit some Families also.

On *FAMILY PRAYER.*

The advantages of Family Prayer are many, and they are very plain. The Master of a family (or the Mistress in his absence) by devoutly reading a Morning and Evening Prayer to his family, instructs both his children and servants in their duty, accustoms them to prayer, makes an open profession of his own Religion, brings himself under an obligation to observe a consistent, that is, a religious conduct during the day; and above all, let it be remarked, he draws down the blessing of God on himself and his household.—Four Prayers are here offered to Masters and Mistresses of Families, and they who have not yet been used to family prayer, have now, therefore, an opportunity of beginning this good custom, and in doing it may God grant them his blessing!

General Directions, *applicable chiefly to the Case of Private Prayer.*

First, Before you proceed to your private prayers, endeavor to compose your thoughts, and then examine yourself for a few moments. Ask yourself in the morning, for instance, what are likely to be the duties and trials of the day that is before you, and in the evening reflect what have been the sins of the day past. By doing so, you will be enabled to apply the words of your prayer more particularly to your own case, and possibly also you may thus be led to add a few words of your own to what you have got by heart, and by degrees you may thus be inclined to enlarge your daily petition more and more in your own words, and thus you may learn to pray in spirit and in truth.

Secondly, When about to pray, endeavor to lift up your heart to God for the help of his Holy Spirit; for the Scripture tells us, that it is "the Holy Spirit that helpeth our infirmities." Many people complain of great coldness and indifference while engaged in prayer, and there are few who are not conscious of this in a greater or less degree. Let all then begin, by imploring God's Holy Spirit to assist them in praying as they ought. There cannot be a better introduction to every kind of prayer, than a few secret words first uttered to this effect from the heart.

Thirdly, Beware of wandering thoughts when engaged in prayer, To this end let every struggle be made, and let it be seriously impressed upon you, that God is now present in an especial manner,

and that all abſence of mind which is allowed and indulged is a great affront to his Majeſty.

Fourthly, But beſides being attentive, take care that you are alſo ſincere in your prayer. Aſk yourſelf often, whether you mean what you ſay while you are praying, and whether you ſincerely and earneſtly wiſh the thing that you aſk. Accuſtom yourſelf not to attend to the mere ſound of your words, but to the ſenſe; and if you do not well underſtand any part of the prayers here offered you, endeavour to get what is difficult explained before you repeat it. Some perſons have been known to ſay prayers day by day, almoſt every word of which they have contradicted by their whole converſation and conduct. What a terrible hypocriſy is this! A man's prayers may either be the greateſt bleſſing to him or the moſt grievous ſin, according to the manner in which he performs them.

Fifthly, Endeavour not only to be ſincere in your prayers at the moment when you offer them, but endeavor alſo, that the ſame ſpirit which animates your prayers, may animate your whole life. To this end, examine your life often by means of your prayers. Try whether all your maxims in life, your common ſpeech and your ſeveral tempers, as well as your open conduct, agree with the prayers which you uſe. The ſincerity which God requires of you is not a momentary ſincerity, it is not a ſhort lived and changeable feeling which is forgotten when you go into the world. The remembrance of what you have been praying for in the morning ſhould follow you into the field, or the ſhop, and ſhould influence your conduct all the day long.

Laſtly, Conſider whether God anſwers your

prayers. If you pray aright, depend upon it your prayers will be heard and anſwered; your tempers will be ſubdued, your temptations weakened, and your whole mind will be rendered pious, if you really pray that it may be ſo; and if this be not the caſe, you may reaſonably ſuſpect that your prayers have not been ſuch as they ought. If you pray aright, depend upon it, you will improve in every reſpect; you will gain more humility, more tenderneſs of conſcience, more fear of God, more pleaſure in his worſhip, and more happineſs in his ſervice, and alſo more confidence in Chriſt, and probably more hope of Salvation in proportion to the earneſtneſs and ſincerity of your prayers to God to this effect, for theſe are all the gifts of that Holy Spirit which God hath promiſed to them that aſk it.

A PRAYER to be uſed by a CHILD, or YOUNG PERSON, both in the Morning and Evening.

O LORD God Almighty, I beſeech thee to have mercy upon me, and to bleſs me. Defend me this day (or this night) by thy mighty power, beſtow upon me all things which thou knoweſt to be needful for me, and help me by thy Holy Spirit, to do whatſoever thou haſt commanded. Incline me thankfully to receive inſtruction; what I know give me grace to practiſe, and make me wiſe unto ſalvation. Grant that I may be obedient to my parents and teachers, faithful and dilgent in the duties of my calling, and humble, and kind, and merciful. Preſerve me from ſtubbornneſs and ſelf-will, and from evil thoughts, and from angry paſſions, and alſo from lying and profaneneſs, and from all vain-

boaſting; turn my heart from the love of ſin, and make me to avoid wicked company.

And pardon all the offences which either in thought, word, or deed, I have committed againſt thee. O God, forgive all that is paſt, and receive me now into thy favor, for the ſake of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, my moſt merciful Lord and Savior.

May the Grace of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and the Love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit, be with me now and evermore. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER for a GROWN PERSON.

O LORD God Almighty, I thank thee for having preſerved me through the paſt night, and for granting me health and ſtrength for my duties on this day. Bleſſed be the Lord for all his mercies, for giving me food to eat and raiment to put on, and for delivering me from many evils which my ſins have juſtly deſerved.

I thank thee eſpecially, O Lord, for the gift of Jeſus Chriſt thy Son. I confeſs before thee my exceeding guilt, and I pray thee, for Chriſt's ſake, to pardon my offences, and to receive my ſoul when I die.

I beſeech Thee alſo, for his ſake, to grant unto me the help of thy Holy Spirit, that I may be enabled to follow my Savior's example, and to do whatſoever he hath commanded. May I be patient, and humble, and kind, and merciful, endeavoring to do good unto all men, and forgiving thoſe who treſpaſs againſt me, even as I hope to be forgiven. Grant me grace to labor on this day diligently in my calling, and to be true and juſt in all my dealings, doing unto others as I would they ſhould do unto me; and help me, O Lord, to re-

ſtrain my tongue, and to ſubdue my evil tempers; and to live in temperance, ſoberneſs, and chaſtity. Save me from thoſe ſins which in times paſt have moſt eaſily beſet me; ſtrengthen me, O Lord, for all my duties, carry me through all my difficulties and troubles, and help me, day by day, to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Savior.

This Prayer I humbly offer up in the name of Jeſus Chriſt.

May the Grace of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and the Love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit be with me now and evermore. Amen.

An EVENING PRAYER for a GROWN PERSON.

O LORD God Almighty, I bleſs thee for all the mercies of the paſt day, and I pray thee now to take me under thy care, and to deliver me from all the perils and dangers of this night. Preſerve me, O Lord, both in body and ſoul from every evil, and keep me from all wicked thoughts when I am about to cloſe my eyes in ſleep.

And pardon, I beſeech thee, all my ſins, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt. I confeſs, O Lord, that I have this day left undone many things which I ought to have done, and done many things which I ought not to have done. Pardon all my pride * and vanity, my idleneſs and ſelf-indulgence, my impatience and fretfulneſs, and diſcontent. Pardon, O Lord, all the raſh and angry words which I have this day ſpoken, and all the

* Any of theſe words may be changed, as may ſuit the caſe of the perſon praying, that whatſoever ſins have been committed in the day may be mentioned.

ſinful thoughts which have riſen up in my mind, and which I have not been careful to reſiſt. And eſpecially I pray thee to pardon my forgetfulneſs of thee my God, and my want of gratitude and love to Jeſus Chriſt. For theſe, and all my other ſins, which from time to time I have committed, I here implore thy pardon and forgiveneſs, in the name of my moſt merciful Savior.

And ſince I know that my life is ſo ſhort and uncertain, help me, day by day, to think of my later end. O Lord, grant me grace ſo to live that I may not be afraid to die, and do thou receive my ſoul at laſt into thine eternal kingdom.

I alſo beſeech thee to give thy bleſſing to all my dear relations and friends. Bleſs the poor, the ſick, and the afflicted, and all the tempted and diſtreſſed. Bleſs the land in which I live, and eſpecially all the faithful followers of Jeſus Chriſt. Give repentance to thoſe who live in ſin. Bleſs alſo mine enemies.

And now, O Lord, help me to lie down at peace with thee, and in perfect charity with all men.

Theſe Prayers I humbly offer up in the name of Jeſus Chriſt my Savior.

May the Grace of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and the Love of God, and the Fellowſhip of the Holy Spirit be with me now and evermore. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER for a SUNDAY SCHOOL.

O LORD God Almighty, who haſt ſafely brought us to the beginning of this day, we thank thee for thy merciful preſervation of us through the paſt night. We alſo thank thee for all thy

goodneſs to us, for our health and ſtrength, and food and raiment, and friends and benefactors. More eſpecially we bleſs thy Name for giving us the Holy Scriptures, in order that we may be inſtructed in the will of God, and in the way of everlaſting life.

Diſpoſe, O Lord, all who are here preſent to attend reverently to the truths they hear, and ſuffer them not to give way to indolence, or careleſſneſs of mind, or to hardneſs of heart and unbelief. Teach them alſo to apply the Scriptures to their own uſe. When they read of thy Judgments may they ſtand in awe of thy great Power and Majeſty, and when they read of thy promiſes, and eſpecially of thy mercies in Chriſt, may their hearts be filled with gratitude to their Redeemer, and may they take delight in ſinging thy praiſes.

And we pray thee, O Lord, to grant unto them the continual help of thy Holy Spirit, that they may day by day be preſerved from ſin, and may become fruitful in every good work. May they be faithful to the Lord their God, and upright in their conduct towards all men. May they be true and honeſt in all their dealings, doing unto others as they would that others ſhould do unto them. May they be obedient to their parents and teachers; and may they be temperate, ſober, and diligent; may no untruth proceed out of their lips, and may they learn both to command their tempers and reſtrain their tongues, and may they be kind and merciful to each other, forgiving one another, even as they hope that God, for Chriſt's ſake, will forgive them.

And pardon, O Lord, all their ſins in time paſt, which either in thought, word, or deed they have

committed againſt thee. Receive, O Lord, all theſe children into thy favor, and into the arms of thy mercy; grant unto them true repentance and an unfeigned faith in Jeſus Chriſt their Lord.

We alſo beſeech thee to prepare them for all thoſe events in life which thy Providence may ſee fit at any time to bring upon them. Thou knoweſt the various temptations and troubles to which before long they may be expoſed, and the ſituations to which they may be called. We therefore pray thee now to arm them for every future trial, and to train them up for the performance of all thoſe duties which thou ſhalt hereafter require of them. May they be grounded in the knowledge of God, and of his Son Jeſus Chriſt, and may they now begin to fight under the banners of their Savior againſt the world, the flesh, and the devil; and as they advance in life may they grow in grace, each of them ſtriving to recommend that Goſpel which they have been taught, and ſhining as lights in the world.

And finally we pray that, having thus done thy will, and enjoyed thy favor, all the days of their lives, they may at length be received into thoſe everlaſting habitations which thou haſt prepared for them that love thee.

We offer up theſe our prayers in the name of Jeſus Chriſt, through whom alone we hope for the pardon of our ſins, and in whoſe words we further call upon thee.

OUR Father which art in heaven, Hallowéd be thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our treſpaſſes, as we

forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us; And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

May the Grace, &c.

EVENING PRAYER for a SUNDAY SCHOOL.

O LORD God our heavenly Father, we beſeech thee to pour down thy bleſſing on theſe children, and to grant that the words which they have this day heard with their outward ears, may through thy grace be ſo grafted inwardly in all their hearts, that they may bring forth in them the fruits of good living, to the praiſe and glory of thy name.

Forgive, O Lord, all the imperfection which thou haſt ſeen in their worſhip and ſervices on this day. Forgive alſo the various ſins of their paſt lives; may they repent of them with unfeigned ſorrow and contrition of heart, and may they lie down this night truſting in Jeſus Chriſt their Lord.

We commit them to thy watchful care, and to thy mercies in Jeſus Chriſt. Defend them, we pray thee, from all the dangers of darkneſs; do thou keep them, O Lord, by night and by day; let thy bleſſing attend them to the end of their lives, and when they ſhall lay down their bodies in the grave, do thou receive their ſouls into thine eternal kingdom.

We pray thee, O Lord, to give thy bleſſing to all their friends and relations; grant unto their parents grace to lead a Chriſtian life, and to ſet a good example to their families, that ſo they and the children whom thou haſt given them may meet together in Heaven. We commend to thee alſo the bountiful benefactors of theſe children. Be merci-

ful unto all those who have shewn them mercy, and make them heirs of everlasting life. Bless the teachers of this School, give them grace both to know their duty and to fulfil it.

We pray for the land in which we live, for the King and all in authority, and especially for all the Ministers of the Gospel; give success to their labors on this day; may their preaching be made effectual to overcome the various sins of men, and to make them obedient to the will of God.

Bless, we pray thee, in an especial manner, the true followers of Jesus Christ; build them up in their most holy faith, unite them in the bonds of Christian love, preserve them from the wickedness that is in the world, and make them to be a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

We would also make intercession for the poor, the sick and the afflicted, for the widow and the fatherless, and for all those who have none to help them; O Lord, bless unto them their earthly troubles, and turn them to their soul's good, and do thou protect and defend them, and appear for them when all human help fails.

We pray also for the whole rising generation; may they be trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Put into the hearts of all parents and teachers, a concern for the souls of those over whom thou hast set them, and give thy grace to the children of this land that they may hear instruction with a teachable spirit, and may be made wise unto salvation.

And finally we pray thee to have mercy on those who are now living in ignorance and sin, and are without God in the world. Turn them, O Lord, from their evil ways, give them true re-

pentance, and ſend abroad the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt into this and all lands.

Theſe prayers we offer up in the name of our only Lord and Savior, in whoſe words alſo we further addreſs thee, ſaying, Our Father, &c.

May the Grace, &c.

MORNING PRAYER for a FAMILY.

O LORD God Almighty, aſſiſt us now to draw near unto thee with deep reverence and humility of mind. Deliver us from all wandering thoughts, and enable us to worſhip thee in ſuch a manner that thou mayeſt hear our prayers and pour down thy bleſſing upon us.

O Lord God of Heaven, Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, giver of every good and perfect gift, we thank thee for all thine unmerited mercies beſtowed upon this family, and we pray thee by thy grace to preſerve every one of us from ſinning againſt thee.

Defend us through this day by thy mighty power, ſave us from the temptations of the world, the fleſh, and the devil, put into our hearts good deſires, and help us to fulfil all thy precepts and commandments. And ſince thou haſt ſent thy Son Jeſus Chriſt into the world to die for our ſins, and to become the Savior of our ſouls, O Lord give us grace day by day to thank thee for this unſpeakable gift, and help us to remember that we are not our own, but are bought with a price, and make us willing therefore both to do and ſuffer all things to which thou mayeſt be pleaſed to call us: teach us to be this day patient and humble, and thankful, and contented with our lot, often lifting

up our thoughts to Heaven, having our chief deſires fixed on a better world. And make us holy in all manner of converſation as becometh the diſciples of Jeſus Chriſt; make this houſehold we pray thee to be a houſehold that feareth God, may we be delivered from the corruption that is in the world, and may we alſo dwell together in unity. May we put away from us all bitterneſs and wrath, and anger, and evil ſpeaking, and all malice, and may we be kind one towards another, forgiving one another, even as we hope that God for Chriſt's ſake hath forgiven us, And help us to know our ſeveral duties in life that we may fulfil them. May we be upright and diligent, may we waſte no time, and neglect no opportunity of doing good that is afforded us. May we be ready to every good work.

And teach us to be ever watchful and circumſpect, and fearful of running into temptation, but if at any time we are overtaken with a fault, give us grace to confeſs it and repent of it, and to aſk forgiveneſs both from God and Man.

O Lord pardon the many ſins which in times paſt we have committed againſt thee. Forgive our forgetfulneſs of thee our God, and our many treſpaſſes againſt our neighbours. Grant unto us all true repentance, and help us day by day to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior.

Our Father, &c.

May the Grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and the love of God, and the fellowſhip of the Holy Spirit; be with us all evermore. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER for a FAMILY.

O LORD our heavenly Father, we beſeech thee to hear the prayers which we are about to offer up unto thee; deliver us from all wandering thoughts, and help us to remember that we are now in the preſence of that God, unto whom all hearts are open, and from whom no ſecrets are hid.

O God we pray thee to forgive the ſins of the paſt day. We acknowledge that we have this day left undone many things which we ought to have done, and done many things which we ought not to have done. We have treſpaſſed againſt thee in thought, word and deed, And though we have been encouraged by thy Goſpel to repent of our iniquities, and to ſerve God in newneſs of life, yet we have many times returned to thoſe ſins which we profeſs to have repented of, and we have fallen under thy juſt wrath and diſpleaſure,

But we pray thee, O thou God of all Grace and goodneſs, for the ſake of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, to pardon all that is paſt, and to take us into thy favor this night, not weighing our merits, but forgiving our offences, and cauſing us to place our humble truſt in thy mercy. Deliver us we pray thee from the troubles of a guilty conſcience, now that we are about to lie down to reſt. Save us, O Lord, from the dread of death, and from the terrors of the wrath to come. Grant unto us, if it pleaſe thee, a quiet night, and make us all to be at peace with God, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

At the ſame time we beſeech thee, not to ſuffer that we ſhould deceive ourſelves by any falſe hope,

but give us grace day by day to examine ourſelves with care and diligence, that we may diſcover all that is amiſs in us. O Lord deliver us from continuing in any known ſin. Save us from every ſecret iniquity: may we each of us reſolve before we go to reſt this night, to forſake, by thy grace aſſiſting us, every former tranſgreſſion, and may we now devote ourſelves entirely to thy ſervice.

We further beſeech thee to bleſs all our relations, friends, and connections: take both them and us under thy protection this night. And have mercy on all thoſe who are in pain, ſickneſs, or any other adverſity; do thou lighten their troubles and and ſupport them by thy heavenly grace.

And accept our thanks for all thy goodneſs vouchſafed unto us this day. Praiſed be the Lord for all his mercies, for the health and ſtrength, and food, and raiment, and comforts of every kind which we have enjoyed. But above all we deſire to bleſs thy name for the gift of Jeſus Chriſt, thy Son, for the inſtructions of thy ſacred Word, and for the hope of everlaſting life. O Lord, grant unto us grace to receive theſe, and all thy bleſſings with a thankful heart, and let us ſhew forth thy praiſe, not with our lips only, but with our lives. Accept, we beſeech thee, our imperfect ſupplications and prayers, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt, our only Lord and Savior.

Our Father, &c.

May the Grace, &c.

PRAYER for a FAMILY on SUNDAY MORNING.

O LORD God Almighty, Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, we bleſs thy name for all thy mercies vouchſafed unto us the children of men.

We thank thee, O Lord, for all the bleſſings of this life, but eſpecially we praiſe thee for giving us thy holy Word, for ſending to us the Miniſters of thy Goſpel, and for appointing the Sabbaths to be a ſeaſon of reſt for our bodies, and to be a day on which we may alſo attend to the ſalvation of our immortal ſouls.

O Lord, grant we beſeech thee, that we may rightly uſe the religious opportunities which we enjoy. Preſerve us from thoughtleſſneſs and inattention during thy public Worſhip.—In prayer may we feel our need of the mercies we implore. In the confeſſion of ſin, may we be affected with the ſenſe of our unworthineſs, and in offering up thankſgivings to God, may we pour out our whole hearts before thee. We pray alſo, that when we ſhall hear thy word read, and the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt preached to us, we may liſten with an attentive ear, and receive thy truth into an honeſt and good heart.

And we beſeech thee to preſerve in us a right frame of mind throughout the day that is now before us. May we remember that this is the day on which our Savior roſe from the dead, having by his death obtained eternal Redemption for us. May we therefore think of our aſcended Lord, and may we put away from us all folly and vanity, as well as vice and wickedneſs, and all eager deſires after the things of this life, and all anger, and paſſion,

and envy, and malice, and whatſoever elſe iseither unſuitable to this ſacred day, or is unbecoming the followers of Jeſus Chriſt.

O Lord, we lament that in paſſing through the week, we are ſo often entangled by the cares of this life, and overpowered by temptations which come upon us unawares. But we pray thee now to call away our thoughts from earthly things, and to fix them on thoſe unſpeakable joys which are at thy right hand for evermore. We pray thee on this day to ſtrengthen our faith, to encreaſe our hope, and to fill our hearts with love to thee, and with fervent charity towards our neighbour. Help us alſo to repent of our ſins, examining careſully our conduct during the week, and thus may we learn to amend our lives, and to run with patience the race that is ſet before us.

And, together with theſe Prayers for ourſelves, we offer up our ſupplications in behalf of all Chriſtian Congregations. Give thy Grace to all the Miniſters of thy Goſpel, and enable them every where this day to preach thy Word with faithfulneſs to the ſouls of men. Make thy Goſpel effectual, to pull down the pride of the high-minded, to alarm the careleſs, and convince the wavering, to encourage them that are as yet weak in faith, and to give peace and conſolation to every troubled heart.

And, O Lord, we beſeech thee, to ſend thy Goſpel to the nations which now ſit in darkneſs. Put an end to all falſe religion, and idolatry, and ignorance, and error; and give thy bleſſing to thoſe who, in diſtant lands, are making known the light of thy Truth.

We offer up theſe our Prayers, in the Name of Jeſus Chriſt, our only Lord and Savior.

Our Father, &c.

May the Grace, &c.

PRAYER for a FAMILY on SUNDAY EVENING.

O LORD God Almighty, Father of Mercies, we beſeech thee, for Chriſt's ſake, to hear the Prayers which we are now about to offer up unto Thee.

We pray thee, O Lord, to give thy bleſſing to the inſtruction which we have this day heard, and to grant that it may be ſo grafted inwardly in all our hearts, as to bring forth in us the fruits of good living, to the praiſe and glory of thy name. Pardon alſo whatſoever Thou haſt ſeen amiſs in our worſhip and ſervices on this day.

And accept, O Lord, our humble confeſſion of all thoſe great and manifold ſins, which, from time to time, both in thought, word, and deed, we have committed againſt Thee: for we have left undone thoſe things which we ought to have done, and we have done thoſe things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us. We have ſinned, O Lord, by our pride and vanity, by our indulgence of many ſinful paſſions, by our fretfulneſs, impatience, and diſcontent; by our emulation, our ambition, and our covetouſneſs. We have ſinned alſo by our ſloth and negligence, by our forgetfulneſs of many duties of our calling, by our too great love of this preſent world, and by our careleſſneſs in following many of thoſe evil cuſtoms which we have found in it. More eſpecially we have ſinned by our inattention to thy written Word, to thy preached Goſpel, and to all the means of thy Grace.

For theſe, and all our numberleſs offences, w here implore thy pardon and forgiveneſs, in the name of Jeſus Chriſt; at the ſame time we thank thee for ſo mercifully providing this Savior for us, who came down from Heaven and died for our ſins, and who now ſitteth at thy right hand making interceſſion for us.

We alſo beſeech thee, for Chriſt's ſake, to grant unto us the help of thy Holy Spirit, that we may now forſake every evil way, and may amend our lives according to thy Holy Word. O Lord, preſerve us through the enſuing week from ſinning againſt thee. Save us from the world, the fleſh, and the Devil. Carry us through all our temptations ond dangers. Fit us for whatſoever duties are before us, and when we have fulfilled thy Will on earth, receive us at length to thine eternal kingdom, through Jeſus Chriſt.

And the ſame things which we have been imploring for ourſelves, we humbly aſk in behalf of our dear friends and relations. Grant unto them pardon of their ſins, a humble faith in Jeſus Chriſt their Lord, and grace to walk in the way of thy Commandments. Be merciful to the land in which we live. Bleſs our King and all in authority. Give thine eſpecial Grace to the Miniſters of thy Goſpel, that they may both preach thy true and lively Word, and may alſo be examples to their flock of all virtue and goodneſs. Let thy bleſſing alſo deſcend on all the faithful followers of Jeſus Chriſt. Save them from the temptations which are in the world: ſtrengthen their faith and hope, and unite them in the bonds of Chriſtian Charity with each other; and have pity on all thoſe who neglect thy Goſpel. And pro fane thy Sabbaths, and live as if there was no God

in the world. Convince them of their ſins before it is too late, and incline them to ſeek for mercy, through that Savior, whoſe Grace they now deſpiſe. And, O Lord, deliver every one of us from all hardneſs of heart and contempt of thy Word and Commandments. Make us to lie down this night thankful for the opportunities of inſtruction which we have enjoyed, and for all the bleſſings of the Goſpel. And may the peace of God, which paſſeth all underſtanding, keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and fear of God, and of his Son Chriſt Jeſus.

Our Father, &c.
May the Grace, &c.

THE END.

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

SUNDAY READING.

Bear ye one another's Burthens;

OR, THE

VALLEY OF TEARS:

A VISION.



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Bear ye one another's Burthens.

ONCE upon a time methought I ſet out upon a long journey, and the place through which I travelled appeared to be a dark Valley which was called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained this name not only on account of the many ſorrowful adventures which poor paſſengers commonly meet with in their journey through it; but alſo becauſe moſt of theſe Travellers entered it weeping and crying, and left it in very great pain and anguiſh. This vaſt valley was full of people of all colours, ages, ſizes, and deſcriptions. But whether white or black, or tawney, all were travelling the ſame road; or rather they were taking different little paths which all led to the ſame common end.

Now it was remarkable, that notwithſtanding the different complexions, ages, and tempers of this vaſt variety of people, yet all reſembled each other in this one reſpect, that each had a burthen on his back which he was deſtined to carry through the toil and heat of the day, until he ſhould arrive by a longer or ſhorter courſe at his journey's end. Theſe burthens would in general have made the pilgrimage quite intolerable, had not the Lord of the Valley, out of his great compaſſion for theſe poor Pilgrims, provided among other things, the following means for their relief.

In their full view over the entrance of the Valley, there were written in great letters the following words:

Bear ye one another's Burthens.

Now I ſaw in my viſion that many of the Travellers hurried on without ſtopping to read this inſtruction, and others, though they had once read it, yet paid little or no attention to it. A third ſort thought it very good advice for other people, but very ſeldom applied it to themſelves. In ſhort I ſaw that too many of thoſe people were of opinion that they had burthens enough of their own, and that there was therefore no occaſion to take upon them thoſe of others; ſo each tried to make his own load as light, and his own journey as pleaſant as he could, without ſo much as once caſting a thought on a poor over-loaded neighbour. Here however I have to make a rather ſingular remark, by which I ſhall plainly ſhew the folly of theſe ſelfiſh people. It was ſo ordered and contrived by the Lord of this valley, that if any one ſtretched out his hand to lighten a neighbour's burthen, in fact he never failed to find that he at that moment alſo lightened his own. Beſides, the obligation to help each other, and the benefit of doing ſo were mutual. If a man helped his neighbour it commonly happened that ſome other neighbour came by-and-by and helped him in his turn; for there was no ſuch thing as what we call *independence* in the whole Valley. Not one of all theſe Travellers, however ſtout and ſtrong, could move on comfortably without aſſiſtance, for ſo the Lord of the Valley, whoſe laws were all of them kind and good, had expreſsly ordained.

I ſtood ſtill to watch the progreſs of theſe poor way-faring people, who moved ſlowly on, like ſo many Ticket porters, with burthens of various

kinds on their backs; of which ſome were heavier, and ſome were lighter, but from a burthen of one kind or other, not one Traveller was entirely free.

The Widow.

A ſorrowful Widow, oppreſſed with the burthen of grief for the loſs of an affectionate huſband, would have been bowed down by her heavy load, had not the ſurviving children with great alacrity ſtepped forward and ſupported her. Their kindneſs after a while, ſo mueh lightened the load which threatened at firſt to be intolerable, that ſhe even went on her way with chearfulneſs.

The Huſband.

I next ſaw a poor old man tottering under a burthen ſo heavy, that I expected him every moment to ſink under it. I peeped into his pack, and ſaw it was made up of many ſad articles; there was poverty, oppreſſion, ſickneſs, debt, and what made by far the heavieſt part, undutiful children. I was wondering how it was that he got on even ſo well as he did, till I ſpied his wife, a kind, meek, Chriſtian woman, who was doing her utmoſt to aſſiſt him. She quietly got behind, gently laid her ſhoulder to the burthen, and carried a much larger proportion of it than appeared to me when I was at a diſtance. She not only ſuſtained him by her ſtrength, but cheered him by her counſels. "She told him that through much tribulation we muſt enter into reſt," that "he that overcometh ſhall inherit all things." In ſhort, ſhe ſo ſupported his fainting ſpirit, that he was enabled to "run with patience the race that was ſet before him."

The kind Neighbour.

An infirm blind woman was creeping forward with a very heavy burthen, in which were packed ſickneſs and want, with numberleſs other of thoſe raw materials, out of which human miſery is worked up. She was ſo weak that ſhe could not have got on at all, had it not been for the kind aſſiſtance of another woman almoſt as poor as herſelf; who, though ſhe had no light burthen of her own, cheerfully lent an helping hand to a fellow traveller who was ſtill more heavily laden. This friend had indeed little or nothing to give, but the very voice of kindneſs is ſoothing to the weary. And I remarked in many other caſes, that it was not ſo much the degree of the help afforded, as the manner of helping that lightened the burthens. Some had a coarſe, rough, clumſy way of aſſiſting a neighbour, which, though in fact it might be of real uſe, yet ſeemed, by galling the Travellers, to add to the load it was intended to lighten; while I obſerved in others that ſo cheap a kindneſs as a mild word, or even an affectionate look made a poor burthened wretch move on cheerily. The bare feeling that ſome human being cared for him, ſeemed to lighten the load. But to return to this kind neighbour. She had a little old book in her hand, the covers of which were worn out by much uſe. When ſhe ſaw the blind woman ready to faint, ſhe would read her a few words out of this book, ſuch as the following—"Bleſſed are the poor in ſpirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted." "I will never leave thee nor forſake thee." "For our light affliction, which is but

for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The Clergyman.

A pious Miniſter, ſinking under the weight of a diſtreſſed pariſh, whoſe worldly wants he was totally unable to bear, was ſuddenly relieved by a good widow, who come up and took all the ſick and hungry on her own ſhoulders. The burthen of the pariſh thus divided became tolerable. The Miniſter, being no longer bowed down by the temporal diſtreſſes of his people, applied himſelf chearfully to his own part of the weight. And it was pleaſant to ſee how thoſe two perſons, neither of them very ſtrong, or rich, or healthy, by thus kindly uniting together, were enabled to bear the weight of a whole pariſh; though ſingly, either of them muſt have ſunk under the attempt. And I remember one great grief I felt during my whole journey was, that I did not ſee more of this union and concurring kindneſs, by which all the burthens might have been ſo eaſily divided. It troubled me to obſerve, that of all the laws of the Valley there was not one more frequently broken than *the law of kindneſs.*

The negroes.

I now ſpied a ſwarm of poor black men, women, and children, a multitude which no man could number; theſe groaned, and toiled, and ſweated, and bled under far heavier loads than I had yet ſeen. But for a while no man helped them; at length a few White travellers were touched with the ſorrowful ſighing of thoſe millions, and very heartily did they put their hands to the burthens; but

their number was not quite equal to the work they had undertaken. I perceived, however, that they never loſt ſight of thoſe poor heavy laden wretches, and as the number of theſe generous helpers encreaſed, I felt a comfortable hope, that before all the blacks got out of the Valley, the whites would fairly divide the burthen, and the loads would be effectually lightened.

Among the travellers, I had occaſion to remark, that thoſe who moſt kicked and ſtruggled under their burthens, only made them ſo much the heavier; for their ſhoulders became extremely galled by thoſe vain ſtruggles. The load, if borne patiently, would in the end have turned even to the advantage of the bearers, (for ſo the Lord of the Valley had kindly decreed) but as to theſe grumblers they had all the ſmart and none of the benefit. But the thing which made all theſe burthens ſeem ſo very heavy was, that in every one without exception, there was a certain *inner pacquet*, which moſt of the Travellers took pains to conceal, and carefully wrap up; and while they were forward enough to complain of the other part of their burthens, few ſaid a word about this; though in truth it was the preſſing weight of this *ſecret pacquet* which ſerved to render the general burthen ſo intolerable. In ſpite of all their caution, I contrived to get a peep at it; I found in each that this pacquet had the ſame label: the word SIN was written on all as a general title, and in ink ſo black, that they could not waſh it out. I obſerved that moſt of them took no ſmall pains to hide the writing; but I was ſurprized to ſee that they did not try to get rid of the load but the label. If any kind friend who aſſiſted theſe people in bearing their burthens,

did but ſo much as hint at the *ſecret pacquet*, or adviſe them to get rid of it, they took fire at once, and commonly denied they had any ſuch article in their portmanteau; and it was thoſe whoſe *ſecret pacquet* ſwelled to the moſt enormous ſize, who moſt ſtoutly denied they had any.

I ſaw with pleaſure, however, that ſome who had long laboured heartily to get rid of this inward pacquet at length found it much diminiſhed, and the more this pacquet ſhrunk in ſize, the lighter was the other part of their burthens alſo.

Then, methought, all at once, I heard a voice as it had been the voice of an angel, crying out and ſaying, "Ye unhappy Pilgrims, why are ye troubled about the burthen which ye are doomed to bear through this Valley of Tears? Know ye not that as ſoon as ye ſhall have eſcaped out of this Valley, the whole burthen ſhall drop off, provided ye neglect not to remove that inward weight of Sin which principally oppreſſes you? Study then the whole Will of the Lord of this Valley. Learn from him how this heavy part of your burthens may now be leſſened, and how at laſt it ſhall be removed for ever. Be comforted. Faith and hope may cheer you even in this Valley. The paſſage, though it ſeems long to weary Travellers, is comparatively ſhort; for beyond it there is a Land of everlaſting Reſt, where ye ſhall hunger no more, neither thirſt any more, where ye ſhall be led by living fountains of waters, and all tears ſhall be wiped away from your eyes.

Z.

THE END.

48

ROBERT AND RICHARD;

OR, THE

GHOST of poor MOLLY, who was drowned in RICHARD'S MILL POND.

To the Tune of *Collins's Mulberry Tree.*



Sold by J. MARSHALL,
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ROBERT and RICHARD, &c.

QUOTH Richard to Bob, " let things go as they will,
" Of pleaſure and fun I will ſtill have my fill;
" In a little gay Joy I ſee nothing amiſs,
" And tho' now and then tipſy, *what harm is in this?*

" For e'en Solomon ſays, and I vow he ſays truth,
" Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth'—
" I am glad" (anſwer'd Bob) " you're of Solomon's creed,
" But I beg if you quote him you'll pleaſe to proceed;

" For God" (as the wiſe man continues to ſing)
" Thy ſoul into Judgment for all this will bring.
" Thus a man may get plung'd in a woeful abyſs,
" By chuſing to ſay, *Pray what harm is in this?*

" Come, Come" (ſays gay Richard) " don't grudge me a
" Cup;
" I'm reſolv'd, while I'm able, I'll ſtill keep it up;
" Let old Greybeards deny that in frolics there's bliſs?
" I'll game, love, and drink—*and what harm is in this?*"

Says Robert, " I grant if you live for to-day,
" You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic away;
" But then, my dear Dick, I again muſt contend,
" That the wiſe man has bid us *remember the end.*"

Says Richard, " when ſickneſs or peeviſh old age,
" Shall advance to diſmiſs me from life's merry ſtage;
" Repentance juſt then, Boy, may not be amiſs,
" But while young I'll be jolly—*what harm is in this?*"

They

They parted—and Richard his paſtimes begun,
'Twas Richard the Jovial, the ſoul of all fun;
Each dancing bout, drinking bout, Dick would attend,
And he ſung and he ſwore—*nor once thought of the End.*

Young Molly he courted, the pride of the plain,
He promis'd her marriage, but promis'd in vain;
She truſted his vows, but ſhe ſoon was undone,
And when ſhe fell weeping he thought it good fun.

Thus ſcorn'd by her Richard ſad Molly run wild,
And roam'd thro' the woods with her deſtitute child,
'Till poor Molly and Molly's poor Baby were found
One evening in Richard's own mill pond both drown'd.

Then his conſcience grew troubl'd by night and by day,
But it's clamour he drown'd in more drink and more play;
Still Robert exhorted, and like a true friend,
He warn'd him he pray'd him—*to think on the End.*

Now

Now diſturb'd in his dreams poor Molly each night
With her babe ſtood before him; how ſad was the ſight!
O how ghaſtly ſhe look'd as ſhe bade him attend,
And ſo awfully told him—" *Remember the End.*"

She talk'd of the woes and unquenchable fire
Which await the gay Sinner, the Drunkard, and Liar;
How he ruin'd more maidens ſhe bade him beware,
Then ſhe wept, and ſhe groan'd, and ſhe vaniſh'd in air.

Now beggar'd by Gaming, diſtemper'd by Drink,
Death ſtar'd in his face, yet he dar'd not to think;
Deſpairing of mercy, deſpiſing all truth,
He dy'd of old age in the prime of his youth.

On his tombſtone good Robert theſe Verſes engrav'd,
Which he hop'd ſome gay fellow might read and be ſav'd.



The EPITAPH.

HERE lies a poor Youth who call'd ſinning his bliſs,
And was ruin'd by ſaying *what harm is in this?*
Let each Paſſer-by to his error attend,
And learn of poor Dick to *remember the End.*

THE END.

On the 1ſt of October.

Harveſt Home.—Two Farmers, Part I.—Honeſt Miller, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of November,

The Parable of the Vineyard.—The Two Farmers, Part II. —The Sorrows of Yamba, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of December,

The Troubles of Life.—Sorrowful Sam.—Merry Chriſtmas, a Carol.

On the 1ſt of January, 1796,

New Thoughts on the New Year.—The Hiſtory of Mary Wood, the Houſemaid.—Robert and Richard, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of February,

The Touchſtone; or, the Way to know a good Chriſtian. —The Apprentice turned Maſter; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part II.—The Story of Sinful Sally. Told by herſelf a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of March.

Oneſimus; or, the Run-away Servant converted.—Idle Jack Brown; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part III.—Shopkeeper, Part I.

On the 1ſt of April,

Converſion of St. Paul.—Jack Brown in Priſon; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part IV.—Shopkeeper, Part II.

On the 1ſt of May,

The General Reſurrection, Part. I.—The Hiſtory of Charles Jones the Footman, written by Himſelf.—The Hackney Coachman; or, the Way to get a good Fare, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of June,

Carrying Religion into the Common Buſineſs of Life.— The Cheapſide Apprentice. — The Election Song, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of July,

Look at Home.—Gameſter.—Turn the Carpet, or, Two Weavers.

On the 1ſt of Auguſt,

Grand Aſſizes.—Betty Brown.—Shopkeeper, Part III.

On the 1ſt of September,

Two Wealthy Farmers, Part III.—Explanation of the Nature of Baptiſm.—Hymn of Praiſe for the abundant Harveſt of 1796.

And other Pieces on a ſimilar Plan, on the 1ſt of every Month.

THE STORY of SINFUL SALLY.

TOLD BY HERSELF.

SHEWING

How from being SALLY of the GREEN she was first led to become SINFUL SALLY, and afterwards DRUNKEN SAL, and how at last she came to a most melancholy and almost hopeless End; being therein a Warning to all young Women both in Town and Country.



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THE *STORY* of *SINFUL SALLY.*

COME each maiden lend an ear,
Country Laſs and London Belle!
Come and drop a mournful tear
O'er the tale that I ſhall tell!

I that aſk your tender pity,
Ruin'd now and all forlorn,
Once, like you, was young and pretty,
And as cheerful as the morn.

In yon diſtant Cottage ſitting,
Far away from London town,
Once you might have ſeen me knitting
In my ſimple Kerſey Gown.

Where the little lambkins leap,
Where the meadows look ſo gay,
Where the drooping willows weep,
Simple Sally uſed to ſtray.



Then I taſted many a Bleſſing,
Then I had an honeſt fame;
Father Mother me careſſing,
Smil'd, and thought me free from blame.

Then, amid my friends ſo dear,
Life it ſpeeded faſt away;
O, it moves a tender tear,
To bethink me of the day!

From the villages ſurrounding,
Ere I well had reach'd Eighteen,
Came the modeſt youths abounding,
All to Sally of the Green.



Courting days were thus beginning,
And I ſoon had prov'd a wife;
O! if I had kept from ſinning,
Now how bleſt had been my life.

Come each maiden lend an ear,
Country Laſs and London Belle!
Come ye now and deign to hear
How poor ſinful Sally fell.

Where the Hill begins inclining,
Half a furlong from the Road,
O'er the village white and ſhining
Stands Sir William's great abode.

Near his meadow I was tripping,
Vainly wiſhing to be ſeen,
When Sir William met me ſkipping,
And he ſpoke me on the Green.



Bid me quit my cloak of ſcarlet,
Blam'd my ſimple Kerſey Gown;
Ey'd me then, ſo like a Varlet,
Such as live in London town.

With his preſents I was loaded,
And bedeck'd in ribbons gay;
Thus my ruin was foreboded,
O, how crafty was his way!

Vaniſh'd now from Cottage lowly,
My poor Parents' hearts I break;
Enter on a ſtate unholy,
Turn a Miſtreſs to a Rake.

Now no more by morning light
Up to God my voice I raiſe;
Now no ſhadows of the night
Call my thoughts to prayer and praiſe.

Hark! a well-known ſound I hear!
'Tis the Church's Sunday Bell;
No; I dread to venture near:
No; I'm now the Child of Hell.

Now I lay my Bible by,
Chuſe that impious book ſo new,
Love the bold blaſpheming lie,
And that filthy novel too.

Next to London town I paſs
(Sinful Sally is my name)
There to gain a front of braſs,
And to glory in my Shame.

Powder'd well, and puff'd, and painted,
Rivals all I there out-ſhine;
With ſkin ſo white and heart ſo tainted,
Rolling in my Chariot fine.



In the Park I glitter daily,
Then I dreſs me for the play,
Then to maſquerade ſo gaily,
See me, ſee me tear away.

When I meet ſome meaner Laſs
Then I toſs with proud diſdain;
Laugh and giggle as I paſs,
Seeming not to know a pain.

Still at every hour of leiſure
Something whiſpers me within,
O! I hate this life of pleaſure,
For it is a Life of Sin.

Thus amidſt my peals of laughter
Horror ſeizes oft my frame:
Pleaſure now—Damnation after,
And a never-dying flame.

Conſcience, as my breath's departing,
Plunges too his arrow deep,
With redoubled fury ſtarting
Like ſome Giant from his ſleep.

In this Pit of Ruin lying,
Once again before I die,
Fainting, trembling, weeping, ſighing,
Lord to thee I'll lift mine eye.

Thou can'ſt ſave the vileſt Harlot,
Grace I've heard is free and full,
Sins that once were "red as ſcarlet"
Thou can'ſt make as white as wool."

Savior, whom I piere'd ſo often,
Deeper ſtill my guilt imprint!
Let thy mighty Spirit ſoften
This my harden'd heart of flint.

Vain, alas! is all my groaning,
For I fear the die is caſt;
True, thy blood is all-atoning,
But my day of Grace is paſt.

Savior! hear me or I periſh!
None who *lives* is quite undone;
Still a Ray of Hope I'll cheriſh
'Till Eternity's begun.

THE END.

5.0

THE *SHOPKEEPER* turned *SAILOR*; OR, THE Folly of going out of our Element.

SHEWING

What a clever Man JOHN the SHOPKEEPER was in his own Buſineſs, and what a raſh Step he took in reſolving to go upon the Water.

PART I.

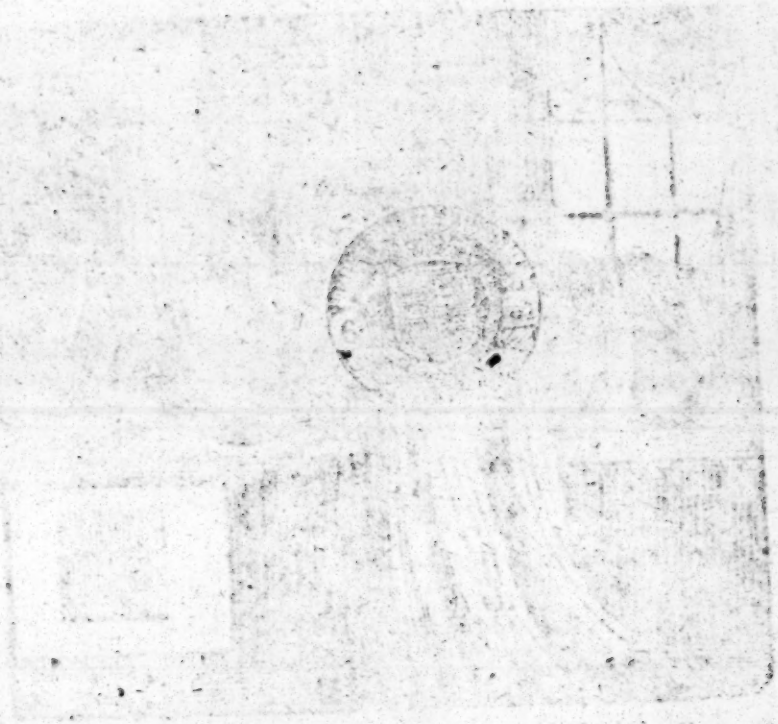


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THE

SHOPKEEPER, &c.

A TALE I tell whoſe firſt beginning
May ſet ſome giddy folks a grinning;
But, only let it all unfold,
A ſadder tale was never told.

Some people, who for years before
Had ſeldom paſs'd their outer door,
For once determin'd to be gay,
And have one merry-making day.
Agreed, "a ſailing we will go:"
Thus all was ſettled at a blow.
With hats and bonnets duly ty'd,
They buſtle to the water ſide;

And as the women ſtem the gale,
They ſeem already under ſail:
Here, while we find them ſafe and ſo
A ſailing only on dry ground,
We'll take occaſion to declare
Who all theſe merry people were.

Firſt there was John; a Trader he
Clever and ſmart as you ſhall ſee;
High on the ſhelf in nice array
His various Wares and Patterns lay;
Call when you will the thing's at hand,
And John is ever at his ſtand.
I grant indeed his Price was high,
But then his ſhew-glaſs caught the eye;
Beſides, 'twas known and underſtood
His things were all extremely good.
Walk in, and if you talk with John,
I warrant he will draw you on:
Not that he ventur'd on the ſin
Of taking any ſtrangers in;
For John, diſpute it he who can,
Was a plain, open, honeſt man;

You ſaw it written in his face;
And then he ſerv'd you with a grace:
With gentle air and accent ſweet,
Powder'd and dreſt ſo ſpruce and neat,
And moſt obliging in his ſpeeches,
Unnumber'd Ribbons down he reaches;
Preſents before the Lady's view,
Each flow'ry edge, each beateous hue,
Rolls and unrolls the ſlippery things,
And every finger has it's wings;
Then waits, with rare command of face,
While Miſs, in ſad diſtreſsful Caſe,
Puzzles, and frets, and doubts between
A greeniſh blue and blueiſh green.
At length each anxious mind is eas'd,
The Bargain's ſtruck, the lady's pleas'd;
John humbly bows, then takes his flight
To write his Bill as ſwift as light;
And ere the ſtranger's march'd away,
He next as ſweetly aſks for pay.
Yet if there enter'd one he knew,
John always gave the Credit due;
Welcom'd the friend with joyful looks,
Yet clapp'd the debt into his books:

And tho' he begg'd the Bill might wait,
'Twas ſent at Chriſtmas ſure as fate.

At Chriſtmas too (I tell his fame
That Traders all may do the ſame)
John calmly takes his books upſtairs,
And balances his whole affairs;
Sees how his total Credits ſtand,
And values all his ſtock in hand;
Then fairly puts on 'tother ſide,
The Debts he owes both far and wide;
The diff'rence is the Sum he's worth,
'Tis all he has this year on earth;
Compares it with the year before,
" 'Tis leſs than then"—" O no 'tis more—"
" 'Tis vaſtly more," he ſays with glee,
" 'Tis right, 'tis right, my Books agree!"

But who, except a Trader's ſelf,
Can paint theſe Joys of growing pelf!
Or rather, to correct my ſong,
Who paint the pleaſures that belong
To honeſt Induſtry and thrift,
While God is thank'd for ev'ry gift!

Ah! fooliſh John! ſo bleſt at home
What need had'ſt thou ſo far to roam?
Could thy new-fangled Joys out-top
The hourly pleaſures of thy ſhop;
Or if thy health an airing need,
And one grand holiday's decreed,
Could'ſt thou not go, to change the ſcene,
And take a turn upon the green?
Ah! fooliſh John! from what ſtrange quarter
Could come this fancy for the water!
Well haſt thou proſper'd while on ſhore,
There lab'ring nobly at the oar;
But if the wat'ry flood ſhould ride thee,
Methinks ſome evil will betide:
And ſhould'ſt thou dare, when once a float,
Thyſelf to *ſteer* or *row* the boat,
The hour ſhall come—I ſee it nigh
With my prophetic poet's Eye,
When know, vain man, that thou ſhalt ſmart
And all thy glory ſhall depart.
Then hear, ye Britons, while I preach,
This is the truth I mean to teach—
That he who in his ſhop is bright,
And ſkill'd to keep his reck'ning right,

Who ſteers in the good middle way,
And gets ſome cuſtom and ſome pay,
Marks when ſad Bankrupt times prevail,
And carefully draws in his ſail,
Keeps watch, has all his lanterns out,
And ſees the dangers round about.
Puſhes his trade with wind and oar,
And ſtill gets forward more and more—
This Trader, ſkill'd as he may be,
On ſhore a man of high degree,
May prove a very dunce at ſea.

Ah! fooliſh John! no thoughts like theſe
Once enter to diſturb his eaſe;
Onward he goes, and thinks it grand
To quit the plain and ſimple land;
Leaves a good houſe of brick and mortar
To try mere wood upon the water.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

JOHN the SHOPKEEPER

TURNED

SAILOR;

OR, THE

Folly of going out of our Element.

In which a particular Account is given of the ſeveral Branches of this worthy Family.

PART II.



Sold by J. MARSHALL,
(PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Moral and Religious Tracts) No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheapſide, and No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard, and R. WHITE, Piccadilly, London.

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A cheaper Edition for Hawkers.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

JOHN the SHOPKEEPER, &c.

'TWAS told you in a former lay,
How on a luckleſs evil day
The Trader John, a landſman brave,
Left the dry ground to try the wave.
But here the poet muſt rehearſe,
In ſoft, and ſweet, and tender verſe,
How gentle Johnny had a wife,
The joy and ſolace of his life,
The ſharer of his griefs and cares,
Privy to all his great affairs;
One who when ty'd in wedlock's nooſe
Had prov'd a helpmate fit for uſe;
One whom he married---not for whim---
But who could keep his houſe in trim;
No high-flown miſs, or Belle, or Beauty,
A ſimple Girl that knew her duty;
Had well obey'd her Father, Mother,
And counſell'd well her younger Brother:
Healthy when young, and rather ſtout:
Moral?---nay more, ſhe was devout:
And now a Chriſtian quite at heart,
She carefully fulfils her part,
Well ſkill'd alike her houſe to guide,
And ſerve the ſhop at Johnny's ſide.

See now ſhe works to help the trade,
And now inſtructs her under maid;

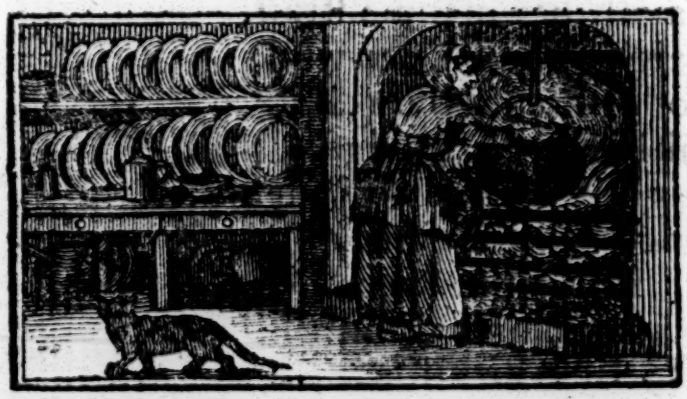


But 'tis her chief and ſpecial care,
Her Huſband's daily toil to ſpare;
When ſick, or weary and oppreſt,
To eaſe the troubles of his breaſt,
To ſoothe his ſorrows, calm his fears,
And help him thro' this vale of tears;
Remind him where his treaſure lies,
And point to realms above the ſkies,
Where, when this ſhifting ſcene is o'er,
The faithful meet to part no more.
Now twenty ſummers or above
Have glided by and prov'd her love:
And though they may have marr'd her face,
Have ripen'd many a Chriſtian Grace;
Hence it may now be fairly gueſs'd,
Her lateſt days ſhall be her beſt.
John knows her worth, and now-a-days,
He grows quite eager in her praiſe;
For ev'ry calling friend is told,
" My Wife is worth her weight in Gold-"
To this bleſt couple there was born,
One Daughter cheerful as the morn;

A Maiden ſhe of ſpotleſs fame,
E'en in her mirth quite clear from blame,
Train'd in Religion's " narrow way,"
Her mind untainted by a Play,
She hates your giddy glitt'ring ſcenes,
Tho' long ſince enter'd on her teens;
Sees all things in a proper light,
And vice quite puts her in a fright;
Prompt and obedient from a Child,
Obliging, humble, meek and mild;
Still, before ſtrangers, as a mouſe;
Yet vaſtly uſeful in the Houſe---
Toils for the ſhop, tho' ſeldom ſeen;
—Ah!---there ſhe ſits behind the ſcreen;
There, like ſome flower both ſweet and gay,
She ſhuns as yet the blaze of day;
(Well does her praiſe adorn my tale)
A new-blown Lily of the Vale.
Now ſhould perchance ſome fool draw near,
And get to whiſper in her ear,
Of Plays, and Balls, and Fairs, and Races,
Fine mid-night Routs, and public Places,
And wonder how ſhe can endure,
A life ſo uſeful and ſo pure---
Extol her form, her piercing Eyes,
And tell a hundred flatt'ring lies;
—While the ſweet praiſe he thinks ſhe ſips,
The tortur'd Maiden bites her lips;
Thinks his fine flatt'ry mere pretence,
And longs to tell him to talk ſenſe;
Yet dreads to take the dunce in hand,
Leſt he ſhould ſtill not underſtand.
But ſhould he let his *vice* peep out,
The meek-ey'd Girl can then turn ſtout;

For once ('tis ſaid) in terms direct,
A ſpruce and ſaucy ſpark ſhe check'd;
(She grew ſo ſolemn in her ſpeeches
The Bucks give out that "Nancy preaches;")
And once put on the ſweeteſt air,
And begg'd a Carman not to ſwear.
Thus while ſhe ſpends her peaceful days,
Her parents' care ſhe well repays;
Honors her father, loves her mother,
She'll prove methinks juſt ſuch another;
And tho' ſcarce ſeen, except at church,
The men won't leave her in the lurch;
Some honeſt Chriſtian man ſhe'll ſtrike,
No Buck or Blood---for like loves like.
Next in my ſong, of equal fame,
Comes a good honeſt antient dame;
John's mother--with no fault but one---
I mean---ſhe doated on her ſon;
For when her own dear ſpouſe was gone,
Her whole affections fell to John;
'Twas then, the widow's age ſo great,
Her proſpects ſmall, her income ſtrait,
That Johnny weigh'd the matter well,
And took her to his home to dwell:
No coſt or trouble did he grudge,
For John had rightly learn'd to judge
That people, once of little fame,
But now of high and mighty name,
Oft owe the glory of their ſtation,
To the mere help of Education.
Quoth he---"Were all men good and true,
"Their wealth, methinks, might half be due,
"To ſome good dame who now is found
"Quite thruſt upon the mere back ground:

" Beſides (he added half in tears)
" A child is always in arrears,
" In debt, alas! o'er head and ears."
Oh with what joy, what thanks and praiſe,
To the Great Length'ner of her days,
What feelings not to be outdone,
Tow'rds her dear John, her only ſon,
Did the good parent take her ſtation,
And kindly own the obligation!
And now his tenderneſs ſhe pays,
By helping in a thouſand ways,
Deck'd in her beſt ſhe comes in view,
And ſerves the ſhop from twelve to two;
Knows not each price perhaps quite pat,
Yet keeps the croud in civil chat,
'Till John himſelf comes up to ſell
A yard of luteſtring, or an ell:
Next to the Cook her aid ſhe brings,
And does a hundred little things:
Loves her own ſelf to lay the cloth,
To dreſs the ſallad, ſkim the broth;



At ſhelling peas is quick and nimble,
Tho' now grown tardy with her thimble;

And always puts you quite at eaſe,
Walks out, and leaves you if you pleaſe:
Plain as ſhe ſeems, has much good ſenſe,
And hence ſhe never takes offence;
And all agree, for all are lenient,
The good old Lady's quite convenient.
Yet let me add, if things go wrong,
Madam ſoon ſhews her fears are ſtrong;
And then ſhe gives a certain ſpice
Of plain and downright good advice;
Talks in a moſt convincing tone
" Of what *ſhe*'s ſeen and what *ſhe*'s known;"
And in a way that vaſtly wins,
Will warn you of her own paſt ſins:
Tranquil at eve, in elbow chair,
Tells what her former follies were;



Recounts her dangers, nice eſcapes,
Sad ſufferings once, and aukward ſcrapes;
And while ſhe paints her varied life,
Adds wiſdom e'en to Johnny's wife:
John, warn'd of her each matter weighs,
And Nancy trembles and obeys.

Thus ſome old ſeaman, once ſo brave,
And buffeted by wind and wave;
Of the rude ſeas too long the ſport,
Enters at length ſome peaceful port;
Rejoices now no more to roam,
Yet acts as Pilot nearer home.

END OF PART II.

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

JOHN the SHOPKEEPER

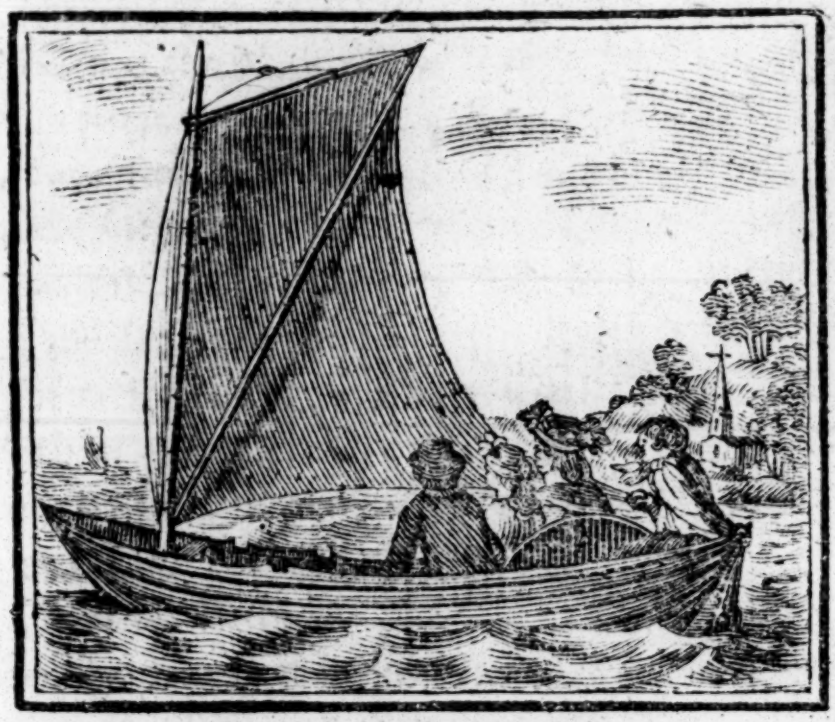
TURNED

SAILOR;

PART III.

SHEWING

How JOHN and his family actually took Boat, and how they had for a while a moſt delightful ſail on the wide Ocean.



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JOHN the SHOPKEEPER, &c.

LONG has the Muſe her tale delay'd,
Has ſtopt to talk of Johnny's trade;
Wife, daughter, mother too, of John,
And quite forgot to travel on.
Long has the Muſe with trembling fear,
View'd the ſad ſcene that now is near;
Hung back indeed from very fright,
And ſhrunk and ſtarted at the ſight.
As the tall ſteed, if he ſhould ſpy
Some unknown form of danger nigh,
Starts from his path, his eye-balls glare,
His feet fly prancing in the air,
Round on the ſpot and round he wheels,
Upright upon his meer hind heels;
So have we ſtarted at the view
Of what our John is now to do,
Have gaily friſk'd it round and round,
Nor gain'd as yet an inch of ground.
Come, gentle Muſe, the tale declare,
Sing how this bold advent'rous pair,

With mother brave and willing daughter,
March'd to the borders of the water.
Sing how they trod the beech ſo ſteep,
Gaz'd at the wonders of the deep,
And ſtopt to view, as in a trance,
The awful ocean's vaſt expanſe,
Then gaz'd at ev'ry paſſing boat,
Till they quite long'd to get on float.



The Boatmen, as they croſs the Strand,
Spring from an alehouſe juſt at hand,
All on the party down they burſt,
And each is ſure that he was firſt.
Oh! how they preſs and fill the ground,
And puſh and elbow all around!
Each to a Lady makes his ſuit,
Till Nancy ſtarts, as at a brute:
While prudent Johnny marching down,
Hires a ſnug boat for half a crown,
Of ſmaller ſize, but ſtiff and tight;
And having ſeen that all is right,

Rallies his daughter, claims his wife,
Burſts thro' the crowd and ends the ſtrife.
And now with ſelf-complacent grin,
The favor'd Boatman hands them in;
But firſt he plants, as is his rule,
On the wave's edge his little ſtool,
And while he begs them to take care,
Preſents his elbow high in air.



All in they ſtept, all down they ſat;
All ſafe, all even, and all flat:
The Boatman puſhes off the boat;
Was e'er ſuch treaſure all afloat!
And now amid the ſun's bright gleam,
See how they cut the ſilver ſtream!
See how the breeze begins to play!
See how it wafts them far away!
Scarce had the party left the ſhore,
When Ruffman longs to ſpare his oar,
Points to the bench where lies a ſail,
And begs to profit by the gale.

At firſt the Boatman's words appal,
And all the female faces fall;
And Madam bets ten thouſand pound,
"This inſtant we ſhall all be drown'd."
Mean time old Ruffman, with a ſneer,
Forbids each vain and ſilly fear;
Talks of the ſeas that he hath croſs'd,
Beaten, and blown, and tempeſt toſt;
Tells of his dangers, now no more,
While a green youth in days of yore,
Of feats perform'd by way of fun,
And boaſts of matches he has won:
Then drops his tone, and quite allays
All the new fears he ſeem'd to raiſe;
Pleads his great care, aſſerts his ſkill,
Begs each dear Lady'll dread no ill;
For if he keeps the rope in hand,
The water's juſt as ſafe as land.
Thus all objections down he beat,
And now the awful ſail is ſet;
Ah, how they plough the whit'ning ſeas,
So fine ſo glorious is the breeze;
How freſh and cooling too the air,
While the ſail ſhades them from the glare;
The Boatman, who a while before
Sat coatleſs heated at the oar,
Now lolls his eaſe, obſerves the wind,
Steers with one careful hand behind;

While his right fiſt holds hard the ſail,
Reſiſts or humours well the gale;
Then half-appearing to turn back,
At once he ſtops and makes a tack;
Points at the diſtant land once more,
And ſeems to run you right aſhore;
But ere he lets you quite touch ground,
Again he ſpins his veſſel round,
And ſhifts acroſs, with ſkill ſo nice,
The flutt'ring canvas in a trice;
Scuds o'er the ſpacious ſeas again;
Again he plows the mighty main;
Again the leſs'ning ſhore retires,
Woods, hills depart, and diſtant ſpires;
While the bright ſun, yon clouds between,
Shines forth and gilds the glorious ſcene.
The party, eas'd of all their fright,
Gaze round and round with ſweet delight;
Praiſe with one voice both land and ſeas,
And now they languiſh for a breeze;
Dread leſt the ſlack'ning wind ſhould fail,
And welcome every growing gale:
Swift o'er the ſwelling waves they fly,
And pleaſure beams in ev'ry eye.
But, ah! how oft with genial ſun,
While the gay courſe of life we run,
And fancy as we taſte the treat,
Our human bliſs is now compleat;—

How oft in that ſame favor'd hour,
Does the whole ſky begin to lour!
The cheering ſun-ſhine's paſs'd away,
There comes a dreary doleful day:
Afflictions gather like a cloud;
The ſwelling tempeſt roars aloud;
While from yon threat'ning heav'ns ſo dark,
It thunders round our little bark:
Unſkill'd to ſtruggle thro' the breeze,
We toſs in new and troubled ſeas,
And life's gay morning all ſo bright,
Ends in ſome woeful tale at night.

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.

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CHEAP REPOSITORY.

THE HACKNEY COACHMAN;

OR,

The Way to get a good Fare.

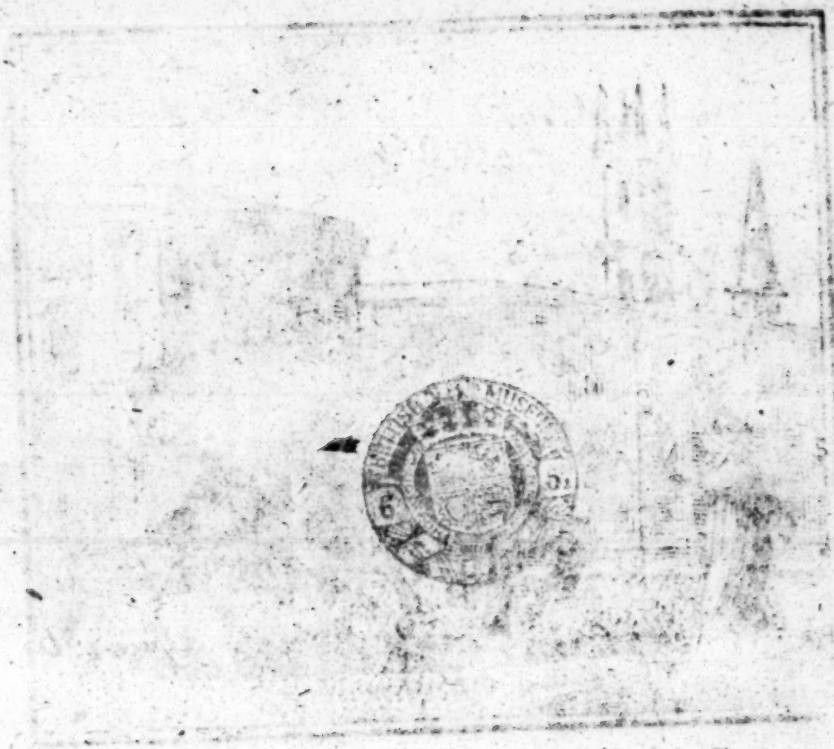
To the Tune of "I wiſh I was a Fiſherman," &c.



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THE

HACKNEY COACHMAN;

OR,

The Way to get a good Fare.

I.

I AM a bold Coachman and drive a good Hack,
With a coat of five capes that quite covers my back;
And my wife keeps a ſauſage-ſhop not many miles
From the narroweſt alley in all Broad St. Giles.

Tho' poor we are honeſt and very content,
We pay as we go for meat, drink, and for rent;
To work all the week I am able and willing,
I never get drunk, and I waſte not a ſhilling.

III.

What tho' at a tavern my gentleman tarries,
Why the coachman grows richer than he whom he carries;
And I'd rather (ſay I) ſince it ſaves me from ſin,
Be the Driver without than the Toper within.

IV.

For the dram-ſhop I hate and the dram-drinking friend,
Yet I'm not quite ſo good but I wiſh I may mend;
I repent of my ſins ſince we all are deprav'd,
For a Coachman, I hold, has a ſoul to be ſav'd.

V.

When a riotous multitude fills up a ſtreet,
And the greater part know not, boys, wherefore they meet;

If I ſee there is miſchief I never go there,
Let others get tipſy, ſo I get my fare.

VI.

Now to church if I take ſome good lady to pray,
It grieves me full ſore to be kept quite away;
So I ſtep thro' the door-way, for here 'tis the ſin,
To loiter without when one might enter in.

VII.

Then my glaſſes are whole, and my coach is ſo neat,
I am always the firſt to be call'd in the ſtreet;
And I'm known by the name ('tis a name rather rare)
Of the Coachman that never aſks more than his fare.

VIII.

Tho' my beaſts ſhould be dull yet I don't uſe them ill;
Tho' they ſtumble I ſwear not, nor cut them up hill;
For I firmly believe there's no charm in an oath
That can make a Nag trot when to walk he is loth.

IX.

And tho' I'm a Coachman, I'll freely confeſs,
I beg of my Maker my labors to bleſs;
I praiſe him each morning, and pray every night,
And 'tis this makes my heart feel ſo cheerful and light.

X.

When I drive to a Fun'ral I care not for drink,
That is not the moment to guzzle, but think;
And I wiſh I cou'd add both of Coachman and Maſter,
That both of us ſtrove to amend a bit faſter.

Z.

THE END.

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On the 1ſt of July,

Daniel in the Den of Lions.—The Good Mother's Legacy.—Patient Joe, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of Auguſt,

Hints to all Ranks of People.—The Happy Waterman.—The Riot, a Ballad.—The Plowboy's Dream, a Ballad.

On the 1st of September,

Tom White, Part II.—Noah's Flood.—Dame Andrews, a Ballad.

On the 1st of October,

Harveſt Home.—Two Farmers, Part I.—The Honeſt Miller, a Ballad.

On the 1st of November,

The Parable of the Vineyard.—The Two Farmers, Part II. —The Sorrows of Yamba, a Ballad.

On the 1st of Decembir,

The Troubles of Life.—Sorrowful Sam.—Merry Chriſtmas, a Carol.

On the 1st of January, 1796.

New Thoughts on the New Year.—The Hiſtory of Mary Wood, the Houſemaid.—Robert and Richard, a Ballad.

On the 1st of February,

The Touchſtone; or, the Way to know a good Chriſtian. —The Apprentice turned Maſter; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part II.—The Story of Sinful Sally. Told by herſelf, a Ballad.

On the 1st of March,

Oneſimus; or, the Run-away Servant converted.—Idle Jack Brown; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part III.—Shopkeeper, Part I.

On the 1st of April,

Converſion of St. Paul.—Jack Brown in Priſon; or, the Two Shoemakers. Part IV.—Shopkeeper, Part II.

On the 1st of May,

The General Reſurrection, Part I.—The Hiſtory of Charles Jones the Footman, written by Himſelf.—The Hackney Coachman; or, the Way to get a Good Fare, a Ballad.

On the 1st of June,

Carrying Religion into the Common Buſineſs of Life.— The Cheapſide Apprentice.—The Election Song, a Ballad.

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THE ELECTION.

A Quite NEW SONG.

Shewing many Things which are now doing, and which ought not to be done.

Being a Song very fit to be Sung in all Places where an Election is going on.

To the Tune of—*Duſky Night.*



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THE
ELECTION.

A Quite NEW SONG.

I AM a bold Briton, ſir,
And freeman of this town,
Where the buſtle can't be told, ſir,
For the Candidate's come down.

And there is Dick the Glazier,
A ſtanding by the cann,
And buſtling Bob the Brazier,
With a face as round as a pan.

And there, as great as a Turk, ſir,
Is Will the Glazier's boy,
Who's gone and left his work, ſir,
With eyes brim full of joy.

And there the folks are ſinging,
And throw their hats on high,
And here the bells are ringing,
And there the flags do fly.

And here are the women chattering,
And begging, as if for bread,
Of the man who is a ſcattering
The ribbons blue and red.

And here the canvaſſing party
In haſte are marching on,
All ſhaking hands ſo hearty,
See! ſee! and here's Sir John!

And here's t'other Candidate 'lighting,
Who has gallop'd from London town,
And here is a little fighting,
And knocking each other down.

And here is a deal of treating,
Which the law forbids to be done,
And here is the Publican cheating,
And ſetting down two for one.

And here is your capital feaſt, ſir,
That's all ſo full of glee,
Where a man is turn'd to a beaſt, ſir,
With your toaſts of three times three.

And here is a man in vogue, ſir,
That filthy ſong who ſung,
Now I know the fellow's a rogue, ſir,
As great as ever was hung.

And there amid yon tribe, ſir,
That raiſe their voice ſo high,
There's ſome have a bit of a bribe, ſir,
O fie! O fie! O fie!

And here is a fellow drunken
Till he can hardly creep,
And there is another ſunken
Down in a deadly ſleep.

And here are your Candidates' ſpeeches,
So flattering and ſo ſtrong,
While the Voters ſuck 'em like leeches,
Nor care for right or wrong.

And now in my own behalf, ſir,
I next will tell you why,
While ſo many round me laugh, ſir,
In truth I'm ready to cry.

For this I hold's the ſeaſon
To be as wiſe as we can,
For ſure it needs ſome reaſon
To chuſe a Parliament Man.

And tho' I'm no objector
To drinking when you're dry,
Yet methinks a drunken elector
Might as well be a pig in a ſtye.

Then let us quit our drinking,
And paſſions all control,
For I own I can't help thinking
That a Voter has a ſoul.

And while each Fool's pretence is
That others are as bad,
Come, boys! let's keep our ſenſes,
Tho' all the world runs mad.

THE END.

On the 1ſt of September,

Tom White, Part II.—Noah's Flood.—Dame Andrews, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of October,

Harveſt Home.—Two Farmers, Part I.—The Honeſt Miller, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of November,

The Parable of the Vineyard.—The Two Farmers, Part II, —The Sorrows of Yamba, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of December,

The Troubles of Life.—Sorrowful Sam.—Merry Chriſtmas, a Carol.

On the 1ſt of January, 1796.

New Thoughts on the New Year.—The Hiſtory of Mary Wood, the Houſemaid.—Robert aud Richard, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of February,

The Touchſtone; or, the Way to know a good Chriſtian. —The Apprentice turned Maſter; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part II.—The Story of Sinful Sally. Told by herſelf, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of March,

Oneſimus; or, the Run-away Servant converted.—Idle Jack Brown; or, the Two Shoemakers, Part III.—Shopkeeper, Part I.

On the 1ſt of April,

Converſion of St. Paul.—Jack Brown in Priſon; or, the Two Shoemakers. Part IV.—Shopkeeper, Part II.

On the 1ſt of May,

The General Reſurrection, Part I.—The Hiſtory of Charles Jones the Footman, written by Himſelf.—The Hackney Coachman; or, the Way to get a Good Fare, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of June,

Carrying Religion into the Common Buſineſs of Life.—The Cheapſide Apprentice.—The Election Song, a Ballad.

On the 1ſt of July,

Look at Home; or, the Accuſers Accuſed.—The Gameſter. —Turn the Carpet; or, the Two Weavers, a Ballad.

And other Pieces on a ſimilar Plan, on the 1ſt of every Month.

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

TURN THE CARPET;

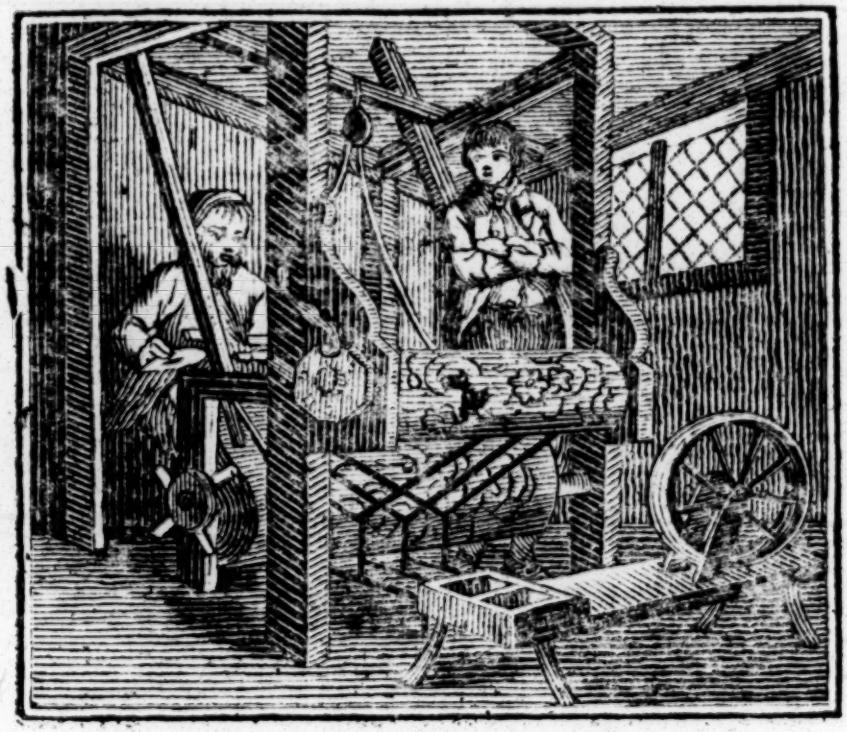
OR, THE

TWO WEAVERS:

A NEW SONG,

IN A

Dialogue between DICK *and* JOHN.



Sold by J. MARSHALL,

(PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Religious and Moral Tracts) No. 17, Queen-street, Cheapside, and No. 4, Aldermary Church Yard; and R. WHITE, Piccadilly, LONDON: By S. HAZARD, at BATH; and by all Booksellers, Newsmen and Hawkers, in Town and Country.—*Great Allowance to Shopkeepers and Hawkers*

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TURN THE CARPET;

OR, THE

TWO WEAVERS:

A NEW SONG.

I.

AS at their work two Weavers ſat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a Weaver ſcarce could eat.

II.

What with my brats and ſickly wife,
Quoth Dick, I'm almoſt tir'd of life;
So hard my work, ſo poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

III.

How glorious is the rich man's ſtate!
His houſe ſo fine! his wealth ſo great
Heaven is unjuſt you muſt agree,
Why all to him, why none to me?

IV.

In ſpite of what the Scripture teaches,
In ſpite of all the Parſon preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought ſo long)
Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

V.

Wheree'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and ſtrange;
The good are troubled and oppreſs'd,
And all the wicked are the bleſs'd.

VI.

Quoth John, our ign'rance is the cauſe
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can ſee below.

VII.

See'ſt thou that Carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, haſt well begun?
Behold the wild confuſion there,
So rude the maſs it makes one ſtare!

VIII.

A ſtranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Wou'd ſay, no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy Carpet now is all diſorder.

IX.

Quoth Dick, my work is yet in bits,
But ſtill in every part it fits;
Beſides, you reaſon like a lout,
Why, man, that *Carpet's inſide out.*

X.

Says John, thou ſay'ſt the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy ſpleen;
This world, which clouds thy ſoul with doubt,
Is but a Carpet inſide out.

III.

How glorious is the rich man's ſtate!
His houſe ſo fine! his wealth ſo great
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Says John, thou ſay'ſt the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy ſpleen;
This world, which clouds thy ſoul with doubt,
Is but a Carpet inſide out.

XI.

As when we view theſe ſhreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working ſtill ſome ſcheme of God.

XII.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor ſee the beauteous upper ſide.

XIII.

But when we reach that world of light,
And view theſe works of God aright;
Then ſhall we ſee the whole deſign,
And own the workman is divine.

XIV.

What now ſeem random ſtrokes, will there
All order and deſign appear;
Then ſhall we praiſe what here we ſpurn'd,
For then the *Carpet ſhall be turn'd.*

XV.

Thou'rt right, quoth Dick, no more I'll grumble,
That this ſad world's ſo ſtrange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own Carpet ſets me right.

Z.

THE END.





CHEAP REPOSITORY.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR THE Abundant HARVEST of 1796.



Sold by J. MARSHALL,
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A HYMN, &c.

I.

GREAT God! when Famine threaten'd late
To ſcourge our guilty land,
O did we learn from that dark fate
To dread thy mighty hand?

II.

Did then our ſins to mem'ry riſe?
Or own'd we God was juſt?
Or rais'd we penitential cries?
Or bow'd we in the duſt?

III.

Did we forſake one evil path,
Was any ſin abhorr'd?
Or did we deprecate thy wrath,
And turn us to the Lord?

IV.

'Tis true we fail'd not to *repine*,
But did we too *repent?*
Or own the chaſtiſment divine
In awful judgment ſent?

V.

Tho' the bright chain of Peace is broke,
And war with ruthleſs ſword
Unpeoples nations at a ſtroke,
Yet who regards the Lord?

VI. But

VI.

But God, who in his ſtrict decrees
Remembers mercy ſtill,
Can, in a moment, if he pleaſe,
Our hearts with comfort fill.

VII.

He mark'd our angry ſpirits riſe,
Domeſtic hate increaſe;
And for a time withheld ſupplies,
To teach us love and peace.

VIII.

He, when he brings his children low,
Has bleſſings ſtill in ſtore,
And when he ſtrikes the heavieſt blow,
He does but love us more.

IX.

Now, Frost, and Flood, and Blight no more
Our golden harvests spoil;
See, what an unexampl'd store
Rewards the Reaper's toil!

X.

As when the promis'd harvest fail'd
In Canaan's fruitful land;
The envious Patriarchs were assail'd
By famine's pressing hand.

XI.

The angry brother then forgot
Each fierce and jarring feud;
United by their adverse lot,
They lov'd as brothers shou'd.

XII.

So here, from Heaven's correcting hand,
Tho' famine fail'd to move;
Let Plenty now throughout the land,
Rekindle peace and love.

XIII.

Like the rich fool, let us not ſay,
Soul! thou haſt goods in ſtore!
But ſhake the overplus away,
To feed the aged poor.

XIV.

Let rich and poor, on whom are now
Such bounteous crops beſtow'd,
Raiſe many a pure and holy vow
In gratitude to God!

XV. And

XV.

And while his gracious name we praiſe
For bread ſo kindly given;
Let us beſeech him, all our days,
To give the bread of heav'n.

XVI.

In that bleſt Prayer our Lord did frame,
Of all our prayers the guide;
We aſk that "hallow'd be *his* name,"
And then *our* wants ſupply'd.

XVII.

For grace he bids us firſt implore,
Next, that we may be fed;
We ſay, "Thy will be done," before
We aſk "our daily bread."

THE END.

55

KING DIONYSIUS AND SQUIRE DAMOCLES;

A New Song on an Old Story.

Proper to be ſung at all Feaſts and Merry-makings.



Sold by J. MARSHALL,
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KING DIONYSIUS, &c.

THERE was a heathen man, Sir,
Belonging to a king;
And ſtill it was his plan, Sir,
To covet every thing.

II.

And if you don't believe me,
I'll name him if you pleaſe,
For let me not deceive ye,
'Twas one Squire Damocles.

III.

He thought that jolly living
Muſt every joy afford,
And knew of no miſgiving,
While round the feſtive board.

IV.

He wanted to be great, Sir,
And fed on fare delicious;
And have his feaſts in ſtate, Sir,
Juſt like King Dionyſius.

V.

The King, to cure his longing,
Prepar'd a feaſt ſo fine,
That all the Court were thronging
To ſee the Courtier dine.

VI.

And there to tempt his eye, Sir,
Was fiſh, and fleſh, and fowl;
And when he was a-dry, Sir,
He had a brimming bowl.

VII.

Nor did the King forbid him
From drinking all he cou'd;
The Monarch never chid him
But fill'd him with his food.

VIII.

O, then, to ſee the pleaſure
Squire Damocles expreſt!
'Twas joy beyond all meaſure:
Was ever man ſo bleſt?

IX.

With greedy eyes the Squire
Devour'd each coſtly dainty;
You'd think he did aſpire
To eat as much as twenty.

X.

But juſt as he prepar'd, Sir,
Of bliſs to take his ſwing;
O, how the man was ſcar'd, Sir!
By this ſo cruel King!

XI.

When he to eat intended,
Lo! juſt above his head,
He ſpied a ſword ſuſpended
All by a ſingle thread.

XII.

How did it change the feaſting
To wormwood and to gall,
To think, while he was taſting,
The pointed ſword might fall.

XIII.

Then in a moment's time, Sir,
He loath'd the luſcious feaſt;
And dreaded as a crime, Sir,
The brimming bowl to taſte.

XIV.

Now, if you're for applying
The ſtory I have told;
I think there's no denying
'Tis worth its weight in gold.

XV.

Ye gay, who view this ſtranger,
And pity his ſad caſe;
And think there was great danger
In Damocles's caſe;

XVI.

Come let this aweful truth
In all your minds be ſtor'd;
That DEATH o'er every youth
Hangs like a pointed ſword.

XVII.

And tho' you ſee no reaſon,
To check your mirth at all;
In ſome ſad drunken ſeaſon
The ſword on you may fall.

XVIII.

So learn, while at your eaſe
You drink down draughts delicious;
To think of Damocles,
And old King Dionyſius.

Z.

THE END.

56

HAMPSHIRE TRAGEDY:

Shewing how a Servant Maid firſt robbed her Maſter, and was afterwards ſtruck dead for telling a Lie.

A TRUE STORY.



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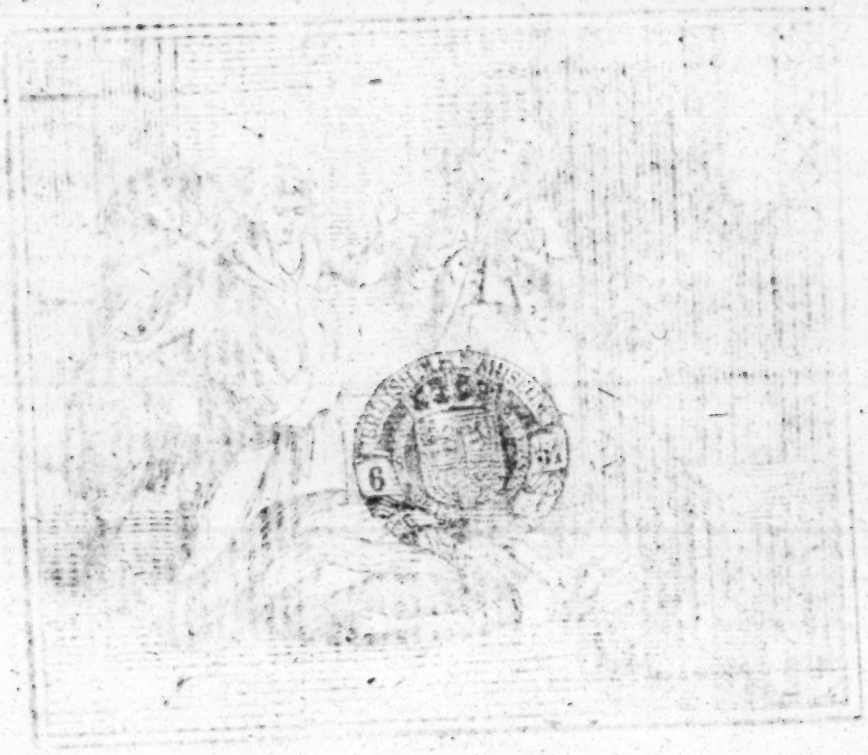
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THE

HAMPSHIRE TRAGEDY;

A TRUE STORY.

COME all ye maidens and draw near;
A doleful Song I ſing,
A Song that proves, as you ſhall hear,
A Lie's a fearful thing.

In Hampſhire once there chanc'd to dwell,
Near Meonſtoke's little town,
A farming man, who proſper'd well;
An honeſt country clown.

It was but little he poſſeſs'd,
But then he was content;
He knew no want, could treat a gueſt,
And paid his ſlender rent.

By honeſt induſtry and thrift
He ſav'd a little ſtore;
And thanking God for every gift,
He made that little more.

And now, ſo lofty was his ſtate,
He hir'd a ſervant maid;
Who learning well on him to wait,
In truth was duly paid.

One hundred pounds, a mighty ſum,
He now had ſav'd in all;
And hid it, leſt ſome thief ſhould come,
Safe in his kitchen wall.

At length, advancing far in years,
He calmly view'd his end;
For he need never ſhrink with fears
Whoſe Maker is his friend.

Long time a prey to dire diſeaſe,
Stretch'd on his bed he lay;
His ſervant ſaw him ill at eaſe,
And nurs'd him night and day.

Then Satan, who like beaſt of prey,
"Seeks whom he may devour,"
Did tempt this ſervant maid ſo gay,
All in an evil hour.

He led her firſt to ſee the ſpot
Where lay this hidden pelf,
Then bid her form the wicked plot
To take it for herſelf.

He whiſper'd in her willing ear,
" Go make it all your own ;
For ſince your maſter's death is near,
It never can be known."

At once the wicked girl obey'd,
And fear'd no future ill;
Oh, ſtupid, ſinful, ſilly maid!
She dreamt not of a Will.

But had ſhe thought of Him, whoſe eye
Sees all the deeds of man ;
In vain the Tempter had drawn nigh,
And urg'd his wicked plan.

The love of gain had warp'd her ſoul,
And drawn her quite away ;
To Satan thus, that Tempter foul;
She fell an eaſy prey.

Her maſter dies; but firſt he leaves
By will this hundred pound;
Tells where 'twas hid, for fear of thieves,
And 'twould be ſurely found.

Then went his friends and ſearch'd the chink,
With cloſe and cunning eye,
'Twas gone—but nobody could think
Which way the pelf could fly.

At length the neighbours turn'd a thought
To this unhappy maid,
They ſearch'd her box, the thief was caught,
For there the wealth was laid.

Then, then alas! ſhe vow'd and ſwore,
Appealing oft to Heav'n,
That by her Maſter long before
This ſum was freely giv'n.

Dire curſes oft, with forehead bold,
She call'd down on her head;
And pray'd, if any lie ſhe told,
That GOD would ſtrike her dead.

She ſpoke—and ſtrait the ſentence paſs'd,
A ſentence ſtrange and rare;
At once the Liar breath'd her laſt,
For Heav'n did hear her prayer.

The friends around beheld with fear
The wretched ſinner fall;
Forc'd in God's preſence to appear
At his moſt awful call.

And now let us, who ſtill are left,
Take warning, old and young!
O, let us hate the ſin of theft,
And dread a lying tongue.

THE END.